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WOODFORD (Samuel) D.D. A Para-
phrase upon the Psalms of David, *fine front.*
by LOGGAN, 4to, calf, 5s 1667
With the autograph of Simon Harcourt, 1724.

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Simon Harcourt

1724





A
PARAPHRASE
UPON THE
PSALMS
OF
DAVID.

✓
By SAM. WOODFORD.

L O N D O N,

Printed by R. White, for Octavian Pullen, near the Pump
in Little-Brittain, 1667.



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TO THE
Right Reverend FATHER in GOD,
GEORGE
Lord BISHOP of
WINTON.

My Lord,

THe favourable sentence *your*
Lordship past on the follow-
ing Paraphrase, when it
first appeared before you as its *judge*,
has encouraged me to make choice

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of you alone for its *Patron*: and I heartily wish it were as fit an object of your *Protection* now, as it was then of your *Clemency*. There is nothing, I confess, worthy its Commendation to so *Great a Name*, but the Argument on which it is employ'd; and having design'd it to the *Service of the Altar*, I was convinc't there was no hand more proper than *your Lordships* to offer it up there. For beside the perfect understanding, which *your Lordship* has of affairs of this nature (being able not only most justly to decree according to the old, but to give new; and more substantial Laws to all kinds of Poesy) the most considerable part of the ensuing Work was done under *your Lordships* jurisdiction, in a place where I
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had the happiness to enjoy all the contents of a private Retirement, and amongst the rest, that *secessum scribentis, & otia*, which the great Master of Verse knew absolutely necessary to such an undertaking. So that by the severest form of Dedication, *your Lordship* has an undeniable right to this, and it would be a piece of great injustice, to make a *Present* of that to another, which to your self only is a true and warrantable *debt*. For such indeed it is, as respecting *your Lordships Title*, who, over and above all other qualifications, are the most obliging *Promoter* of these studies; and on my part so easie to satisfy, that it amounts to little more than a bare acknowledgement, like the presenting a *Rose* once a year, and doing *Fealty*

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for some great Tenure; the smallest Chief-rent that can be paid by any Tenant, especially him, who has an ambition to hold of none, rather than *your Lordship*, all those *Demesnes* of Christian Poesy, if he may so call them, of which, under you alone, he desires to be look't upon as the *Unworthy Improver*, and to profess himself with all manner of Devotion,

My Lord,

*Your Lordships most faithful
and obedient Servant,*

Bensied Haunts,

1667.

SAM. WOODFORD.



The Preface.



I is not my intention to spend time in transcribing those several Elogies, which Holy men in their writings have given the Book of Psalmes; For to do that here, were but to make a tedious repetition of the same thing, and usurping anothers Province, but meanly to pursue that, which is no less powerfully, than frequently inculcated by the Divine Oratory of the Church. I think there is none but will acknowledge that it is a part of Scripture, which is, and shall for ever be esteemed worthy the care, and study both of the greatest Scholars, and sublimest Wits of all ages; and where, as the weakest understandings may finde enough for their satisfaction, the severest and most curious Criticks, may have scope and opportunity to exercise, and improve their richest Talent. For what can be more pleasant than to inquire, who were the Composers, to explain the many obscure Titles, and frequent allusions to several customs by us utterly unknown, and to let the World understand, what it is yet ignorant of, wherein consisted the true nature of the Hebrew Poesy? But these, as above my Capacity, I shall purposely omit,

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and make it my business only to give some little account of the design, and conduct of the following Work.

But before I can proceed to that, I must here, by way of Apology for my undertaking it, freely confess that such an argument as this, would have appear'd much better in the hands of one, who had made Divinity his chiefest study: and can only say for myself, that as I did it to please some particular friends, and for my own diversion (next to that great design of the glory of God, and service of his Church:) so having now at length finish'd it, and by them, and several others urg'd to make it more publick, I thought my self bound, by some such Preface as this, to provide for this issue of my brain, with the same diligence and care that other Parents are wont for their legitimate Children. Not that I have so good an Opinion of these labours, as fondly to believe they deserve it, but because their natural deformities require the greater Portion to put them off. For I am too conscious of their many defects, and my own inabilities for so great an affaire, as in good earnest to attempt their defence: or, if I would have no way left to make it, but that, which to all ingenuous spirits is very disagreeable, by throwing the blame on others better able, and who have had, it may be, much fairer opportunities than my self of performing so worthy an enterprise. Had any such excellent person so employ'd his vacant hours, it might have prevented the publishing these rude Essays of mine; whereas now all that I can expect from them is, that after a severe censure, they may happily be so fortunate, as to give occasion to anothers better thoughts: And I
heartily

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heartily wish some One of Our many Reverend, and Learned Divines, who have a true understanding and gust for Poesy, would hereby be provok't to undertake so noble a subject. For as there is not any condition of men so fitted for the sublime notions of Poesy as they; there is no study whatsoever, which either is so truly worthy of, or comes neerer their Profession. Theology and Poesy have in all ages of the World gone hand in hand, nor is there really such a disparity between their Natures, as is generally, though without any reason, imagined. For if one has been lookt on as containing the Will and Pleasure, the other no less has been reckoned the Stile, and Language of Heaven. Musick and Numbers, the chiefest of the Liberal Arts, serve but as Hand-maids to this Great and All-commanding Mistress. 'Tis I know not what kind of Divine Science, purely singular, and only like it self, which even in the Opinion of all, has more of Divinity in it than words can express, and therefore was continually allowed a Stall in the Temple, and received into the Devotions of the most Religious, and Civilized, as well as Barbarous Nations. If we look into the Jewish Administration, we shall finde that the People of Israel were no sooner delivered from the Ægyptian chains, and that the same Sea, which parted it self to make them way, returned upon their Enemies, but immediately Moses, their great Law-giver, continues the remembrance both of the Miracle, and their deliverance in a most excellent and Poetical song: which I verily believe is not only the most antient piece of Poetry now extant, but written as soon, if not before any other part of the Pentateuch. Nay God him-

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*self, we afterwards finde, gave him particular charge, and inspiration, a little before his death, to compose another Hymn, with strict command to teach it the People who thereby having it continually in their mouths, (such he knew was the charm of verse,) might both be encouraged in their duty, and become witnesses against themselves, when at any time they turned to Idolatry. If the Book of Job shall be esteemed by any of an ancients date (which I should very hardly be persuaded to assent to, as imagined to be done, though by the same hand, yet during his retirement with his Father-in-law, before he was sent on his great Embassy to Pharaoh) from the beginning of the third chapter, to the middle of the last, it is one continued Poem: in which there are such lofty and exalted Metaphors, lively Similitudes, pompous Descriptions, strength of Elocution, and prodigious flights of Wit and Fancy, that you cannot meet anything to compare with it in the choicest collections of all the Old Poets. You there may see Divinity flourishing upon a root of Poesy; and that again loaded with the generous productions of Divinity: both so inseparably united each to other, that like stock and cyon they make but one plant, and leave it hard to be judged whether the Author were the greater Divine, or Poet. The Latines very properly comprehended both these sublime Functions under the single Title of their Vates, accounting it no less unfit than unreasonable, that two offices so straitly united of those of the Priest and Poet should be known by distinct, and different Names. I shall not here inquire into the Reasons they had for so doing, only this I am assured, how many and strong so ever they were, they cannot
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compare with Ours of the true Religion. The inspirations of both proceed from the same Father of Spirits, and are Celestial flames, that darted from above, are never well but when they are thither rising up again: Only Poesy like that Sacred fire, which God sent down of Old to consume the Sacrifices, returns with a little more smoke. They both came down from Heaven, and thither are alwaies taking their flight; but Divinity never seems to make such hast, as on the wings of good Poesy. I must confess at this day, but by what ill Fate I know not, they are looked upon without the least relation to each other, and grown themselves so much strangers, that like sister-streams once parted from the Spring, they run different courses, and are so far from meeting again, that they very seldom come in sight of each other. For though the Precepts of the School serve excellently, if rightly applyed, to adorn and enrich his Fancy, who hath a natural Genius to Poesy, yet we daily see them ineffectual to create it. And he who findes not in himself those hidden Mines of Invention, and most happy and unaffected Facility, which only make the Poet, should never be persuaded by me to attempt the ravishing her by force, whom by fair means he cannot allure to be his Mistress. For to what but this may we attribute those many lame, and imperfect draughts of Poems, both Originals, and Translations, which are to be seen in almost every language? where, if they have been the Authors own, they are his bare thoughts and lifeless Prose (for I speak now especially of Modern Poesy) made worse by the uneasy shackles of confining Metre: and if versions so exactly laboured ad verbum, that what by

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the unlucky transposing of words, what by leaving out some little particles, wherein the grace of the sentence did consist, they lose all their former beauty, and from excellent Prose, though the language continue the same, degenerate into very indifferent, and untuneable Rhyme. This has been a failing so general, that I need not seek far to illustrate it by examples. But none in my opinion have been so guilty of it, as those, who have had for their argument some excellent piece of Scripture, or pious matter, which with the embellishments of Art, and the true Poets easiness, and invention would, upon the most durable foundations, have made the fairest superstructures in the World. But how miserably have the greatest part been overseen, whilst all their pains have been bestow'd to compose a few ill-contriv'd Cadences, putting themselves to an unimaginable torture to make those conceptions intolerable by the straitness of verse, which else might have done well enough in looser Prose. These are the men to whom we are in a great measure beholden for the low esteem Poesy now has amongst us, though at the same time they have not only rendred that ridiculous, but humbled Divinity, which supplies the Poet with his noblest, and most lofty subjects. And I am very apt to believe, that a man of an Harmonious soul (such as all true Poets are) though he be but indifferently skil'd in the controversies of the School-men, and the nicer points of Divinity, (by which possibly the Peace of the Church has been more disturbed, than ever it was advantag'd) shall make much better work in his way of an

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an Argument taken from the Holy-Bible, than the sublimest and most Scholastical Wit, who is unacquainted with the laws of Poesy. But how few are there of these severe Scholars, and only learned men (as they would be thought) in an age, who have any relish, or the least esteem for Poesy, but rather judging it by the abuse, look on it as a fruitless, and most unprofitable study, unworthy the thoughts of such as are advanc't in years; and the greatest incentive to looseness, and debauchery in youth? Others there are of a quite different humor, who though possibly they may have for it the highest, and most reverend esteem, yet think Holy-Writ is barren of all good subjects, and the only thing that is incapable of its gay and splendid embroyderies. I shall make it my business therefore, in shaping an answer to both these, at once to defend Poesy in the general from those calumnies, which are no less maliciously, than falsely charged upon it, and then give a short assay to the restoring Divine Poesy to its ancient dignity and lustre.

*If therefore we consider Poesy in her first institution, ere she became a common Prostitute to lust, flattery, ignorance, and ambition, we shall find her alone acknowledged as the Sovereign Princess of the civiliz'd World, and behold her from her Throne giving Laws, not only to their Religion and Policy, but also to their manners. Her Court was esteemed the proper, and only school of Virtue, to which the greatest Princes form'd theirs, and under her custody alone was kept seal'd that Fountain, whence all
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the profitable instructions of life wereto be drawn. Philosophy it self was a thing of no use, and destitute of arms, till she supply'd them, nor durst it appear in the World without the easy chain of Verse, intoken of submission to her, for its pass-port. And when afterward the Porch and Academy by main force brake it off, the strictest Precepts of the most rigid Sect, as to the regulating of Manners, came infinitely short of those examples, which she exhibited on her Theaters. The same may be said of almost all other Arts, that from her they receiv'd their birth and vigor. Neither was this Divine Mistress less courteously receiv'd into the Camp, where her soft Numbers were with pleasure heard amidst the confused noise of Arms. Hence mighty Generals had the best Instruction both for their Conduct, and Valour, and were encouraged by the Records of Antiquity, which some Poet had faithfully preserv'd, to do themselves famous Acts, worthy the like praise of Posterity. This was that, which in all their Victories they especially sought, and in perpetual acknowledgement, that they thence receiv'd their greatest honour, in their most solemn Triumphs, when Crowns of Gold were only in state carried before them, they chose themselves to wear the Poets Meede, Laurel, Chaplets.

Such was Poesy of old, with a command as absolute, and unconfin'd as her Dominions, and alwayes found either serving at the Altars, or of Counsel Royal to the greatest Princes. But it was not long that she continu'd in this great dignity and repute; For in punishment for her early defection from the
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service of the True God, where she first attended, to that of Devils, of a Princess she became a slave, and sensibly, though by degrees lost all her Title to Sovereignty, and absolute jurisdiction, for in the Temples of the Heathen Deities, though by a kind of Spiritual Authority, she kept in awe whole Nations, which from her mouth receiv'd all their Oracles, yet even there, by her own Priests was she her self abus'd, and knew no Inspirations, but what either they did invent, or were suggested to her by the great Deceiver. Here it was, that by frequent use, she learnt all manner of Prophaneſs, and by often aſcribing that to false gods, which was the alone glory of the True, from low, and mean thoughts of him, she brake forth into open rebellion, purſuing Heaven with her blaſphemies, and ſending all her impieties up thither, whence at firſt ſhe obtained all her Power; like a River, whoſe paſſage is obſtructed, that runs back upon its own ſpring, carrying mud and ſlime along with it, and overflows, and deſiles thoſe Altars, which in its clear and un-interrupted courſe before it did but waſh. Having thus humbled her, it was ſome ages e're the grand Tyrant offered her any other violence, and even fearleſs of a revolt, permitted her the free uſe of that command ſhe had gain'd o're the minds of men, and ſtill continue to be, according to her own nature, the Patroness of all true and Heroical virtue. But in proceſs of time from his and the Priests, she was made the peoples Idol, and no longer remaining ſo much as a ſuppos'd Virgin, became perfectly obſequious to the wills and humors of ſuch as had the confidence to debauch her (though a perpetual curſe

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of Poverty constantly followed the committers of so great a Rape) to please them she began to affect new, and immodest dresses, which to all the world else rendred her still more deform'd, and in a while guilty of all that obscenity, which she had before condemned upon the stage.

And in this state of slavery is she look't on by the most part of men, who only judging of her by the present, and what hurt she may do, by what she has already done (like Artillery by surprise come into the Enemies hand) forget how serviceable she has notwithstanding formerly been to the civiliz'd, and may yet be to the Christian World. Instead of censuring and condemning her, it were good I think, to take her by force, and restore her to the Church of God, where she has been too long a stranger. Poems of Morality, which have been of late no less auspiciously, than worthily begun (such Epick, and Lyrick, Poems I chiefly mean, though the Drammatick, also may be of excellent use, so it be kept within its due bounds, as with all the liberty of Invention, riches of Fancy and the true Poets Art, have been contriv'd to express the real Portraict of Virtue in all its various appearances, and to describe Vice in its lively, though otherwayes most hateful colours, these I say) make the first step to her conversion: and it may in my poor opinion be promoted amongst us, by translating anew the best of the ancient and some few modern Poets, who have made it their business to cloath excellent Morality, and various learning in a chaste stile, and by gracefully rendring them in our own language: so that the sense may neither seem tortur'd, and put on the rack by too strait a version,

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version, nor be out of knowledge in one too loose and flowing. But this great task can never be perfected, since we are to expect no new Revelations, till Poesy comes again to be settled upon her first great Basis, The Divine inspiration, reveal'd in the holy Scriptures.

And this brings my discourse to them, who confidently, though without any reason, assert that the sacred Word has not subjects agreeable enough for this kind of writing. But because Mr. Cowley in that part of his Preface before his Poems, which concerns his incomparable Davideci has taken the pains fully to remove that ill report; which was brought on this happy Land, if I may so call it, either ignorantly or maliciously, I shall give myself the less trouble, and refer my Reader to the place it self, where he may have all that satisfaction that either Reason or Religion can expect. Nor can those authorities he brings be excepted against; seeing he hath so strongly confirmed them by the Poem it self, where though the Argument be wholly Divine, there is to be found, as much as could be expected for the first sitting, what ever is requisite to make an Heroick Poem beautiful: sound judgement, happy invention, graceful disposition, unaffected facility, strict observance of decencies, and all set off with that majesty and sweetness of verse, that it is to be lamented he had not an opportunity before his death, to finish it according to his own Model, and the provision he had laid up to that purpose. And truly all his Divine Poems, have I know not what greatness of spirit, which you shall seldom meet with elsewhere, and in which generally

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he has as much out-done himself, as in the rest equal'd the most happy of our modern Poets. So that if Religious, and Pious compositions, as has been often observed, please not, the fault can be no longer unjustly thrown upon the Materials, but must return upon the Composers want of skill to manage them to the best advantage. The Holy Bible doubtless is an excellent Soil, and of such kindly nature, that if it were cultivated either as it ought, or only as the barren sand of Antiquity, and all the tedious fables of the Heathenish superstition too often have been, it would produce the greatest, and most rich increase. For besides, that like them it has never yet been thoroughly broken up, the most unfruitful part of it, at least that which may seem so, abounds with inexhaustible Mines, which would plentifully reward any that should labour in them. And it were beside unreasonable to think that Palestine alone, which was so fruitful of all things else, should be barren only of Laurels.

To blame our language is a fondness every whit as extravagant, especially considering the great supply, which hath been of late years, and is daily brought to it by unexpected discoveries of Nature, and improvement of the Arts, which do not only furnish the Poet with incredible variety of new and unusual conceits to exercise his Fancy, but with an immense company of words also to enrich his expression. But to such Objectors I shall only say, that if the English Dialect, not only as it is spoken at this day, but as it was in use the last age, were seriously and impartially examined, it will appear not only as copious and
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significant for Prose, but as comprehensive of the sublimest notions of Verse as any modern Language in Europe, and to equal, if not in some qualities exceed, those of old Rome and Athens. But for Numbers it is so naturally suited that excepting the Rhyme, which in so great a choice of words as we have is very easie to be found, even in ordinary speaking, or writing, they can hardly and not without some pain (if it were curiously inquired into) be avoided. But my zeal for Poesy has carried me, I am afraid, too far, and made me almost forget what I promised in the beginning, to give a short account of the following work.

It is now therefore some years since I had my first and great desire to turn the Book of Psalms into English verse, and in order thereto did, very little different from what at present it is, the CIV. Psalm. But I know not how, on a suddain, all my heat was laid, and the greatness of the labour, together with my own insufficiency, deterr'd me at that time from proceeding any further. Hereupon for about three years the design slept with me, till reading over with a little more than ordinary intention the CXIV. Psalm of Mr. Cowleys, I was again warm'd, and in imitation of him I was resolv'd once more to try how well or ill I could write after so excellent a Copy. Not because I was by that time grown more confident of my strength (which I must confess I found all along very unequal to so weighty an affair) but because I hoped thereby to encrease it, and fix my mind otherwise fleeting and uncertain upon something that might

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be of advantage, if not to the Publick, yet at least to my Freinds, and my own private Meditations. Considering also the infinite variety with which this part of Holy Scripture was replenish'd, I judg'd the tediousness of the passage would thence, and by the many resting places I should meet with by the way, be very much abated. And that my Fancy might be as little confin'd as my time, I ever us'd to take that Psalm to paraphrase, which best suited with my present temper, and so letting out the chain a little longer, and never trying how far it reach't, I scarce remembred that I was bound. And this is some reason, though not the whole, of that different manner, which is to be seen in my Version. For even the Psalms themselves are not all of a kind, that being no more necessary than that all precious stones should be Rubies, or Diamonds. If you look in one place you shall see some, taking rise from their lofty subjects, soe above the clouds, like Birds of Paradise, as it were, all wing; and as if design'd for nothing lower than the Heavens: If in another, some of an humbler sort, in their strains lowly, and trailing on the ground, so far from attempting such a bold flight, that they dare hardly look so high: some are all gaudy, and embroydred, others again in a sad, and mournful dress, according as the condition of the Church or Author was at the time they were compos'd. This so great difference therefore being in the Original, no wonder if it yet appear more plainly in my rude and imperfect Copy. Besides I have been forc'd to make use, though as sparingly

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sparingly as I could, of several terms, and manners of speaking not to be found in our late exact Writers, nor so well fitted for the numerosity of verse as might be wisht, which yet by reason of our Translation of the Holy Bible, and by frequent use seem not altogether so rough as else they would: rather chusing to confine my self to expressions and phrases generally known, and allowed of in the Church, than appear guilty of any innovation. This may particularly be observ'd in the CXIX. Psalm, where I have kept exactly (as they fell in our Text without synonymous names) the Words, Statutes, Wayes, Testaments, Precepts, &c. Nor was it more ease to my self, than I hope it will be a pleasure to some few, who prefer such a translation before any other, where is taken a greater liberty. But I must confess ingenuously, I did it meerly to save the labour of a larger Paraphrase, which in a Psalm of that length, and plainness, would have been both tedious, and unnecessary. In other places I have done what lay in my power to make the Psalmists speak as intelligible and proper English as I could (though I have not altogether neglected it even in that) not introducing any obsolete, or fantastical words, or omitting those little particles of speech, the grace of any language, which make Poesy of all other kinds of writing the most distastful, and obscure. And indeed the manner of speaking amongst the Jews, by reason of their insensible connections, and frequent change and shifting of persons, discernable enough by our own versions, is so difficult and harsh to our ears, even in the prose, that it very
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*ill needs the straitness of Numbers to make it more dark, and untuneable. To avoid this fault possibly I have been more prolix than I ought, though I cannot but say I was forewarned of it by a very judicious friend Mr. Thomas Sprat. Yet if it be an error I have chosen rather to offend with Sieur Godeau, a forreigner, in the fulness of my Paraphrase, than with any of our own Countrymen in too strait a confinement. The only Person who seems to have kept a mean between these two extreams, is G. Buchanan, by that bare name better known, than all my art is able to express him. It would be too long to reckon up the many worthy men in this nation, (without mentioning King James of blessed memory, who amidst the great affairs of his Crown thought it not unbecoming his Royal cares to divert himself with these Meditations of the princely Prophet and Poet) who have within this last age bestow'd their labours on this Book, among whom the most known are the Right Reverend Bishop of Chichester, now living, and Mr. George Sandys. There is also in private hands a Manuscript of somewhat an ancient date, which for the Persons sake, though out of its due time and place I shall joyn with them, and that is of the truly Honorable and Learned Gentleman Sir Philip Sidney. It was a long time, from my first hearing of it e're I could get a sight of the Papers, neither should I at last have obtained the favour, had I not us'd the mediation (amongst several others, to whom I am obliged,) of one to whom all good Learning of what kind soever it be, must remain perpetually indebted; and in
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this all will agree with me when they know I mean the Learned Dr. John Wilkins Dean of Rippon. This Paraphrase as I remember Dr. Donne calls by the name of Sir Philips and the Countess of Pembroks translation, and not without good reason, as far as I could judge by that cursory view I had of it, during the short time it remained in my hands; There appearing that difference as I conceived in the composition, which is wont to be in the aires of Brother, and Sister, not sounlike, as to have no resemblance, nor yet so perfectly resembling, as to have nothing but the sex to distinguish them. I mention not here a thousand others who have done excellently particular Psalms, as my Lord Bacon, Sir Hen. Wotton, Bishop Hall, Mr. Herbert, &c. and instead of many more, that absolutely compleat Gentlewoman, whose leave I very hardly obtained to honour this volume of mine with two or three versions, long since done by her, the truly vertuous Mrs. Mary Beale, amongst whose least accomplishments it is, that she has made Painting and Poesy which in the Fancies of others had only before a kind of likeness, in her own to be really the same. The Reader I hope will pardon this publick acknowledgement which I make to so deserving a person, when I shall tell him that while as a Friend and one of the Family, I had the convenience of a private and most delightful retirement in the company of her worthy Husband and her self I both began and perfected this Paraphrase.

But without all these in naming the two first above, (the Bishop of Chichester and Mr. Sandys) I have said enough to call my self into question for daring to offer any thing at this part of Scripture, after them.

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I must

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I must therefore clear my self, and here do it, of all ambition to vie with, or envy to detract from the true value of their labours, which must be judged meriting all Praise: and I am sure neither of these can be longer objected against me, than till any one shall be pleased to take the pains to compare all three together, and then it will immediately appear, how great the difference is between us, both as to the stile, manner of composition and disposing of the Numbers. The Bishops is close, exactly answering the Text, and for that kind of measure, which himself has truly observ'd to be the least graceful of any, very smooth, and roundly expressed; though that Essay of his on the CXXX. Psalm in Heroick verse, paraphrased for an Anthem, make it to be wish't, he had us'd a like freedom in the rest. Mr. Sandys on the other side, though he has confin'd himself to almost as near a rendring of the words, has us'd greater variety of measures, and such as have by experience been found to be very agreeable to Musick the life and spirit of Poesy. In mine will yet appear a greater liberty, both as to the expression and the different sort of stanzas which I have us'd; but with what success I must refer to my Reader, of whose favour I shall have greater need to excuse my faults, than justice, and severity to examine them. I know all that has ever yet been assay'd may be infinitely out-done, and I should be so far from grieving at it, though now a little concern'd, that I heartily wish this way of mine may give the first occasion to some excellent Person to undertake another version, and publish the Book of Psalms with greater beauties than ever it has appeared in, since it left Jerusalem. In the mean time

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The Preface.

I could be content, I must confess, that this tryal of mine might be kindly received, that so I might thereby be encouraged to prosecute another design (in this way) which at present lies before me, The History of the first great week of the World, wherein new discoveries of that, and nature, make the subject more large and comprehensive for verse than ever it has been; and in the performance of which I promise my self great assistance, by the unwearied and most successful labours of The Royal Society; which seems to be rais'd in this last age, not only for the improvement of Natural Philosophy in the general, but amidst the invention of new, for the restauration of decay'd Arts, and amongst them all of none more than this of serious, profitable, and sober Poesy.

As for the manner, which I have endeavour'd to observe, it has been to give, as near as I could, the true sense and meaning of the Psalm, and in as easy and obvious terms as was possible, suiting them to the Capacity of the meanest: which I found my self the better able to do, by having the difficulties resolv'd to my hands, by the labours of that truly Pious, and Learned Divine Dr. Hen. Hammond (though I made use also as occasion required of other Commentators.) If I have in any place not perfectly agreed with him, as in several left them, since it is not in matters of Faith, I beg that the same liberty may be given to me, which is indulg'd to all who write this way. I have bound my self all along to observe one certain measure in a Psalm, and after I had fixt the first stanza, made the rest like it, endeavouring so to dispose my Numbers, that neither the length of the staff

(c 2)

should

The Preface.

should cause a too close and often repetition of the same Rhyme, nor the shortness of the measure confine the Fancy and hinder the freedom of expression: generally closing it with a verse of more than ordinary length, as being not only most proper for that place, as a band to the staff, and sense; but more tuneable, and graceful. For this reason also have I taken notice of the Versus intercalares, as I may call them, where they fell and made no scruple, on occasion given in the text, though it may be the words were not the very same, to make them more evident in my Version. For the Historical Psalms I chose the Heroick (or five foot couplets) as most suitable, using it very sparingly elsewhere. The XVIII. L. LXVIII. and CIV. I have done after Mr. Cowleys Pindarick way, endeavouring by the kind of verse, which is various and uncertain, to imitate the many and suddain changes, which are in those Psalms. The XXI. and LXXII. I have with very little straining of the Text brought down to our times, and without offence to any, I hope, in the first parallel'd his Majesties sufferings with those of David; in the other the Happiness and Glory of his Kingdom with that of Solomon, heartily wishing that the sincerity of my Prayers may make amends for the defects of my Numbers.



*To my dear Friend Mr. Samuel
Woodford, upon his Paraphrase
of the Psalms.*

I.

HAppy the first, and harmless dayes !
When the young World, like Children bred at home
Though froward still and troublesome,
Was by its careful Parent taught the ways
Of easy Duty, and of natural Praise.
When every cheap Delight, and every pleasant Art,
And all that Wit and Fancy could impart,
Like the first Issues of each vital thing,
Of all the stock the Pledge and King
Which the glad Owners either did redeem or bring,
Were freely given up and Consecrate,
The great Creator's Praise to Celebrate.
When the chaste Numbers of the Pipe, and Voice,
And all the Instruments that Art could show,
The very Mulick of the Feet, and Body too,
And whatsoever could delight
And feast the various Appetite,
Were us'd as well to Worship as Rejoyce.
And every Mask, and ev'ry Ball,
And ev'ry solemn Festival,

The publick Triumphs, and the Holy days,
The very Pastimes, and the Plays
Were legal Rites of Honour and of Praise.
Of ev'ry clean and spotless Beatt
The most delicious and the best,
That Nature for man's use, or Pleasure did afford
Was at God's board;
One part was Sacrifice, and all the rest a Feast.

II.

So uncorrupted then, so chaste and White
Were all the Daughters of Delight;
But none of all the Family
So innocent, and so divinely bright
As the fair Virgin *Poesy*,
The earliest, and the strictest Votary;
Dwelt at the first in holy ground,
In sacred Groves, and Temples only could be found;
Still at the Altar did appear,
Brought her First-fruits, and Perfumes there;
Of all Gods Priests (and without blame
Her Office will allow the Name,
Though scarce her Sex) 'twas she alone
That offered up to God Devotion;
Did the pure Incense of the Fathers praise,
And holy Vows, to Heaven raise;
And like a faithful Vestal kept the Fire,
That did nor Day, nor Night expire.
Whoever a true Worshipper would be
Was taught his Duty first by *Poesy*,
Of *Heman*, and of *Asaph* learnt the wayes
Of Penitence, and Praise,
By which Gods anger to appease, and Glory raise.

III. This

III.

This was her first Choice, and Desire ,
 In Gods House to retire ,
 In which she took her Vow, and solemnly Profeſt,
 (And happy had ſhe been and bleſt ,
 If ſhe had kept the reſt
 As well as the leaſt needful of the Three
 Unhappy Poverty)
 But in the compaſs of this Privacy ,
 She was not alwaies at her Beads, and Book,
 But did her bended Thoughts with various Arts releaſe ,
 Whether in Shepherds Guiſe with Reed, and Hook,
 The Nuptial Song ſhe do's expreſs
 Of mighty *Solomon*, and by his ſide
 The comely black *Egyptian* Bride,
 A wondrous Song, but ſaid to be
 Not for their ſakes alone, but holy Myſterie.
 Or elſe with bold, and ſkilfull hand
 Works the known Story of the promis'd Land ;
 How God the People went before,
 And brought them from th' *Egyptian* ſhore,
 By the two Brothers brought them thence,
 That is, by Power, and by Eloquence,
 Two things which ſeldom fail
 Over the mightieſt Adverſary to prevail ,
 Or when ſhe pleaſes Nature draws and Wars
 Pens the Heroick Acts of famous Conquerers,
 And Sayings of Philoſophers ;
 Rich are the Works of *Nuns* , but none ſo rich as *Hers*.

IV.

So grave and hopeful was her youth,
 So dear a Friend she was to Piety and Truth,
 That God himself, who did bestow
 Number, and Measure to each Thing,
 And in whole Nature living Poetry did show,
 Of Her took care, from whom she first did spring;
 And for her Guardians did assign,
 The mighty Men of Valour and Renown,
 Whom he had trusted first with Conquest, and a Crown,
 Or did in peaceful Arts, and Wisdom shine,
 All full of Vertue, and of Power divine,
 He would not such a ripe, and vertuous Wit
 (As *Jacob* would not *Benjamin*) commit
 To any hand that was unfit,
 Only to *Judah* did the Trust ascribe,
Judah the Royal, and the Valiant *Tribe*.
 To you (saies God) whom by my spirit I raise
 To fight my Battailes, and my Works to praise,
 Wonders to perform, and see,
 And publish Laws, and Myserie,
 And find out Nature, and Philosophy,
 Princes, and Prophets, and the Sons of War,
 To you this Charge I give, and to your Care
 Commit this bright, and beauteous Heire;
 Bright and beauteous is she now,
 And by your Guidance may improve,
 If the vain show,
 And Breeding of her Sex you not allow,
 And keep her but from idleness, and wanton Love.

V. So

So wise a Care, one would have thought,
 Might serve however to prevent the worst,
 In one so well inclin'd at first,
 Though by the powerfull'st Charms, and Courtship sought.
 But, Oh, the treacherous Arts of Wit!
 (Arts which upon the Sex too often gain)
 To which even Poesy herself do's still submit,
 And bear the pleasant Tyrannies of it,
 Although sometimes in bitter language She complaine,
 Wit was her Friend, and her Companion still,
 Did chalenge, and imploy her skill,
 But was so wanton, and so wild,
 With every painted Thing, and every Shew beguil'd,
 Did such pleasant Sports devise,
 And such fantastick Resveries,
 Bewitch't th' unwary Lovers Eyes.
 Out of her Cell the Votaress then would go,
 And loosely wandred into every Show ;
 Would needs herself resign
 Unto the Female Government of Nine,
 And the mad Inspirations of the God of Wines,
 To whose wild Revels She was born,
 And did his Triumphs, and his Groves adorn ;
 Did nor the Stage, nor the Piazza scorn ;
 But, like a wandring River, flow,
 That visits every Land, and every City views,
 But with the Travel do's th' impurer grow,
 And the bright *Nymph* still more abuse ;
 She did no filthy Lust refuse,
 Nor whatsoe're could come
 Or from th' Excess of *Greece*, or Wantoness of *Rome*.

VI.

But all along the time of this Apostacy ,
 Some mighty Men arose ,
 Whom God in mercy chose ,
 These wandring Follies to oppose,
 And to redeem her Fame, and native Liberty ;
 That fertil Land of all the rest
 With Pleasure, and with Poets blest ,
 Where Wit, and Nature still are fresh, and green,
 And *Tiber's* golden streams are seen ,
 Has to the world in every Age set forth
 Some Phoenix of immortal worth ,
 Whose Monuments of noble Verse
 Posterity shall still disperse,
 Which the bold Fame of wanton Wit aswage
 And expiate the Follies of the looser Stage.
 Nor is the *Brittish* glory less,
 The *Brittish* Poets with a ripe success
 The weightiest Arguments express,
 Like a deep Chrystal stream ,
 Spread a pure spirit through the manly Theam.
 One of each Sex this fruitful Age has shown,
 (And fruitful had she been, if none
 But that immortal Paire were known ;)
 Though she has many more to boast,
Cowley, and bright *Orinda* do adorn it most.

V II. *Cowley*

VII.

Cowley, and bright *Orinda* shall for ever live;
 And you (my Friend) who with them strive
 Of best and greatest Things to write
 And the rich Monuments of Eastern wit revive,
 Wit, that does, like the Sun, there first in sight,
 Serve the Worlds profit and delight,
 And, like the Sun too, with the World shall last;
 Your Memory shall with theirs be plac't;
 Their's, who in heav'nly verse
 Do their own praise in Gods rehearse.
 The sacred Harp, which lay unstrung,
 Broken, and out of tune as much
 As when upon the Willows once it hung,
 No *English* hand could hit the graceful Touch,
Cowley took up, and with an artful stroke
 One Lesson playd; One Lesson did provoke
 Your tuneful Soul, which could no longer stay
 Till it found out this only skilful way;
 At length the skilful way you found,
 With a true Eare judg'd the melodious sound,
 And with a nimble hand run descant on the Hebrew ground.

Jam. Gardiner.



*To the Author, on his excellent Version
of the Psalms.*

A Pindariqu' Ode.

I.

SEE (Worthy Friend) what I would do,
(Whom neither Muse, nor Art inspire,
That have no friend in all the sacred Quire)
To shew my kindness for your Book, and you,
Forc't to disparage what I would admire !
Bold man, that dares attempt Pindariqu' now,
Since the great Pindar's greatest son
From the ungrateful Age is gon ;
Cowley ha's bid th'ungrateful Age Adieu !
Apollo's rare Columbus He
Found out new worlds of Poetrie ;
He like an Eagle tower'd aloft
To seize his noble prey ;
Yet as a Dove's, his soul was soft,
Quiet as night, but bright as day.
To Heaven in fiery Chariot He
Ascended by Seraphick Poesie,
But which of us poor Mortals since can find,
Any inspiring Mantle that he left behind.

*His pow'rful numbers might ha' done you right ;
 He could ha' spar'd you immortality ;
 Under that Chieftains banners you might fight,
 Assur'd of Laurels, and of Victory.
 Over devouring time, & sword, and fire,
 And Jovē's important ire.
 My humble verse would better sing
 David the shepherd, than the King :
 And yet methinks 'tis stately to be one,
 (Tho' of the meaner sort)
 Of them that may approach a Prince's Throne,
 If 'twere but to be seen at Court.
 Such (Sir,) is my ambition for a name,
 Which I shall rather take of You, than give ;
 For in Your Book I cannot miss of fame,
 But by contact shall live.
 Thus on your Chariot's wheel shall I
 Ride safe, and look as big as Æsop's Flie,
 Who from th' Olympian race new come,
 And now triumphantly got home,
 To his neighbours of the Swarm thus proudly said,
 " Don't you remember what a Dust I made ?*

*Where e're the Son of Jesse's Harp shall sound,
 Or Israels sweetest songs be sung
 (Like Sampson's Lion sweet and strong)
 You and your happy Muse shall be renown'd ;
 To whose kind hand the Son of Jesse owes
 His last deliverance from all his foes ;
 Blood thirsty Saul (less barbarous than they)
 His person only sought to kill,
 These did his deathless Poems slay
 And sought immortal blood to fill,*

To sing whose Songs in Babylon would be
A new Captivitie.
Deposed by these Rebels, You alone
Restore the glorious David to his Throne.
Long in disguise the Royal Prophet lay
Long from his own thoughts banished :
Ne're since his death till this illustrious day
Was Scepter in his hand, or Crown set on his head.
He seem'd as if at Gath he still had been,
As once before proud Achish he appear'd,
His face besmear'd,
And spittle on his beard,
A laughing stock to the insulting Philistin,
Drest in their Rimes he lookt as he were Mad,
In Tissue You, and Tyrian Purple have him clad.

Thomas Flatman
M. A.

To the Reader.

Notwithstanding the great care and diligence that has been all along used, many faults by reason of the Authors absence the whole time, have escaped the Press, some whereof disturb the sense very much, many the verse; The reader therefore is desired with his pen to supply the place of the Corrector, and to take the pains to mend the grossest, noted in the following list, by which he will not only do the Author justice, but himself, if he means to peruse the book, a Courtesie.

Errata.

PAge 6. read *exaudiuit* p. 7. verse 6. r. hundred *folds*, p. 19. l. 2. r. The just, p. 25. l. 12. r. their *own* darts, p. 27. l. 6. r. *move* the rocks, p. 29. l. 3. r. *fills*, p. 32. l. 5. r. *where* he his, p. 38. l. 2. r. has *bowd*, p. 44. l. 15. r. And *break*, p. 49. l. 2. r. May Jacobs, p. 52. l. 14. r. Thy *wraih* shall make their *darkness* bright, p. 60. l. 6. r. The *bands* which p. 64. l. 2. r. only *know'st*, p. 71. l. 23. r. *Syrion*, p. 77. l. 15. r. A Fear I'm to, p. 82. l. 21. r. Gods, who, p. 85. l. 12. r. than *Peaces*, p. 123. l. 25. r. and *burns* the, p. 155 l. 5. r.

*There till these stormes are past ly hid
under their shadow ty, else on them fly away.*

p. 166. l. 21. r.

*'Twas once spoke, and th' Almighty Words
I twice did hear ———*

p. 175. l. 24. r.

The wind which rais'd, Thy *Name* away should bear, p. 178: l. 9. r. He Kings and, p. 179. l. 12. r. which bear *Him* guides, p. 181. l. 7. r. How God, p. 183. l. 2. r. *along* the, p. 196. l. 15. r. The vallys and the, p. 203. l. 5. r. secure *they live*, l. 25. r. what it meant, p. 209. l. 17. r. e're this, p. 211. l. 8. r. Hills of *Prey*, p. 213. l. 4. r. I felt if *He*, p. 222. l. 10. r. and *wasst* its stones, p. 228. l. 15. r. I had led, l. 20. r. Have *strewd* fresh, p. 232. l. 8. r. Monuments of *grafs*, l. 26. r. Fill every Face, p. 245. l. 3. r. *Though* Death, p. 246. l. 9. r. uphold thy Throne, p. 249. l. 12. r. the blow, p. 278, l. 7. r. *may* back, l. 24. r. shalt raise it, p. 279. l. 2. r. *theirs* my, l. 3. *dele* shall, p. 283. l. 16. r. of his *care*, p. 293. l. 17. r. who most *shall*, p. 300. l. 24. r. For as the, p. 310 l. 20. r. From *whence*, p. 311, l. 16. r. And *thought*, l. 22. r. Or teach *Hu*, p. 320. l. 15. r. A *City*, l. 26. r. *their* noise, p. 321. l. 15. r. gates of *Brass*, p. 331. l. 4. r. till He gets the, p. 335. l. 14. r. where, as it stands, p. 348. l. 25. r. didst obtain, p. 356. l. 18. r. *Before* Kings, and not take, but *turn* on them the *same*, p. 397. l. 24. r.

But to thy Temple be restor'd again.

p. 427. l. 14. r. *Fruitful* seasons, l. 26. r. as poor a *thing* is Man:

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
P S A L M S.

The First Psalm.

Beatus Vir qui non abiit, &c.

I.

THrice happy man, who in the beaten wayes
Of Careless sinners, never blindly strays
In their assemblies, nor maintains their part,
Their scoffs, or their debates will hear,
But leaves the place as well as Chair,
And keeps his ears as guiltless as his heart !

II.

Who in th' Almightyes Law his age do's spend,
Grows old in that which will his age commend ;
By day he reads it, meditates at night,
Makes it his Guide, makes it his Stay,
His greatest business night and day ;
But less his business makes it, than delight !

III.

He shall be like a Tree by th' Waters side,
Whose root receives the Tribute of the tyde ;
The tender plant do's into vigor grow,
Is alwayes green, has alwayes fruit,
Extends into the streams its root,
And spreads in top, as that do's spread below.

I V.

So shall the Righteous flourish, and that hand,
Which planted him at first, shall make him stand ;
No storm or drought against him shall prevail,
But bending to the streams his root,
He shall be green, he shall have fruit,
Which till they cease to flow, shall never fail.

V.

But the unjust by every billow tost,
Shall in the storms himself has rais'd, be lost :
Shall be like Chaffe, with which the Wind do's play,
That now flies here, and now falls there,
Now on the ground, now in the air,
Till that which rais'd it, blow it clean away.

V I.

And when th'Eternal Judge to th' Bar shall bring
Each secret thought, and every hidden thing,
The difference then much greater shall appear :
For when the Just to glory go,
The Wicked shall begin their woe,
More unlike in another World than here.

Psalm II.

Quare fremuerunt gentes.

I.

What makes this stir? Why do the People rage?
And all their little Kings engage?
Their ancient strifes they mind no more,
Forget they once were Enemies,
And though they ne're agreed before,
Now all conspire against their God to rise.

II.

Their God's become their Common Enemy,
And his Anoynted they defy:
"Off with his yolk, let's break His bands,
"Away with all his Chains, they say,
"Our necks we know, let's try our hands,
"If they can rule, as well as those obey!

III.

But He, who reigns above, sees all their pride,
And do's their boasts and threats deride;
If they go on, He'll to them speak,
And if God speaks, sure man shall hear,
For when His voyce do's Cedars break,
Proud Libanus, which bears them, quakes for fear.

IV.

Yet let them rise, and do their worst, my Throne
Stands fixt, as th'Hill 'tis set upon:
(Sion which cannot be remov'd;))
And that no further doubt may be
Whether God has my choice approv'd
I'll shew His Seal, and publish His Decree.

V.

“Thou art my Son ; This day I Thee begot ;
 (He spoke the Word, who changes not.)
 “Ask of me, and the World is Thyne ;
 “The utmost skirts of all the Earth,
 “Nations unknown, beyond the Line,
 “Whose Countreys yet have neither Name, nor Birth.

VI.

“Thou shalt their Sovereign be, and to Thee all,
 “Who will not stoop shall lower fall.
 “Their potsheards shall Thy Scepter feel ;
 “For since its rule they’l have no more,
 “From gold it shall be turn’d to steel,
 “And make them dust, who were but earth before.

VII.

Be wise, O Kings, and you, who others give
 Their Laws, hear Mine, that you may Live !
 Great as you are, look not too high,
 For one above you stills your noise ;
 Yet since your Office calls you nigh,
 Serve Him with trembling, and with fear rejoice !

VIII.

Least He be angry kiss the Eternal Son !
 Happy are they, who thus have done !
 And there have plac’d their Chief desire !
 Unto your selves, and Him return ;
 For if His anger once take fire,
 Those Flames which should but only warm, will burn !

Psalm III.

Domine quid multiplicati, &c.

I.

Lord, how are they increast who trouble me?
 How many, Lord, against me rise,
 For Thy sake are my Enemies,
 Yet would perswade me I am so to Thee?
 "God has no help for him, they say;
 As if they knew Thy Will, or Power;
 But when thou Plagues on them dost shower,
 O're me Thou shalt Thy Love display,
 And raise my head, when theirs Thou in the dust shalt lay.

*A Psalm of
 David when
 he fled from
 Absalom
 his Son:*

II.

To God Almighty, my defence, I cry'd,
 Who heard me from His Holy Hill,
 With praise my heart, and mouth did fill,
 And me from trouble in His hand did hide:
 I layd me down, and rose again,
 Nothing shall make me now afraid,
 Though thousand Enemies me invade;
 For God, who did their rage restrain,
 Whilst I securely slept, awake will me sustain.

III.

Arise, my God; see where my God do's rise;
 And how His foes before Him fall;
 Already He has smote them all,
 Already has struck out their teeth, and eyes!
 Thus by unknown, and secret wayes,
 The Lord do's help, and save His own;
 Salvation comes from Him alone,
 Who thus delights His Name to raise:
 O, since He sends the help, let Him have all the Praise!

Pſalm IV.

Cum invocarem exaudavit, &c.

I.

*A Pſalm of
David.*

THou, who haſt heard me heretofore,
 And help beyond my Prayers didſt ſend;
 Gav'ſt me my Right, and do'ſt that Right defend,
 Thy wonted aides I now implore;
 To my ſad miſeries incline Thine ear,
 And them, my God, and with them Thine own Mercies hear!

II.

Fond Men! how long will you, in vain,
 God, and my Glory thus deſpiſe?
 Him you reject, when againſt me you riſe,
 For I, but as His Vice-Roy, reign.
 By Him I rule, and He, you ought to know,
 Firſt judg'd me fit to be your King, then made me ſo.

III.

To Him I call, He hears my Cry,
 If you are wiſe, in time forbear!
 Be ſtill, leaſt He your murmurings alſo hear,
 For though you ſee not, He ſtands by:
 Behold His Face, but if that Sun's too bright,
 Conſult your own black thoughts, and treaſons, when 'tis
 (night!

IV.

Your feign'd ſubmiſſion, and falſe Vows,
 How baſely with your God you deal,
 When under them you falſer hearts conceal,
 He who's their Judge, and ſearcher knows:
 A pure heart, and clean hand's the Sacrifice,
 Which carry their acceptance with them, as they riſe.

V.

Wealth, since it is so hard to get,
Must be the chiefest Good, most say ;
And call them wise, who thither find the way,
Though strayd from Thee in seeking it ;
From Thee my Portion, Lord, who canst bestow
More with one look, than all their pains can find below.

VI.

Let them to hundred fields increase,
And their redoubled wishes have,
Till they no longer know what more to crave,
Harvests of Plenty, years of Peace ;
Their fields with fruit, with oyl their faces shine,
Their jollity's but madness, if compar'd with mine.

VII.

Olive and Vine Thou art to mee,
Those blessings, and a thousand more,
Which thou hast layd up in thy boundless store,
Unknown to all, who know not Thee ;
Therefore in peace secure I'll sleep, Thy Grace,
Which gives me rest, will also guard my Resting place.

. Psalm V.

Verba mea auribus percipe, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
David.*

Lord to my earnest Prayers incline Thyne ear,
 And those desires, which Thou first gav'st me, hear!
 Attend, my King, my God, unto my cry,
 For to Thy Name alone I fly!

If thou art longer silent, what that meant
 I'll ask no more, but still will pray,
 And hasten with my calls the day,
 And silence then shall witness Thy assent.

II.

To Heaven I'll look, and pray with confidence,
 For I am sure of help, and pitty thence;
 I know Thou canst not wickedness indure,
 Nor shall the wicked be secure,
 Hated by Thee, as Thee he ne're did mind;
 His own day dazles his weak sight,
 And how then can he bear Thy light?
 If his own dazles, Thyne will strike him blind.

III.

Thou shalt destroy him, and his lying tongue
 Shall to himself alone do all the wrong;
 That blood of other men, which he has shed,
 Shall justly fall on his own head.
 Whilst to Thy Temple I will come with praise,
 And make Thy love the subject bee,
 Whence I'll take wing to mount to Thee,
 And in my flight tow'rs Heav'n, Thy glory raise.

IV.

O, bring me thither, and make strait my way,
 And let me see the snares my Enemies lay!

Be Thou my guide; that I the path may know,
And lead me, where I ought to go!
I dare not trust them though they seem to bless,
For even their flatteries poyson have;
Their tongue is death, their throat the grave,
Wicked their hands, their heart is wickedness.

V.

Destroy them, Lord, but not by Thy right hand,
That signal justice from their own command!
By their own secret counsels let them fall,
And send those plagues, for which they call!
In their transgressions let them be o'rethrown,
Burst with that pride, with which they sweld,
For against Thee they have rebell'd,
And let the Curse they suffer be their own!

VI.

But let all those, who trust in Thee, rejoyce,
And where their hearts are, lift on high their voice!
Let them be fearless who adore Thy Name,
Preserv'd by their own heavenly flame!
For Thou all times the Righteous wilt defend,
Thy mighty Power shall be his shield,
Never o'recome, he ne're shall yield,
But certain Conquest shall his arms attend!

Psalm VI.

Domine, ne in furore tuo, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
David.*

Lord, in Thy wrath rebuke me not,
Nor in thy fury chasten me !
For such weak things that furnace is too hot,
And by my clay no more endur'd can be,
Than my injustice, and repeated wrongs by Thee.

*I. Peniten-
tial Psalm.*

II.

Uphold me, Lord, for I am weak,
Whil'st Thou Thy hand dost on me lay ;
My bones are shaken, and my heart will break ;
Heal me with Speed, and take Thy hand away,
Or let me know how long, and I'll with patience stay !

III.

Return, and for Thy Mercy sake,
My Soul from this affliction save !
O now some pitty on thy servant take,
For Thou in death canst not Thy praises have,
But they, and I shall be forgotten in the grave !

IV.

I weary out the day with sighes,
And when that's done, the night with tears ;
So vast a deep comes rolling from my eyes,
That down its tyde my bed it almost bears,
Yet though it wash my couch, it cannot drown my fears.

V.

My eyes are hollow and decayd,
And from their windows hardly see ;
Quite buried in the graves my tears have made,
They

Lib. I. upon the VI Psalm.

11

They only shew where they were wont to be,
So that what age to others, grief has done to me,

VI.

But hold ; why do I thus complain,
Like one whom God do's never hear ?
For God has heard me, and I'll pray again ;
Avoid Profane, avoid, least while yo'are near,
That wickedness, which hardens yours, should stop His ear !

VII.

The Lord has heard me, and my tears
Have found acceptance in His eyes :
My sighs already have blown o're my fears,
And scatter'd with their breath my Enemies :
So let them fly with shame, all who against me rise !

Psalm VII.

Domine Deus { *mens*
noster, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
 David,
 which he
 sang unto the
 Lord con-
 cerning the
 words of
 Cush the
 Benjamite.*

A Almighty God, to Thee for help I cry,
 And on Thy Power alone rely;
 Thou hast preserv'd me, and once more
 Thy ancient favours I implore,
 The same, which Thou hast granted heretofore.
 Thy hand has rais'd me, when brought low,
 In my distress Thou didst Thy mercy show,
 May that strong hand, which rais'd me then, defend me
 Lord, from my Enemy deliver me, (now!
 And let my flight from him, be but to Thee!

II.

Shouldst Thou withdraw, or not let me come near,
 My Soul he would in pieces tear;
 Just like a Lyon, having found
 His helpless prey, who looks around,
 And only with his eyes gives the first wound:
 But when he sees the guards are gone,
 And shepherds scattred, he falls boldly on,
 And with his paws do's finish, what his eyes begun.
 Such would, O Lord, my certain ruine be;
 Didst not Thou interpose to rescue me!

III.

Yet, Lord, if I have done this wicked thing,
 For which they charge me to the King;
 Or if, for some unworthy end,
 I did but in my thoughts intend;
 (Wretch as I was) a mischief to my friend;
 Yea, if I have not spar'd my foe,
 Who without any cause of mine was so,
 And when thy hand had given him to me, let him go:
 Then

Then let my Enemy take my life away,
And spurn that honour I so low did lay !

IV.

Lord, in Thine anger to my cause arise,
Against my vengefull Enemies !
Awake, and up in Judgement stand,
The same, which Thou dost me command,
And take both Scales, and Sword into Thy hand !
Then let the Congregation see,
That they themselves are blind, who fancy Thee,
Fill'd, as they feign and make their Justice bee !
Return Thou therefore, for their sakes on high,
That they may know ther's in Thy hand an eye.

V.

For Thou indeed art Judge : and Lord begin
With me when Thou hast purg'd my sin !
Remember my Integrity,
And after that Thy servant try,
Who to Thy Bar do's for just judgement fly !
That wickedness may have an end,
When thus to every cause Thou shalt attend,
And let Thy equall sentence upon all descend !
I'm sure to be absolv'd, at this debate,
For He, that's Judge, shall be my Advocate.

VI.

God shall the Righteous clear, and but delay
The Wicked's sentence for a day ;
For every day with him He's griev'd,
He is not pardon'd but repriev'd,
Not into favour, but on proof receiv'd :
And if he turns not to the Lord,
Out from His mouth shall come the dreadful Word,
His bow's already bent, and He will whet His sword :
The instruments of death all furbisht are,
And for the blow th' Almighty arm's made bare,

VII.

But unconcern'd, he travayles with his sin,
And falshood to the birth do's bring ;
Leaves not, till having digg'd a pit,
He falls himself the first in it,
A just reward, and for the maker fit ;
On his own head his sin returns,
He feels the weight of his own heavy scorns,
And in a quenchless fire, which he first kindled, burns :
So righteous art Thou, Lord, so just Thy wayes,
Thy Name to heav'n do's reach, so shall my Praise !

Psalm

Psalm VIII.

Domine, dominus noster, &c.

I.

Sole Monarch of the World, Prince of all Powers,
Fountain of Beings, glorious King,
Who can enough Thy praises sing,
Who art the Worlds great Lord, as well as Ours ?
Fondly by Verse we strive Thy Name to raise,
When it already is above our highest praise.

*A Psalm of
David.*

II.

Thou and Thy Name alike are excellent,
And though we something see below,
The greatest part we cannot know,
Glorys, which are above the Firmament :
Heav'ns of heav'ns a mean extent would be,
And low as hell, were they in height compar'd to Thee.

III.

Great as Thou art, yet sometimes Thou dost love
Some glory for Thy self to raise,
Let't babes, and infants speak thy praise,
And do below what Angels do above :
Open't their mouths, when Thou wilt check the pride
Of such, who open theirs, but only to deride.

IV.

When I my serious thoughts do entertain
With those great works Thy hand has done,
The Heav'ns, and in those heav'ns the Moon,
Whom Thou hast made o're all the stars to reign,
More glorious in Attendants, though less bright
Than he, who rules the day, and sends her out at night.

V.

V.

Lord, what is Man, then to my self, I say,
Or, what is Mans Posterity,
That he thus visited should be,
Be made to rule, when such great things obey ?
Be little lower than Blest Angels made ?
And have at last their glory to his honour laid ?

VI.

For King of all Thy works, with Thine own hand,
Thou on his head hast set the Crown,
Enjoying all his Power to own,
And his obey, as if 'twere Thy command ;
Creatures, which at his feet the yoke now bear,
But would have higher risen, if not by Thee plac'd there.

VII.

They are his slaves, and just obedience show,
All in their offices attend,
Their lives all in his service spend,
And count their honour for his use to grow :
All that the Sea inhabit, or the sky,
And Earth, or for his pleasure live, or at it dye.

VIII.

Sole Monarch of the World, Prince of all Powers,
Fountain of Beings, glorious King,
Who can enough Thy praises sing,
Who art the Worlds great Lord, as well as Ours ?
Fondly by Verse we strive Thy Name to raise,
When it already is above our highest Praise.

Psalm IX.

Confitebor tibi Domine, &c.

I.

Lord, I will praise Thee, and Thy Works declare,
Of all Thy glorious Acts rehearse;
My Song their praises shall not spare,
But with their numbers I will raise my Verse;
In Thee I will be glad, in Thee rejoyce,
And where Thou art, on high, send up my voice.

*A Psalm of
David.*

II.

My Enemies, by Thee persw'd, gave back,
In vain they strove to shun Thy sight,
My En'mies Thou didst overtake,
And those, who scap'd the battle, fell in flight:
Thou heard'st my cause, and didst my right maintain,
Take then the Crown, who didst the Vict'ry gain.

III.

God on the Throne did sit, a finall doom
On the Rebellious World to pass,
Their troops alone were not o'recome,
But their vile Names He also out did rase:
So totally by Him they were o'rethrown,
That only in such songs they shall be known.

IV.

At length, O Enemy, thy boasts are done,
And thy destructions have an end;
The next that comes, will be thy own,
And at the door swift ruine do's attend;
As of the towns thou sack'dst there is no sign,
But ev'n their Names have perisht, so shall Thyne!

V.

God, who for ever reigns, has fixt His Throne,
 And to His bar the Earth will call;
 In righteouſneſs He ſhall come down,
 And by His equall Juſtice ſentence all:
 Under His wings ſecure the Juſt ſhall lye,
 And He'll their refuge be, who to Him fly.

VI.

Lord they, who know Thy Name, will truſt in Thee,
 For power, and ſtrength, and ſafety's there,
 That quiver cannot empty'd bee,
 And thoſe, who bear ſuch arms, need never fear:
 For never yet thou any man did'ſt leave,
 Who was Thy help but willing to receive.

VII.

Praiſe to that God, who care of *Sion* takes!
 And all His wonders tell about;
 For when He Inquiſition makes,
 The blood which now is ſilent, will cry out:
 Aloud 'twill cry, nor will God ſtop His ear
 To blood, who keeps it open for a tear.

VIII.

Ariſe, My King, to Thee for help I pray,
 Behold the Miſ'ries I endure;
 Thou, who from death didſt guard my way,
 And mad'ſt me ſtand from all his ſhafts ſecure:
 That in Thy houſe I may Thy love record,
 And where He has return'd me, praiſe the Lord!

IX.

Down in the pitt, which for me they had made,
 I'th' pit the heathen are ſunk down;
 Are taken in the toyles they laid,
 Whileſt by ſo juſt a judgement God is known,

That

Lib. I. upon the IX PSALM.

19

That when the heathen fall by their own snare,
Thy Just, for whom 'twas laid, in safety are.

X.

To hell they shall be turn'd, and with them all,
Who God or know not, or forget ;
But those, who for His succour call,
Shall have it, like their expectation, great :
For though at present God seems not to hear,
His hands are only held, and not His ear.

XI.

Appear, O lord, and let not man prevail,
But judge the Nations in Thy sight ;
The Nations, who dare Heav'n assail,
And overthrow them with Thy glorious light !
And, when Thou hast subdu'd their forces, then
Let them know Thou art God, themselves but men !

D 2

PSALM

Psalm X.

Ut quid Domine recessisti, &c.

I.

MY God, why dost Thou thus Thy self withdraw,
 And make as if Thou didst not see
 Those mis'ries, which are better known to Thee,
 Than him, who bears their sharpest law ?
 Why dost Thou thus Thy face in trouble hide ?
 T'were hell, should I be ever so deny'd.

II.

Look how the wicked, in his pride encreast,
 Destroys the poor, who flies to Thee !
 May all the plots, he layes, discover'd be,
 And on himself their vengeance rest !
 May the destruction, which he did intend
 For Thine, in his own ruine only end !

III.

He boasts of that, which Thou like Him, dost hate,
 His loose, and uncontroll'd desires,
 And to no greater happiness aspires,
 Than what flows from a great estate :
 Applauds the Covetous, and counts him wise,
 And valiant, who for earth can Heav'n despise.

IV.

He has a better God than what rules there,
 And need not any further try ;
 Alas, he has no wings to mount on high,
 Give him a God, that will be near ;
 That may be handled, like his baggs, and told,
 And can give solid comfort, like his gold.

V.

No other De'ty with the wretch goes down,
This takes up all his thoughts, and mind :
No matter what report he leaves behind,
For what shall be, to him's unknown ;
Above, in Heav'n, he hears Thy Judgements are,
And is content they should be always there.

VI.

His Enemies he laughs at, thinks their plots
More worthy of his scorn, than rage;
Fearless against all storms he do's engage,
His even-spun thred is without knots :
Perpetual peace, constant Prosperity,
Has been his lot, and shall his portion be.

VII.

These are his thoughts, and thus unmov'd he stands,
With fraud, and curses in his mouth,
His feet ne're trod the sacred paths of Truth,
And like them are his cruell hands :
But in the lonely fields in wait he lies,
And stains the groves with humane sacrifice.

VIII.

For as a Lion, in some shady breach,
Humbles himself, and couches down,
His prey with greater force to set upon,
If it shall come within his reach,
Do's all the postures of submission feign,
Till to resist he knows their strength is vain :

IX.

So do's he couch, but having caught the poor,
With his disguise aside do's lay
His feign'd humility, and tears his prey,
Nor, whil'st ther's life, thinks it secure :
And all the while flatters himself, that he
To the All-seeing eye conceal'd shall be.

X.

Arise, O God, to strike lift up Thy hand,
 And on Thy En'mies let it fall !
 That those, who daily for Thy mercy call,
 May thence Thy pittty understand :
 That Thou do'st not their miseries forget,
 But that their helps shall, like their pains, be great !

XI.

Why should the Wicked man Thy Power despise,
 Or whilest Thou only dost forbear,
 Think that indeed Thou canst not see or hear,
 Deaf, as himself, to th' poor mans cries ?
 For Thou hast seen, and wilt his rage requite,
 That by Thy hand he shall confess Thy sight.

XII.

With Thee the Poor entrusted has his wayes,
 And Thou preserv'st the Fatherless :
 To Thee he makes his suppliant address,
 And on Thy mighty goodness staves :
 Therefore appear, and by one fatall blow,
 The wicked, and his wickedness o'rethrow !

XIII.

Then as Sole Monarch, Thou o're all shalt reign,
 When thus Thou hast secur'd Thy land,
 When thus they fall, who slighted Thy command,
 And all their spoils resign again :
 When on the heathen Thou Thy chain shalt lay,
 And make their proud Usurpers to obey.

XIV.

For this the humble, and oppress'd do pray,
 With groans, that God delights to hear,
 Though not to see the mis'ries, which they bear,
 For them He feels, as well as they :
 Arise then, Lord, to help the Fatherless,
 Nor let the Sons of Earth; Heav'ns seed oppress !

Psalm XI.

In Domino confido, &c.

I.

I Know my trust, on whom I have believ'd,
So certain that I cannot be deceiv'd:

*A Psalm of
David.*

God is my rock, and all in vain,
You like a bird to th' hills would have me fly,
For he, who can this rock but gain,
His En'mies arrows may defie,

The bird, whose feathers wing them, never soar'd so high.

II.

I saw the wicked draw the fatall bow,
And from the string I saw the arrow go;

It level'd was at the upright,
And had assur'dly sunk into his heart;
His Innocence had been the White,
Had not th' Almighty took his part,

And on his head, who shot it, turn'd the vengeful dart.

III.

Th' Almighty God, whose power all things sustains,
Heav'ns dreadful King, who in His Temple reigns,

And with a look all hearts do's try,
Sentencing every work, and word, and thought,

There, as they all unform'd do lye,
E're they are to perfection brought,

And into all their several shapes, and fashions wrought.

IV.

He sees the Righteous and the Wicked too;
Without His help, what can the Righteous do?

They are His love: but fire, and rain,
And floods of Brimstone on th' unjust He'l poure;
Fire, which shall ne're be quench'd again,

But

But light those rivers with its shower,
Whose burning gulf at once shall both drown, and devour.

V.

Such is the mixture fills the wickeds Cup,
A brimfull bowle, and he shall drink it up:
Darkness without one gleam of light,
Torments, which have no measure, or allay,
And after all Eternal night;
Whil'st God from heav'n shall dart a ray
Upon the Just man, and be both his Sun and day.

Psalm

Psalm XII.

Salvum me fac Domine, &c.

I.

A Rise, O God, and save ; 'tis time to rise,
And with Thee bring all Thy supplies !
Help, for the Faithful man no more
Has either place reserv'd, or power,
Is not at all, and was but only scorn'd before.

*A Psalm of
David.*

II.

There's not a just man left, they flatter all,
And Prudence, what God hates, miscall :
To one another lye, and feign,
And what they least intend, maintain,
And as their tongue is false, their daring heart is vain.

III.

But God such tongues shall cut out, and such hearts
Wound, and strike through with their darts ;
'Gainst Him, and Heav'n they up were thrown,
But on themselves are all hurl'd down,
And, by the wounds they make, they find they are their
(own.

IV.

" Who's Lord o're us, with dev'lish mouth they say,
" Or who is He we should obey ?
" That's I, says God, now I'll arise,
" And since my Kingdom you despise,
" And subjects scorn to be, you shall be Enemies.

V.

" I'll rise now, and in safety set the Poor ;
" From all the storms you raise, secure :
That word has said it, which is try'd
Like Silver, seven times purifi'd ;
Pure without any dross, too great to be deni'd.

VI.

Thou shalt preserve them, Lord, by Thy Right hand,
I'th' midst of a rebellious land,
Where basest men most honour'd are,
Some on the Throne, some in the Chair;
And they as Criminalls stand sentenc'd at the Bar.

Psalm XIII.

Usque quo Domine, &c.

I.

How long, my God, wilt Thou thus hide Thy face,
And thus withdraw the presence of Thy grace?
How long shall I forgotten be,
As if indeed it were in vain
Of all my mis'ries to complain,
And I might sooner mount the rocks, than Thee?
I look, and sigh, and wait, O, come away,
Why should my En'my triumph, when Thou dost but stay?

II.

Arise, O God, and with Thee bring fresh aid,
Thy very fight will make my Foes afraid!
By it o'recome, they'll fall asleep,
Too weak to bear Thy glorious fight,
Will here begin their endless night,
Whil'st Thou my eyes shalt ever waking keep;
Let them not on Thy servants ruine stand,
Least what Thine only did, they challenge to their hand!

III.

Thou art my confidence, in Thee I trust,
And, though I am afflicted, God is just:
I in His mercy shall rejoice,
In that Salvation He has brought,
In that deliverance He has wrought,
Something my heart shall do, something my voice:
Both heart, and voice in songs of praise shall move,
And since I am Thy Care, Lord, Thou shalt be my Love!

Another Version of the same.

By *M. M. B.*

I.

How long, O God, shall I forgotten ly,
 As one cast from Thy memory?
 Wilt Thou from me Thy face for ever hide?
 For so that time, which nothing is to Thee,
 Seems an Eternity to mee,
 Who only on Thy favour have rely'd.

II.

Wilt Thou no period to my griefs allow,
 But fresh afflictions on me throw,
 Which I as little as Thy wrath can bear?
 To see my Enemies triumphing stand,
 And my self stoop to their command,
 Who only Thee, and Thy command should fear.

III.

In mercy, Lord, again remember mee,
 And from Oppressors set me free!
 Unto Thy servants prayers attention give,
 Revive his hopes, and let Thy glorious light
 His joys renew, that in Thy sight,
 Though now cast out, he may for ever live!

IV.

Why should my Enemy encrease his pride,
 With Thee, and conquest on his side?
 And those, who trouble me, in this rejoice,
 That I am exil'd from Thy resting place,
 The sacred presence of Thy grace,
 Who oft have glori'd that I was Thy choice?

V.

But I have trusted in Thy power, and love,
That Thou wilt all my fears remove:
And this sure hope with joy so fill my mind,
That I will now Thy mighty praises sing,
From whom my happiness shall spring,
Whose bounty, like Thy self, is unconfin'd,

Psalm XIV.

Dixit insipiens in corde, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
David.*

THere is no God, the fool in's heart do's say,
 And that his life may not his heart betray,
 He like one, that believes it, lives :
 Do's with blasphemous mouth deny
 The very Being of the Deity,
 And in his works that lye,
 Which he to man dares not, to Heav'n profanely gives.

II.

From heav'n th' Almighty God came down to view
 What He there saw, and there could punish too :
 Yet down He came, and look'd around,
 He search'd, if He might any see,
 Any of His, least they should numbred bee
 To th' Common misery,
 He search'd, but not a Just man in the Number found.

III.

Are they all thus, O God, all gone aside,
 As if from Thee they could their follies hide ?
 Are all thus greedy to devour,
 And eat Thy People up like bread,
 Thankless for that, and not some judgement dread,
 Like those by quails once fed,
 Tempting that Heav'n, which Manna down before did
 (shower.

IV.

Amids their jollity in fears they were,
 Their meat a trap, their table prov'd a snare :
 But God himself defends the Poor,
 Will both their cause, and right maintain,

And

Lib. I. upon the XIV PSALM,

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And though the proud their Innocence would stain,
The spot shall out again,
And God, who sends them help, shall with it that restore.

V.

From Sion, Lord, may Israels help appear,
Thence come, since all his confidence is there !
Bring back their long Captivity ;
That Israel may adore Thy wayes,
And *Jacob* to Thy Name give all the praise,
Together strive to raise
Thy Honour, and admire Thee, as thou ought'it to be !

Psalm

Psalm XV.

Domine quis habitabit, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
David.*

MY God, who shall Thy Holy Mount ascend,
 And in Thy House his life and praises spend?
 Blest Soul, who always shall be near,
 Nearer than any other can,
 When he his God may see, his God may hear,
 And where his God is, still be there,
 O tell me who it is, or let me see the Man!

David.

I I.

God.

'Tis one who from his heart the Truth do's speak;
 Whose company, and laws he n'ere do's break:
 His Heart's the wheel, which first do's play,
 And all the other wheels commands,
 Whose motion all the other wheels obey,
 All go, when that first leads the way,
 Truth and his heart first move, and then his feet and hands.

I I I.

He dares not his just Neighbour vilifie,
 Nor give his conscience with his mouth the lie:
 Dares not speak fair, before his face,
 And once withdrawn, retract his fear,
 Sinning to bring another in disgrace,
 But thinks, what if 'twere his own case?
 And against him, less than against himself will hear.

I V.

Whose heart against a wicked man do's rise,
 And shewes true scorn, yet pitty by his eyes:
 The good he honours, counts them dear
 Worthy his love and favour too,

All

All who in truth my Sacred Name do fear ;
And when he to his Word do's swear,
What he has sworn, though he is sure to lose will do.

V.

He puts not out his Gold to usury,
Nor by Extortion into wealth do's flye :
No bribes will take against the Just,
Or ballance with those weights his hand,
Which there inclines where the cause merits most :
And having thus discharg'd his trust,
He on my Holy Mount shall dwell, and like it stand.

F

Psalm

Pſalm X V I.

Conſerva me Domine, &c.

I.

*Michtam.
A Pſalm of
David.*

DReſerve me, Lord, for unto Thee I flee;
 I, who upon thee heretofore have ſtaid,
 And when I ſaw Thee not have ſaid,
 “Thou art my God, and though my Good to Thee
 “Can never come, yet Thine may reach to mee.

I I.

My good like gold to Thee can ne’re extend,
 Though it to airy thinneſs I ſhould beat:
 The diſtance ſtill would be too great,
 Nor will it’s droſs let it to Heav’n aſcend:
 O, may it ſpread below, and know no end!

I I I.

Spread to the Saints, in whom is Thy delight,
 And who, as they Thy pleaſure be, are mine:
 Let others to dumb Idols joyn,
 Their very Idols once ſhall do them right,
 And though they could not help, againſt them fight.

I V.

I’ll not approach them, Lord, leaſt for their ſake,
 I ſhare the ſorrows, which on them are laid:
 I of their Offerings am afraid,
 For all who to them ſacrifices make,
 Are their own Victims, and i’t’h flames partake.

V.

God is my Portion and maintains my Lot,
 My lines are in a pleaſant Country caſt,
 My Heritage ſhall fall at laſt,
 And in a time when I expect it not;
 God has both given, and will ſecure the Spot.

VI. His

V I.

His Name I'll therefore bleſs, who counſel'd me,
Make Him my meditation every night,
Till the young Sun brings back the Light;
As I in His, He in my ſight ſhall be;
Nor ſhall the Darkneſs hide His face from me,

V I I.

Unmov'd I'll ſtand His mighty praiſe to tell,
My very fleſh in certain hope ſhall reſt
Of th' Reſurrection of the Bleſt;
For Lord, Thou ſhalt not leave my Soul in Hell,
Nor let Thy Holy One with Corruption dwell.

V I I I.

To the ſafe paths of Life direct my way,
Thy Preſence, where perpetual joyes flow o're,
Whoſe Pleaſures ſpring for evermore;
By thoſe clear ſtreams let me delighted ſtay,
And melt away in love, as well as they!

Psalm XVII.

Exaudi Domine justitiam, &c.

I.

*A Prayer of
David.*

Great God of all th' Earth, to Thee I fly,
 And to thy just Tribunals Barr appeal;
 Thou know'st my cause, & Thou shalt hear my cry,
 And, what Thy pleasure on it is, reveal:
 Upon Thy sentence I depend,
 Let that my suit, and troubles end;
 For Thyne own sake my right maintain,
 Heart did ne're closer joyn with lips, nor they less feign!

II.

Lord, Thou hast search'd me, and my heart hast known,
 Then, when conceal'd from all the World, but thee,
 The silent Night had left me all alone,
 By Thee examin'd, mine own Judge to be:
 In thousand flames I have been try'd,
 But as gold throughly purify'd,
 From thousand flames I came more bright,
 For I before had past Thyne All-discerning sight.

III.

As my heart thought, so my lips alwayes spake,
 And with them both my hands did freely joyn;
 With the Destroyer I did ne're partake,
 But alwayes left his paths to follow Thyne:
 Thou wert my rule, and Thou my guide,
 When I or slipt, or turn'd aside,
 Thus guarded let me ever go,
 For as Thy ways are certain, my steps shall be so!

IV.

Lord, Thou hast answer'd me, when heretofore,
 In my distress I made my Prayers to Thee!

Incline

Incline Thyne ear to my desires once more,
 And as then, let me now Thy mercy see !
 Thou, whose Almighty hand do's save
 All those who its protection crave,
 Thy mighty hand for me extend,
 No power but Thyne can to my miseries put an end.

V.

And as the Eye around with guards is sett,
 And safely compass'd in on every side,
 To keep off dangers (which may hazard it)
 Display its glory, or its beautys hide ;
 Under Thy wings so let me lye,
 Secure, as under those, my Eye !
 For as those guards my eye enclose,
 For safety, I am girt, for ruin by my foes.

VI.

Riches to them are Shield, and Coat of Mayle,
 Whil'st with vile mouth they basely God despise :
 They, more than Innocence, are their Brazen Wall,
 Which as their own proud thoughts they wish were high
 With fat their eyes are clos'd around,
 And though still fastned on the ground,
 No conscious marks of guilt do bear,
 Nor view it as their own desert, but wish me there.

VII.

Just like a Lioness, that wayts her prey,
 Urg'd by her young whelps hunger, and her own,
 All threatning force aside she seems to lay,
 And try's new plots, when that is useles grown :
 Unto some shady Covert flies,
 And there as dead, or dying lyes,
 That if her scent infect the wind,
 She may her self appear the prey, she there would find.

VIII.

But rise O God, and disappoint his rage,
And where himself has vow'd, there let him fall !
May he no longer Thy great power engage,
Nor against Thine, with Thy own arms prevail !
The Sword he brandishes is Thine,
Thou guid'st his hand, and mak'st that shine,
Without Thy help he could not be
Or thus Thy seeming friend, or thus my Enemy.

IX.

This portion here below the Wicked have,
The World, and all it's boundless stores are theirs,
Though when they once descend into the grave,
They All behind them leave, and Children heirs,
But my great Portion is to come,
When happy death shall bring me home,
When I shall in Thy sight appear,
And, to Thine Image chang'd, be with Thy Son Coheir.

Psalm XVIII.

Diligam te Domine Fortitudo, &c.

A Psalm of David the Servant of the Lord, who spake unto the Lord the words of this Song, in the day that the Lord deliver'd him from the hands of all his enemies, and from the hand of Saul — And he said,

I.

LORD, I will love Thee, and Thy mighty praise
My humble Song to Heaven shall raise;
Thou art my Rock, my strength, my Power,
My God, my Help, and ever just,
My Buckler, Fortrefs, and strong Tower,
Who hast been always, and shalt always be my trust.
To Thee the Spoils I consecrate,
Which by thy hand I from my Enemies took,
That, when in time to come, I on them look,
Thinking how in their ruin Thou preserv'dst my state,
And those remains of Triumph see,
I may new Trophies dress to Thee,
Who only sav'dst, and only worthy of my praise canst be.

II.

'Twas the most gloomy day I ever saw,
And Death in all its horrid shapes stood by;
Trouble without, within despair did ly,
And not content by drops my blood to draw,
And leave when glutted, it my heart did gnaw,
That sensibly I could perceive my self to die.
Hell compass'd me with all her waves,
Enlarg'd her mouth, and thence did throw
In pitchy streams her terrors, and the graves
That by its train death might more dreadfull show,
And I, before hand, all its cruelties might know.

Before

Before it lay devouring cares,
 Envys, distrusts, and bands of snares,
 Suspicions, jealousies, and fears,
 Chains, and imprisonment, a wretched life,
 Beyond the reach of fancy or belief,
 With which around 'twas block'd so fast,
 That thousand deaths must first be past,
 E're one could touch the Blest, and Happy One at last.

III.

What to resolve, or what to do,
 Which way to turn, or where to go,
 I had no friend to tell me, nor my self did know.
 At last to Heav'n I look'd, and there
 A passage for my flight did see,
 The Coast all empty, wide and clear;
 But who on high my Soul could bear,
 Or give me wings that I might thither flee?
 And then aloud to God I cry'd,
 And in my trouble made a noyse,
 Anguish did help to raise my voice,
 And heard I would be, though I were deny'd.
 "Lord bow Thyne ear, said I, to mee,
 "Or suffer that my prayers ascend to Thee!
 And up I sent them with a gale of sighs,
 That sooner than my thought, had pierc'd the skyes
 And entrance found, or made to His ears,
 Whil'st I too slow to follow with mine eyes,
 Reflecting ever on my fears,
 Could only their desir'd return expect in tears.

IV.

I lookt not long, e're th' Earth began to shake,
 The Rocks to tremble, and the Hills to quake,
 And, to attest the presence of its God,
 Who to the Judgment on a Cherub rode,
 The World its fixt foundation did forsake;
 Out from His nostrils a thick smoak did go,

And

And from His mouth devouring fire,
Which more impetuous, as it large did grow,
And made the Heav'ns almost with th' heat expire.
He bow'd the Heav'ns, and then came down,
Under his feet chain'd Darknes lay,
And tempests, that no will but His will own,
In hast flew on before, to make Him way;
He follow'd close, and their slow pace did chide,
Bid them with greater speed and swiftness ride;
And that He dreadfull might appear,
Yet not consume till got more near,
Dark waters and thick clouds His face did hide.

V.

Such His Pavilion, such the secret place,
To which His Glory did retire,
But yet how thick so e're the covering was,
The waters could not quench, nor clouds conceal the fire,
But it through both did force its way,
And all the louder thunders calls obey:
In thunder God aloud from Heav'n did call,
And made His voyce o're all the World be heard,
Hayl-stones, and coles of fire did at it fall, (der, fear'd.
Hail-stones & coles of fire, which those, who slighted thun-
These were the poyson'd arrows, which He threw,
In vain with Heav'n they saw it was to fight;
And since so swift it did their guilt pursue,
As vain thought all their flight,
And it was truly curse enough, to see the light.

VI.

Then were the Channels of the Ocean seen,
And Earths foundations did appear
Never so low before the Sun had been,
Or saw the wonders, which he met with there.
And down he stoopt his watry bed to view,
Which he till then ne're truly saw, or knew,

And scarce believ'd, that what he saw was true.
 At thy rebuke, O God, it open stood,
 And the same breath, which made, did part the Flood.
 To Heav'n's high Vault the waves did rise,
 And threatned all to break upon my head,
 But I prevented them with shrieks and cries,
 And from that deep Thou didst thy servant lead :
 Which as the billows saw, more fraid than I, away they fled :

VII.

God from my Enemies my life did save,
 And those who were too strong for me, subdu'd :
 No sooner could I his assistance crave,
 But with my prayers, I saw my help renew'd ;
 That weakness, which my foes did most enrage,
 And to the certain prey did call,
 Was my best argument His power t'engage,
 Who did, unlook'd for, on them fall, (stopt up all.
 And found a way to conquest, when they thought they'd
 To a large plain he brought me out,
 Where I might see His wonders all about,
 And by new tryalls His sure mercies prove :
 He rescu'd me, because I was His love.
 The Justice of my Title did defend,
 And on my head set fast the Crown ;
 His wonted goodness to me did extend,
 And, recompensing what my hands had done,
 Their innocence both witness'd, & rewarded with His own.

VIII.

He saw how constantly I kept His way,
 And ne're to th'beaten roads of sin withdrew ;
 How I His Judgments did obey,
 And all His Laws before me lay,
 To be my guides, lest I should stray,
 And when I fail'd, how I my Cov'nants did renew.

From

From my own sin my self I kept,
 And found acceptance in His sight,
 He rais'd me up, and held me, when I slip't,
 And I before Him [counted] was upright,
 So that forgetting what I did,
 My Sins He only, not His Mercies hid:
 My righteousness did recompense,
 And both approv'd, and crown'd my Innocence.
 For like Thy self, O God, Thou dost impart
 Most just rewards to every mans desert;
 And what he is to Thee, to Him again Thou art.
 Mercy dost on the mercifull bestow,
 And with the Righteous art upright,
 Thy purity the perfect know,
 (For thou alone first mad'st them so)
 And to perfection by Thy strength they grow;
 But those, who scorn Thee, Thou as much dost slight:
 Bring'st down high looks, the Poor dost raise;
 And Thy afflicted land to save,
 Hast helps, as different as Thy ways,
 And those, as many from it, as Death has to the grave.

IX.

'Twas Thou who mad'st my darkness bright,
 And from the pit did'st bring me back;
 Restor'dst, what I despair'd to see, the light,
 And, that I should no beauties lack,
 Did'st add new glories from Thine own great sight.
 By Thee I Nations have subdu'd,
 Conquering, when I their troops but only view'd,
 And Victory as much as them, pursu'd.
 Through arms I follow'd her, o're Forts, and Walls,
 Nor, till possess'd would give her o're,
 Her flight but forc'd me on the more,
 And anew made me help implore
 Of Him, who gives it those, whom he to battle calls.
 The mighty God, whose way is just,
 And Word like Silver try'd,

But more than silver purity'd,
 The Widows and the Orphans trust :
 Who never aid to them, who wanted it, deny'd,
 The mighty God, who only is the Lord,
 And as a Rock, on high, has set His Word, (sword.
 From whence He has made bare His Arm, and flaming
 With that I girded was to th' fight,
 More fatal than *Goliaths*, and more right, (flight.
 For 'twas in war my Sword, surer than *Parthian* shaft in

X.

For flye I did, but 'twas like them to overcome,
 My feet were Hinds, both to o'retake, and bring me home ;
 I saw, and wounded from afarr ;
 God taught my hands the subtle arts of Warr,
 And gave them strength a bow of Steel to draw,
 And brake a barr of Iron as if it were but straw.
 His Shield protected me, His Discipline
 Both held me up, and guarded round my head,
 Above me made new glories shine,
 And for my footsteps Palms and Laurels spread ;
 Which having thence a larger compass gain'd,
 O're all the plains secure from sliding reign'd.
 And then once more to th' Camp I went,
 And with new heat my En'mies did assail,
 Their flight could not my hand prevent,
 But certain death it after sent,
 That both pursu'd, o'retook, and did prevail,
 Down to the Earth, but never more to rise,
 I, by Thy strength, did hurl them to the ground,
 My own could not their force confound,
 But Thine did guide, and blest my Victories.
 And now my Song Thy praises shall resound ;
 To Thee I will Thy right resign,
 And since Thou didst my Triumphs meet,
 And put my En'mies necks below my feet,
 Those Laurels, which Thy conduct has made mine,
 By Thine own purchase, & my present shal again be Thine.
 XI. Small

X I.

Small as the dust I to the empty wind
 Them and their pride together did expose;
 A while they mounted, but fell where they rose,
 Again with mire and common dirt were joyn'd,
 Like dross cast out, and never more with fire to be refin'd.
 They cry'd for help, but none would save,
 To God, but He attended not,
 Whil't to my prayers He gracious answers gave,
 And for me kept those Honours He had got,
 In Civil Warrs preserv'd me safe at home,
 Made me abroad fierce Nations overcome,
 Who heard no sooner of my Name,
 But to submit their Empires came,
 And, by accepting me to be their King, increas'd their Fame.
 With them came people quite unknown,
 And from my hand each Prince receiv'd a Crown,
 Which he more gloried in, and valued than his own;
 When those, who yielded not, yet hop'd by flight
 To scape the shame they got in fight,
 My lustre only made more bright, (light.
 And like thick darkness, scattred at th' approach of morning

X I I.

Blest be that God, who this has done!
 My shield, my Rock, whose mighty hand
 At once aveng'd me, and subdu'd my En'mies land,
 And when to Hell He threw them down
 My head not only rais'd, but did with mercy crown;
 Who from the violent man deliver'd me,
 And from his Throne made me the subject Nations see,
 My Laws, and their own Kingdoms take upon the knee.
 Therefore to Him alone my Verse I'll raise,
 And what I sing, the Heathen teach His praise,
 That They, as well as I, may know, and fear His ways.

I'll tell the glories, which to Him belong,
How great His Power, His arm how strong,
And this shall be the bearing of my Song,
 " 'Twas He that gave deliv'rance to our King,
 " Who did to *David* mercy show,
 " And from that never failing Spring,
" Will cause new blessings, on his seed to overflow.

Psalms

Pſalm XIX.

Cæli enarrant gloriam Dei, &c.

I.

That boundleſs ſpace we ſee above,
 The Heav'ns, where all the Stars their courſes run, *A Pſalm of*
 Where greateſt Stars have room enough to move, *David.*
 And ſeem but points to th' vaſt Expanſion;
 The Heav'ns, whoſe Arms the World embrace,
 Which o're our heads, under our feet do go,
 And alike neer themſelves make every place,
 Their great Creators glory ſhow;
 The mighty God, who by His powerfull hand
 At firſt did make, and with His Word does bid them ſtand.

II.

His Will gives Laws unto the day,
 Makes darkneſs in its turn ſucceed the Light;
 Both light, and darkneſs, His commands obey,
 And by alternate powers rule day and night:
 Through the whole World their Line is gone,
 All Nations do their language underſtand,
 Nor was there ever ſavage Nation known,
 Who in them could not read His hand,
 In their own tongues all read what's written there,
 For Heav'n alone's the Univerſal Character.

III.

From thence God makes His Sun to ſhine,
 Which like a Bridegroom from his bed does riſe,
 Bluſhes at firſt, but then looks gay and fine,
 And with his luſtre dazles our weak eyes:
 At firſt he gently ſeems to move,
 And Heav'ns ſteep hill in ſtate walks up, but when
 Mid-day is toucht, like's own beams from above,
 To th' Earth he ſhoots himſelf again;

From.

From East to West round the whole world does wheel,
And makes dull minerals, unseen, his influence feel.

I V.

These Works of Thine we see below,
And in them Thy great Wisdom all adore;
But by Thy Law we come our selves to know,
And what we oft have heard, t' experience more:
Just as Thy self are all Thy Wayes,
Thy Statutes, and Commandments pure, and right;
Teaching us how we should exalt Thy praise,
One gives us joy, the other light:
To Thee they all direct, our Leaders are,
And where Thou art, not only bring, but fix us there.

V.

The Fear of God true pleasure is,
Is always clean, is always full of love,
Opens the way to an eternall bliss,
And by its constancy its truth does prove:
Unjust that sentence cannot be,
Which from the Righteous Judge of all does go;
His Judgments are from all injustice free,
Are just themselves, and make us so:
The finest gold near them looks wan, and pale,
And hony from the Comb do's of its wonted sweetness fail.

V I.

Gain, and reward in them are found,
Sometimes they are my staff, sometimes my guide,
But, Lord, how often have I fell to ground,
And in my secret wandrings gone aside!
Cleanse me, O God, and through Thy grace
Let not presumptuous sins of me take hold,
But let my Innocence still keep its place,
And make me in the Judgment bold!
Hear me, O Thou, who my Salvation art, (my heart.
That when my heart moves my lips, Thy Spirit may move
Psalm

Psalm XX.

Exaudiat te Dominus, &c.

I.

S O may Thy God be always near,
Nay *Jacobs* God all Thy Petitions hear,
And when Thy Enemies huge Armies send,
As if they would Thy land devour,
And with their numbers Thee ore'power,
Then may His Name be Thy strong Tower,
To break their rage, and Thee from danger to defend!

*A Psalm of
David.*

II.

From *Sion* may Thy aids appear,
Invincible as He, who governs there;
With fire from Heav'n may he Thy Offerings crown;
And as with every Sacrifice,
Thy prayers and that again do's rise,
Till they together reach the skies
Let thy God meet them, and as they ascend come down!

III.

May He Thy just desires fulfill,
And always fix Thy counsels to His Will!
'Tis done, O King, and in it we rejoyce,
Let the whole World our shoutings hear,
What we adore, let them all fear,
Honour Him far, and dread him near,
Let the whole World hear Ours, & God Himself Thy voice!

IV.

Our God shall hear Thee, and His hand,
Mov'd by His ear, deliv'rance shall command:
From Heav'n He shall His mighty arm unbare,
Brandish His Sword, and make it seen.
Nothing but blood shall come between,

H

And

And He, who has Thy Saviour been
Shall be Thy praise as once the subject of Thy prayer.

V.

Let others on their Troops rely,
Chariots and Horse which Vict'ry can out-fly;
We on the Name of God will only stay,
That shall Our Horse and Chariots bee,
Our Armies, and Our Victory;
Let but us, Lord, be kept by Thee,
We shall stand Conquerours, when they fall, or run away.

VI.

Already they are all brought down,
But on Thy head God has set fast the Crown;
May He be still to Thee propitious,
Always incline a willing ear,
To His Anoynted still be near,
And Thy petitions ever hear,
And as He hears Thee, Gracious King, mayst Thou hear us!

Pfalm

Psalm XXI.

Domine in virtute tuâ, &c.

I.

Great God, who Wonders for Our land hast done,
 And sav'd Our King, whom Thou mad'st so, *A Psalm of David.*
 Again hast set Him on the Throne,
 And made His Fathers foes before Him bow;
 Our King shall in Thy strength rejoyce,
 That He was Thine, as well as His own peoples choice!

II.

Thou didst not ever His requests deny,
 Nor to His Vows shut up Thine ear,
 In vain He did not always cry, (hear;
 Though Heav'n, which saw His wrongs, seem'd not to
 For the desires He thither sent,
 Thou with unhop'd for blessings didst at last prevent.

III.

He only sue'd for Life, Thou gave'st a Crown,
 And on His head hast set it fast;
 The Royall Diadem never shone
 With so great lustre, or so long to last,
 To Kings, which from Him shall proceed,
 Not to His head alone secur'd, but to His seed.

IV.

Home Thou hast brought Him, and so fixt Him here,
 All say His power is most like Thine;
 The Honours Thou hast made Him bear
 Have rendred Him, and Monarchy Divine;
 That for their Kings Our Sons shall wish,
 Like Him they all may be, and all their Reigns like His.

V.

For in the Lord His confidence He plac'd,
 And up to Heav'n for help did fly,
 And having there His anchor cast,
 Our Seas, He knew, could never rise so high;
 And that the Ocean, which was there,
 Was all Pacifique, and no seed for storms did bear.

VI.

In vain from Thee, O God, His foes would fly,
 And having shun'd His hand, scape Thyne;
 But their close walks are in Thine eye,
 And all around them do's Thy glory shine;
 His Enemies Thou count'st Thine own,
 And what His hands reach not, by Thine shal be o'rethrown.

VII.

Thou on them their own Consciences shalt turn,
 Thy wrath shall on their darkness light;
 For like an Oven it shall burn,
 With flames that scorch, and even as Hell affright;
 And when it has rag'd all about,
 Upon the guilty standers by it shall break out.

VIII.

But, if reserv'd for future misery,
 Thy vengeance here they shall survive;
 'Tis but to see, before them, dye
 Those children, in whose names they hop'd to live:
 Yet though like them their Names shall rot,
 They still shall want the happiness to be forgot.

IX.

For Thee, O King, the mischief they design'd,
 Which on Thy Fathers head did light;
 And with you both the Crown was joyn'd,
 That was the Cause did animate the fight;

Whil'st

Whil'st Heav'n was all the while desi'd,
To see the rule establish'd there, on earth deny'd.

X.

Heav'n saw the Treasons, and did arm'd appear,
Return'd the darts they up had thrown,
Now, less with feathers wing'd, than fear,
And in all wounds the arrows were their own:
Lord, since Thou 'hast thus preserv'd Our King,
Uphold His Throne, that with Him, we Thy praise may sing!

H 3

Psalm

Psalms XXII.

Deus, Deus meus, quare dereliquisti, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
David.*

MY God, my God, why art thou turn'd away,
 And thus forsak'st me in my agony;
 Shall I in vain for ever pray,
 And pour out fruitless words, which reach not Thee?
 All day I cry, but Thou seem'st not to hear,
 The night do's witness to my roarings bear, (ear.
 Yet though they rend my heart, they cannot move Thine

II.

But Holy still, and Righteous, Lord, art Thou,
 And worthy of Thy People *Israels* praise,
 Who on Our Fathers did'st bestow
 Freedom from Chains, and conduct in their ways;
 On Thee they trusted, and to Thee they cry'd,
 Who heard'st their groans, & conquering out did'st ride,
 Their trust met no reproach, nor was their prayer deny'd.

III.

But I'm a Worm, my God, and not a Man,
 Reproach of Men, and shame o'th' multitude,
 Whose mockings with my grief began,
 And ever grew, as that encreas'd, more rude:
 With all the antick looks that shew disgrace,
 Distorted mouth, and head, and riv'led face,
 They me the Common butt, for all their scorns did place.

IV.

"Let's see, said they, with jests more sharp than swords,
 And mortaller than all the wounds they gave,
 "Let's see, if yet, for all His Words,
 "The God on whom He trusts, His life will save;
 "If He so dearly loves him, at his call

"Why

“ Why comes He not, we challenge Him and all,
 “ For without that, this single conquest would be small.

V.

Yet still in Thee I all my trust have plac'd,
 Who art the God, who took't me from the womb;
 On whom I from the breast was cast,
 And to these years through thousand cares have come;
 To Thee, who hast defended me I flie,
 And on Thy power alone for help relie,
 Be not farr off to save, since trouble is so nigh !

VI.

Around with Bulls I fiercely was beset,
Basans wilde Bulls whom none but Thou couldst tame;
 And with their hoofs the ground they beat,
 And open mouth'd upon me bellowing came;
 Like ravening Lions halting to the prey,
 That roar, and call their fellow beasts away,
 Such was their noyse, and haste, but savager were they.

VII.

My blood and spirits like water are pour'd out,
 And all my bones are from their joynts remov'd;
 My heart it self to th' fire is brought,
 And melted down, like Silver to be prov'd;
 A Potsherd from the fornace is less dry,
 My shriv'led tongue close to my jaws do's ly,
 And I bear all th' effects of death, before I die.

VIII.

Dogs hunted me, nay worse than dogs, those men
 I came to save, in judgment on me late;
 My Good deeds were forgotten then,
 Nor could my innocence their rage abate;
 But sentence given, lots for my Coat they cast,
 And on a rack my naked body plac'd,
 Whose staring bones, only by them could be out-fac'd.

IX. On

IX.

On me they star'd, and furious through their pride,
 With cruel nails pierc'd through my hands and feet;
 Then open'd with a Spear my side,
 To see my heart where all those wounds did meet:]
 But, mighty Saviour, be not farr away,
 Rise to my help, and make no longer stay,
 Least to their bloody Sword my Soul be made a prey!

X.

Thou, who hast sav'd me from strong Unicorns,
 Now from the Lions mouth, Lord, rescue me!
 These hungry Dogs, and fierce Bulls horns,
 Nor to their rage let me deliver'd be!
 Then to my Brethren I'll Thy power declare,
 And Trophies to Thy mighty conquest rear, (fair.
 And with the Captive Spoils Thy Courts shall look more

XI.

All you, who fear the Lord, recount His praise;
 And you, blest *Jacobs* seed, His Honour sing!
 Who, though most fearfull in His ways,
 And the Worlds Judge, is both your God, and King!
 Who never has the poor mans suit deny'd,
 Nor from my tears His glorious face did hide,
 But heard, and answer'd me, as soon as e're I cry'd.

XII.

Of Him alone my numerous Song shall bee,
 To whose great hand I all my safety ow:
 And in Thy Church I'll pay to Thee
 Whatever there I in my fears did vow:
 Then shall the poor, with famine long oppress,
 Eat, and be full, the weary be at rest,
 And those, who fear Thy Name, with peace and joy be blest.

XIII. The

XIII.

The worlds wide ends, when they Thy power shal know,
Again to their Allegiance shall return :

 Their Kings shall to Thy Footstool bow,
And now in love for their Rebellions burn ;
Acknowledge Thee the Universal King,
Who on their Princes do'st confusion bring,
And make Heav'ns Vault, with their loud acclamations ring.

XIV.

My seed shall serve Him, for they shall be His,
And tell the wondrous works, which He has done ;

 How Righteous, and how Good He is,
And to the Age to come His Name make known :
That those, who long hence shall a People bee,
When they the Records of these times shall see,
May trust in Him, who did all this, as well as Wee.

Psalm XXIII.

Dominus regit me & nihil, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
David.*

THE Mighty God, who all things do's sustain,
 That God, who nothing made in vain,
 Who nothing that He made did e're disdain;
 The Mighty God my Shepherd is,
 He is my Shepherd, I His sheep,
 Both He is mine, and I am His;
 About His Flock, He alwaies watch do's keep;
 When God provides Poor Man can nothing need,
 And He, who hears young Ravens cry, His Sheep will feed.

II.

And as His Flock the Faithful Shepherd leads
 To purling Brooks, and flowry Meads,
 And by soft streams in pleasant Pastures feeds;
 So do's the Mighty God with me,
 Conduct's me to the bubbling springs,
 Himself is pleas'd my Guide to be,
 And when I stray again me homewards brings;
 Making His love in thousand favours known,
 Not for my goodness sake, but only for His own.

III.

Secur'd by Him, I will no danger fear,
 Not death it self, if it were near,
 And should in its most horrid shape appear;
 Death's gloomy shadow by His Sun
 Shall chearfull grow, as morning light,
 And at the day His eye ha's sprung,
 The grave it self shall with new beams look bright,
 Thy Staff shall bear me up; My Way, O God,
 Not by my Scepter shall be guarded, but Thy Rod.

IV.

'Tis Thou, who all times dost my Table spread,
Both fill'st my Cup, and crown'st my head;
And by the same hand I am sav'd and fed:
My Enemies see it, and repine,
And when they look that I should fall,
Behold me with more glory shine,
And that Almighty Hosts are at my call:
Lord, since Thy mercies thus to me extend,
My life thou best know'st when, let my Praise never end!

I z

Psalm

Psalm XXIV.

Domini est terra, & plenitudo, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
David.*

THE Earth, and all the Earth contains,
Infinite Hills, innumerable Plains,
With all their Riches, are that Gods, who o're them reigns.

II.

The Universe is His, and all
Those glorious Beings, which compleat this Ball, (call.
The Hand which holds it, and them first from nought did

III.

God founded it upon the Flood,
First made the world, then saw that it was good,
And on unstable waves unmov'd it since has stood.

IV.

He all things made, but Sion chose,
Before all places for His own repose,
Sion His Palace, who no other builder knows.

V.

But who shall Sion's Mount ascend,
Be counted worthy there his life to spend,
And undisturb'd may at thy Altar, Lord, attend?

VI.

He whose pure hands no stains defile,
Whose heart is innocent and free from guile,
And tongue blasphemes not God, nor do's the Truth revile.

VII.

This is the Man, who shall receive
Blessings from Him, who do's all blessings give,
Both seeks His Face, and on His Hill shall ever live.

V. III. Lifc

VIII.

Lift up your heads, O Gates, make room,
Open ye everlasting Doors, for home
The King of Glory to His Rest, through you, will come !

Versus.

IX.

Ask you who is this Glorious King ?
The Lord of Hosts is He. His Triumphs sing,
Who Vict'ry, that you gain'd not, to your Gates do's bring !

Resp.

X.

Lift up your heads, O Gates, make room !
Open ye everlasting Doors ! for home
The King of Glory to His Rest, through you, will come !

Versus.

XI.

Ask you who is this Glorious King ?
The Lord of Hosts is He. His Triumphs sing,
And whom you cannot shut out, open and let in !

Resp.

Psalm XXV.

Ad te Domine levavi, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
David.*

TO Thee, O God, my troubled soul I raise,
 Who hast been heretofore my Trust,
 And shalt be still, for Thou art ever just;
 Let not my Enemies reproach Thy Waies,
 Nor me count that my shame, which is my chiefest Praise!

II.

To follow Thee, my God; let them do so,
 Who sin and no reward can gain,
 But find too late, that all their plots are vain;
 When those, who wait on Thee still bolder grow,
 And through Thy Sacred Waies like Mighty Victors go.

III.

Shew me those paths, for, Lord, to Thee I pray,
 Then lead me in them by the hand,
 Else when they're rough I shall discourag'd stand,
 And to some easier passage hope to stray,
 But loose my own, and never find (I fear) Thy Way.

IV.

Let not my sins to Thy Remembrance come,
 Nor all those spots which stain'd my youth;
 But wash them out, and mindfull of Thy Truth,
 Receive the Prodigal returning home,
 And let Thy Mercy for Thy ancient Love make room!

V.

In this Thou gloriest, as Thy chiefest praise,
 Repenting sinners to receive
 And when unable to come on, they grieve,
 The weak Thou lead'st, the fallen up dost raise,
 And anew shew'st and guid'st them in Thy pleasant Waies!

V I. Truth

VI.

Truth and Thy Mercy make them smooth, and plain,
And though far off they rough appear,
They are with Roses strew'd, when I come near;
Purge my great sin, and lead me there again,
For that alone, and not Thy Waies are full of pain!

VII.

Those, who th' Almighty fear, His Will shall know;
And to His sacred steps form theirs;
Blest in their lives, and happy in their Heirs,
To whom the Lord will all His secrets show,
And what He shall command, supply with strength to do.

VIII.

My God, to Thee I look, on Thee depend,
For Thou my feet canst only guide,
To shun those snares, the wicked for me hide,
Thou know'st what I, and what their plots intend,
And with one look can'st them, and all my troubles end.

IX.

Behold their Numbers, how they are increast,
And how like waves new pains succeed;
Forgive my sins, whence all these tempests breed,
Let me be calm, my Enemies oppress,
And the foul Sea, and storm be only in their breast!

X.

Prevent their malice, and my Saviour be,
For Thou hast been, and art my Trust!
Let Thy protection show that I am just;
Preserve me, for I only wait on Thee;
But chiefly *Israel* save, what e're becomes of me.

Psalms XXVI.

*Judica me Domine quoniam, &c.**A Psalm of David.*

I.

Judge me, O God, for I to Thee appeal,
 Who only knows my innocence,
 Who dost the secrets of my heart reveal,
 And all hypocrisie hast banish't thence;
 Thou heretofore in need hast been my Trust,
 And to Thy Word I'm sure to find Thee just.

II.

May I be found so, Lord, O try my waies,
 And prove that heart, which Thou dost see;
 Thy mercies have been with me all my daies,
 Still in my eyes, as I am viewd, by Thee;
 That Truth, which is Thy love, Lord, has been mine,
 And from its paths I never would decline.

III.

In Council with the vain I never sate,
 Nor with dissemblers have I gone;
 Their private conferences did alwaies hate,
 And left the place, when once the cause was known;
 Have heart, and hand alike kept innocent,
 And from the Laver to Thy Altar went.

IV.

There did I all Thy wondrous acts proclaim,
 And undisturb'd recount my joyes;
 And with my sacrifices holy flame,
 That thence to Heaven went up, I sent my voice;
 Thy Temple, Lord, with us, Thou know'st I love,
 But much more that Thy presence makes above.

V.

Number me not with fierce, and cruel men,
Nor make me to possess their fears !
Our lives, Thou know'st, have very different been,
Let Our deaths too, and mine not be like theirs !
I'th' right hand bribes, a sword i'th' left do's shine,
And to Oppression, murderous thoughts they joyn.

VI.

But as for me, though poor, I'm still upright,
My Justice do's unshaken stand ;
Preserve me Lord, and make my Innocence bright,
And lest I slip, uphold me with Thy hand !
So when my foot shall a sure standing gain,
Equal to Hills my song shall raise the Plain.

K

Psalm

Pſalm XXVII.

*Dominus illuminatio mea, &c.**A Pſalm of
David.*

I.

When in the ſilence of the Night, (fears ;
 That darkneſs, which ſhould hide, creates new
 When darkneſs quickens my dull fight,
 And profound ſilence fills with noiſe my ears ;
 Preſenting there, and to mine eye
 Horrors, which in my fancy form'd do ly ;
 God through the darkneſs darts a ray,
 And He, who made the Light, becomes Himſelf my day.

II.

Since God's my truſt, whom need I fear ?
 He, who firſt gave it, will my life ſecure,
 Will make my En'mies diſappear,
 When (His clear light unable to endure,
 By it ſtruck blind) they fall, a prey,
 Into thoſe ſnares which they for me did lay :
 For though to ſwallow me they came,
 The ruin, which has buried theirs, ſhall raiſe my name.

III.

Though mighty Kings againſt me riſe,
 And with their Armies compaſs me around,
 Armies and Kings I would deſpiſe,
 Themſelves, not me, their numbers ſhould confound :
 On high I'd look, and Legions call
 From Heav'ns great Hoſts triumphant Generall ;
 He to my reſcue ſhould come down,
 And thoſe who ſcap'd His hand, ſhould periſh by their own.

IV.

But neither's this my chief deſire,
 Nor the too haſty glories of a Crown,

Not

Not to be Great do I aspire,
Or from on high on others to look down ;
But this is my unfeign'd request,
And to Thy pleasure, Lord, I leave the rest,
That in Thy Temple I may dwell,
And all Thy beauties there to after Ages tell !

V.

There would I rest, and be at ease,
Counting it both my hiding place, and Rock ;
There should I finde perpetual peace,
And stand unshaken by their rudest shock ;
When windes and waves engag'd shall be,
And finde themselves that grave they threatned me.
Louder than them my voice I'd raise,
And in dark clouds of Incense thunder out Thy praise.

VI.

Lord, to my prayers Thine ear incline,
Nor let them, or my confidence be vain !
With favour on Thy Servant shine,
And to Thy Temple bring me back again !
No Eccho can more ready be
To answer the quick call, than I to Thee ;
For when Thou sayst, " Seek ye my Face,
My Soul returns the word and says, " I'll seek Thy Face.

VII.

O turn not then that Face away,
Nor let my sins between Us interpose ;
Thou heretofore hast been my day,
When darkness did my Enemies enclose ;
Now that my Friends for fear draw back,
Do not Thou too, my God, Thy Childe forsake ;
Who Fatherless indeed should be,
Wert not Thou, the Almighty Father, One to me !

VIII.

Shew me Thy path, and make it plain,
 To me, Lord, plain, but to my Enemies
 Rugged, and broken, full of pain,
 And unto heights, they dare not venture, rise!
 Direct them by some other way,
 And make me not unto their teeth a prey!
 On them their perjuries return,
 And let their own breath make the fire they kindled burn.

IX.

Under these troubles my support
 Is only that I hope Thy Power to see,
 My Confidence is my strong Fort,
 Which I'll maintain, whil't I can look to Thee:
 Then bear up Soul, and God attend,
 Expect the succours which He'll surely send:
 Bear up, but till this Storm is o're,
 And wait, Soul, but a while, and Thou shalt wait no more.

Pfalm

Psalm XXVIII.

Ad te Domine clamabo Deus, &c.

I.

TO Thee, O Lord, my Rock, I cry,
O be not silent to my Prayer,
Least if Thou art, now Seas are high,
The Floods away my confidence should bear;
And I be swallow'd up by the next wave.
My God be not a Rock to hear, though Thou art one to save.

*A Psalm of
David.*

II.

The voyce of my Petitions hear,
When I for help to Thee shall cry;
Let my hands feel, that Thou art near,
Though I unable am Thy Face to spy!
Hear me, when tow'rs Thy Oracle I pray,
And as I thither look, be pleas'd to cast one glance this way?

III.

Number me not with the Unjust,
And those who study to do wrong;
On whom, if any poor man trust,
Their heart is warr, though peace be in their tongue:
Let equal punishments pursue their sin, (been!
And may their just rewards be, as their base deserts have

IV.

They never mind what Thou hast done,
Nor what Thy mighty hands can do;
What wonders Thou hast for me shown,
And for me wilt continue still to show:
But they shall see them, and consum'd with pain,
Into the lowest pit descend, to view it thence more plain.

V.

Blest be that God, who bow'd His ear
 To those requests I to Him made;
 He is my shield, my strength, my spear,
 And was my help, when I unto Him pray'd:
 On Him I trusted, and in Him rejoyce, (Voice.
 My Heart, that's gone before to Heav'n, I'll follow with my

VI.

He is their Shield, His strength their Spear,
 Who on Him for those Arms depend;
 The Lords Anointed need not fear,
 For God who is His King supplies will send:
 O, save the People, who indeed are Thine, (mine.
 Feed them, and Lord, lift up their head, as Thou hast rais'd up

Psalm

Psalm XXIX.

Afferte Domino Filii Dei, &c.

I.

YOU, whom your birth for Scepters has design'd, *A Psalm of*
Whom God has blest with wealth to guard your birth, *David.*
From Sons has made you Lords of th' Earth,
And on yours stamp't the Portraict of His minde,
Your Scepters to Him yield, they are His due,
Who only to serve Him, first gave them You.

II.

He is your King, and though you reign below,
You are but Vassals to His Throne above;
Your fear do's your dependance prove,
And when He speaks, before Him you all bow;
When from above He thunders, all your Powers
Scatter like Clouds, and melt away in showers.

III.

He thunders from above, and with the noyse,
Whether they will or no makes Seas to hear;
For at His Word they all croud near,
Exalted up to Heav'n by His great Voyce;
A voyce which sure is full of Majesty,
When sluggish Seas are by it rais'd so high.

IV.

Affrighted *Libanus* begins to heave,
Like his own Cedars trembles, they all quake,
Their roots, as much as branches, shake,
And both look which should first the other leave:
Like a young heifer *Syrian* starts away,
But do's through fear, what that is wont at play.

V.

From Heav'n it came, a Fire before it went,
Consuming Fire behinde brought up the rear,
That all might see, as well as hear,
And by the Message know from whom 'twas sent :
Kades did at the Clap bow down his head,
And whom all fear'd, his frighted Lions fled.

VI.

The fearfull Hinde, hearing the thunder roar,
Cast her untimely Calf with speed to fly,
And thinking by this shot to dy,
Forgot the Dogs her only dread before :
The Lightning made the gloomy Forest bright,
And what the Sun could not, display'd at night.

VII.

The whole World is Gods Temple, all things bow
Before His Footstool, and recount His praise,
All in their place His glory raise,
And unto man, by theirs, his duty show :
Lightning and Thunder to serve Him contend,
And His great charge proclaim to th' Earths wide end.

VIII.

Upon the Floods He sits, Floods to Him bring
Their gifts, and humbly at his feet lay down
Their Spoys as Customs to His Crown,
And worship Him, as their puissant King :
He stills their noyse ; and God, who raging Seas
Stills with a word, shall give His people Peace.

Psalm XXX.

Exaltabo te Domine, &c.

I.

MY God, I will to Thee give praise,
Because Thou hast exalted me;
Thou from the grave my life did'st raise,
And now my Song shall honour Thee:
When againſt me my foes did come,
And ſhar'd the prey, and in their minds led home
Their Captives, Thou appeard'st, and would'st not let them
(overcome.

*A Psalm of
David, at
the Dedicat-
ion of his
House.*

II.

'Twas then that to my God I cri'd,
And He, who wounded, made me whole;
All other helps, which I had try'd,
Did but afflict, not ease my Soul;
Even then He me did keep alive,
My ranſom'd life did from the grave reprieve,
And a new Leaſe, when I had forfeited the old, did give.

III.

O, ye His Saints, ſing to His Name,
His Holineſs with thanks record;
Thence take new ſewel to your flame,
Sing Holineſs unto the Lord!
His wrath a moment may remain,
But love ſhall make the ſtorm a calm again,
And give a life as free from danger as it is from pain.

IV.

Trouble, and grief may laſt all night,
And to its diſmal ſhade add theirs;
But when the morning brings the light,
Darkneſs ſhall ſcatter, and my fears:

L

And

And as the Sun, which guilds the day,
 Out from the briny Ocean makes his way,
 My Sun, which breaks through tears, shall brighter shine, and
 (look more gay.

V.

Fixt on my Throne, with mercy crown'd,
 Unmov'd like some huge Rock, I stood;
 Me thoughts with pleasure I look'd round,
 And saw my feet kiss'd by the flood:
 "Sure now I'm past all fear, I said,
 (Thy favour Lord, my Rock so strong had made,)
 "Others may well of me, but I of none can be afraid.

VI.

But as I thus express'd my pride,
 Forgetting Him, who made me so,
 Thou, Lord, Thy face didst from me hide,
 And then I came my self to know:
 Trouble, and pain, no certain ground,
 Which way so e're I look'd, new griefs I found,
 And the same floods, which kiss'd my feet before, my head
 (surround.

VII.

Then to Thee, Lord, again I cry'd,
 "What profit is there in my blood,
 "If in the pit I must abide,
 "Can Thy praise there be understood?
 "Shall the grave praise Thee, or declare
 "Thy Truth, and Mercy, what their glories are,
 "The grave, which is as senseless as the dust that's buried
 (there?

VIII.

Hear me, O God, and mercy show,
 Unto my Help Thy self come down!
 My God has heard me, and I know,
 By this, He will His servant own:

To laughter He has turn'd my tears,
With gales of joy, has blown away my fears,
And He, who mourn'd, now a Triumphant Robe and Lau-
(rel wears.

IX.

For this I will Thy praises sing,
And never in them silent be;
My glory shall its Anthem bring,
And faint not while 'tis prailing Thee.
Thy Mighty Power the ground shall give,
My noblest skill to manage it shall strive, (live!
And when I cease, my God, to praise Thee, let me cease to

Psalm XXXI.

In te Domine speravi non confundar, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
David.*

THou art my hope, O God, in whom I trust,
 Let not my confidence procure me shame;
 But save me in Thy Truth, for Thou art Just,
 And in my great escape consult Thy Name;
 Least those, who know it not, Thy care should blame!
 To my complaint, and cries incline Thine ear,
 And by Thy help make me assur'd, that Thou dost hear!

II.

Thou art my Rock, where till the storm is past,
 Above the floods I shall securely stand,
 At Sea a Rock, where all my safety's plac'd,
 And a strong Tower and Arsenall at land;
 O bring me thither by Thine own Right hand!
 Guide me, my God, who only art my strength,
 And by the pleasures of the way, deceive its length!

III.

Remove the snares, which for my feet are laid,
 Thou, to whose hands my spirit I resign;
 Of all I am the purchase Thou hast made,
 And so redeem'd, I can be only Thine,
 And what's Thy love, or Hatred shall be mine;
 Lyars, and their fond vanities I hate,
 But trust in Thee, who hast preserv'd my life, and state.

IV.

In Thee will I be glad, in Thee rejoyce,
 Who hast my troubles seen, and heard my cries;
 To th' Songs my heart begins, I'll tune my Voice,
 And count of all Thy glorious Victories,
 And on their wings to Heav'n in Triumph rise.

I'll sing how for me Thou mad'st bare Thy hand,
And set me in a place, where round I might command.

V.

This Thou hast done, and these Thy Works I'll praise;
But yet my troubles have not their full end,
Fears and continual snares surround my wayes,
And grief to th'Earth my soul so low do's bend,
That scarce in sighs I can to Heav'n ascend;
Consum'd with care my bones, and life decay,
And in my wasted flesh unwillingly do stay.

VI.

On my wing'd groans away my years do fly,
And for my sins my strength do's fail:
Nor am I only scorn'd by my' Enemy,
But friends, with whom my sorrows should prevail,
With scoffs he thought too sharp, my life assail.
A Feast I'm to my own, and those who see
My miseries afar off, less fly the plague than mee.

VII.

Like a dead man, forgotten in the grave,
An earthen Vessel, all to shivers broke,
Which Art too late would or repair, or save,
My old acquaintance strangely on me look,
And tremble, as they see me, at Thy stroke:
Traytor the Great ones call me, and as so,
My life they have decreed shall for my treasons go.

VIII.

In this sad state to Thee, my God, I cry,
Knowing Thou all their Threats canst countermand:
Their malice by Thy strength I can despise,
For all my Times are measur'd by Thy hand,
And in Thy Sacred Roll recorded stand;
For my deliverance shew Thy Power Divine,
And for Thine Honours sake upon Thy Servant shine!

IX.

Guard me from shame, for I have call'd on Thee;
 And make it theirs to whom Thy Name's unknown!
 Let silence and the grave their portion-bee,
 And may all those, who on the Just have thrown
 Reproach, find it rewarded with their own!
 Stop lying mouths, which use proud things to speak,
 And with their causeless envy let them swell and break!

X.

But who enough Thy Goodness can adore,
 Or knows the treasures, which thou up hast laid
 For them who fear Thee, in Thy boundless store,
 How glorious they hereafter shall be made,
 O're whom Thy wings already are display'd?
 There shalt Thou hide them from the strife of tongues,
 And on their proudest Enemies return their wrongs.

XI.

So was I hid, and thus His power have seen,
 (Blest be His Name,) when girt with Foes around,
 He interpos'd Himself, and came between,
 In a strong City made me keep my ground,
 And foes too potent for me did confound;
 "I'm lost, I said, cut off, and quite undone,
 Yet, when I cry'd, was heard by Him I call'd upon.

XII.

By my example love Him, all His Saints,
 Who for the Faithfull do's so well provide;
 But on the stubborn multiplies restraints,
 His Face for ever from their suit do's hide,
 And on them pours the vengeance they defy'd:
 Cheer up, all you who on the Lord depend,
 The present Storm in an Eternal Calm shall end!

Psalm XXXII.

Beati quorum remissæ sunt, &c.

I.

HE whose iniquities are purg'd away,
 And he alone indeed is blest,
 Short of True Happiness all others stay,
 And, where they cannot have it, seek for rest:
 No other path the way to life do's shew,
 And only that which leads from sin do's thither go.

The II. Penitential Psalm.

A Psalm of David.

II.

Blest is the Man, whose faults remitted are,
 To whom the Lord imputes no sin:
 Whose hands are guiltless, and Whose heart is clear,
 Without all pure, and all refin'd within:
 Whose filthy spots of lust appear no more,
 But now one Royall Purple dyes his Soul all o're.

III.

This when I knew not, nor what ease it gave
 My faults before Thee to confess;
 My grief, which could no certain measure have,
 Daily increas'd, instead of being less;
 I griev'd indeed, and mournfully complain'd,
 Of sins effects, ne're thinking that the Cause remain'd.

IV.

Grief, and Thy hand upon me night and day,
 Low as the earth did beat me down;
 And all the tears, which I had thrown away,
 But dryer left me, when their flood was gone;
 Dry as the thirsty earth for want of rain,
 When all the moysture which it gave, Heav'n takes again.

V. At

V.

At length perceiving all my groans were vain,
 I thought upon some other way;
 To thee I did disclose my sin and pain,
 Thou in return their fury didst allay :
 No sooner, " I'll confess my sins, I said,
 But He, who heard, forgave them me, e're I had pray'd.

VI.

For this shall every Just man thee implore,
 And call when Thou wilt surely hear;
 The Seas, which now against him proudly roar,
 May spend their Mouths, but never shall come near :
 He is above their reach, and shall despise
 Their greatest rage, and scorn them, when they highest rise.

VII.

Thou art my hiding place, my life wilt save,
 And teach me Songs of praise to sing;
 Others, who of Thy Wayes no knowledge have,
 Guided my self by Thee, I'll to thee bring :
 Then be not, Man, more brutish than thy Mule,
 Which thou thy self hast broke, and with a Curb canst rule :

VIII.

Perpetual sorrows, Trouble without ease,
 Is the whole portion of th' Unjust :
 Whil'st thousand Mercies, and eternal Peace
 Encompass those, who on th' Almighty trust :
 Mercies and Peace, encompass them around,
 With these their feet are stablish'd, & their heads are crown'd.

IX.

Rejoyce, ye Righteous, and shout forth your praise,
 Be glad in Him, who is Your King !
 In the Almighty God, whose wondrous wayes
 Give life, and spirit to the dullest string !
 He is Your God, and Him with praise adore,
 If any to rejoyce have cause, sure you much more.

Psalm XXXIII.

Exultate Justi in Domino ! &c.

I.

REjoyce ye Righteous, and to God sing praise,
 With all the Numbers Musick can invent,
 The Harp, and Lute, and ten-string'd instrument,
 And with their sound to Heav'n your voices raise !
 Express your thanks thus, and your love,
 And in the Consort joyn with Saints above ;
 In Anthems His great Name adore,
 Nothing can please Him better, or become you more !

II.

Make Him your Song ; and of His Acts reherse,
 Whose Word is like the God, who spake it, true ;
 And every day His constant praise renew,
 Who is the Sovereign of the Universe !
 Who the whole Earth with goodness fills,
 With Flowers the valleys cloaths, and crowns the hills ;
 Whose care to all His Works extends,
 And the strait bounds of Time, as well as Space transcends !

III.

Beyond new Lands, which undiscovered lye,
 Beyond the Circuit of the Tractless Air,
 Beyond those Heav'ns which first created were,
 And in the skirts of His vast Empire bee ;
 His breath did all the Frame compose,
 The Heav'nly Hosts by it from nothing rose ;
 Those sparkling fires we see above,
 In which His power appears, declare to us His love.

IV.

He spake the Word, and Seas obedient prove,
 Stood up in heaps the Earth to overflow,
 Till He their bounds set out, plac'd some below,
 And treasur'd others in His stores above :
 The raging Deep in Prison laid,
 And of its Jaylor bid it be afraid ;
 The sand which chains it to the shore,
 With Law to over-look, but never to pass o're.

V.

Let the whole World before their Maker fall,
 And of His Power the Nations stand in aw !
 For He, whose Spirit from nothing all did draw,
 Has ruin no less ready at His Call.
 His Counsels shall for ever stand,
 Their plots though ne're so deep to countermand,
 Making them know they are but Men,
 And less than so, when He His breath shall call again.

VI.

Thrice happy Soul, who here has fixt his joyes,
 And on the Lord alone for help depends,
 Such constant happiness His Love attends,
 That even their land is so, who are His choyce ;
 God, who from Heav'n with curious eyes
 Sees every heart, and all their actions tryes ;
 To whom all hearts are better known,
 For He first made them, than t'each single Man his own.

VII.

In vain Fond Kings expect sure Victories
 From numerous Armies, and a mighty Host,
 For Victory on airy wings is tost,
 And only to the side He favours, flies :
 The greatest Champion cannot save
 His own head, sentenc'd by Him to the grave ;

And

And all the speed his horse can make,
In flying one, is a worse ruin to o'retake.

VIII.

Those only are secure, who have His eye,
On whom He looks for good, who fear His Name,
And present hopes by ancient love can claim;
When they in need for help, or mercy cry,
Their lives He from the pit brings back,
And what was once their fear, their Song do's make:
In famine they by Him are fed,
Who is at once th'Eternal God, and living bread.

IX.

On Thee, O God, we wait, Thou art our shield;
Nor will we to another fortress flie,
There have we plac'd our trust, resolv'd to die,
If the Almighty will no succour yield:
But He will help, and send new joyes,
To fill our hearts, and to employ our voyce;
And only as we trust in Thee,
So let Thy Mercy, Lord, and our Salvation bee.

Pſalm XXXIIII.

Benedicam Dominum, &c.

*A Pſalm of
David, when
he changed
his behavi-
our before
Abimelech,
who drove
him away,
and he de-
parted.*

I.

LORD I will bleſs Thee, and Thy praife
Shall up to Heav'n my Voice and numbers raiſe :
Of Thee my Soul all times ſhall boaſt,
Who ſave'dſt me, when I gave my ſelf for loſt :
And with us ſhall the humble joyn,
Hoping Thou wilt their refuge be, as Thou wert mine.

II.

Come, ye bleſt Saints, and let us riſe
Together with our Songs, and reach the ſkies !
Praiſe Him, who my fiſt groans did hear,
Yet with His hand ſeem'd to prevent His ear,
And when, like mine, your troubles be,
But look to Him, that hand ſhall ſave you, which help'd me.

III.

Tell Him the Wonders He has ſhown,
What for my ſake He did, and what for 'His own ;
Say, " Lord, This poor man to Thee cry'd,
" And Thou heard'ſt him, why then am I deny'd ?
" I, who no leſs am Thy great care,
" Since equally round both encamp'd Thy Angels are ?

IV.

Trye Him but thus, and thou ſhalt know
Thine own as certain as my joyes are now ;
How Good He is, how happy they,
Who make His Power their hope, His love their ſtay :
Dread Him, for if He has Thy fear,
Thou may'ſt be confident Thy wants ſhall have His ear !

V.

Hee'll be himself Thy mighty store,
 When savage Lions shall for hunger roar;
 Whil'st those, who glory in their Gold,
 And in his own Chains would the Prisoner hold,
 Spoylers themselves are Captives made,
 And into suddain want, which they least fear'd, betray'd.

IV.

But, Children, yield to me your ear,
 I'll tell you whom, and how you ought to fear!
 Would you have life, and happy dayes?
 Keep well your tongue, and that will guide your wayes;
 Do good, and from all vice abstain,
 No easier road than Peace, and no way more plain.

VII.

On such God looks, and to their cries
 His ears are open, to their griefs His eyes:
 They for deliv'rance need but pray,
 The hand which saves, shall wipe their tears away;
 But to the wicked He's a flame,
 Which shall consume their very Memories with their Name.

VIII.

Himself Hee'll to the Just reveal,
 The humble save, and broken hearts will heal:
 Their pains indeed are sharp, and long,
 Yet till deliverance comes, He'll make them strong:
 And all the while they're on the Rack,
 Will see that those, who torture them, no bones shall break.

IX.

But as the wicked live, they die,
 The Just man's, but their own worst Enemy:
 Their own designs shall haite their death,
 Kill'd by that poyson, which themselves did breath:
 Whil'st God redeems the Souls of His,
 And shows His help more certain than their trouble is.

Pſalm XXXV.

Judica Domine nocentes, &c.

I.

*A Pſalm of
David.*

Great God, and Judge, to hear my Cauſe ariſe,
 And on my part juſt ſentence give ;
 Subdue and ſcatter all my Enemies,
 And only to be conquer'd, let them live !
 Go out, and in the battell ſtand,
 Thy Shield in one, and glittering Sword in t'other hand !

II.

Let it be drawn, and with their blood all ſtain'd,
 Make a Red Sea around to flow ;
 Let it maintain the paſſage it has gain'd,
 And ſafely guard the way where I ſhould go !
 Say to my Soul that I am Thine,
 And that for my defence Thou make'ſt Thy glory ſhine !

III.

Thoſe, who dare ſtill reſiſt, too ſtout to yield,
 And with new heat my Soul purſue,
 Let them with thame and infamy be fill'd,
 And find the battell, though they flye, renew !
 Upon Thee let them turn their back,
 To be Thy Butt, and all Thy poyſon'd arrows take !

IV.

Let them like chaff be driv'n before the Winde,
 And by Thy Angels, Lord, be chas'd !
 Let them i'th dark a way ſo ſlippery find,
 That headlong ruin may attend their haſt !
 O'rewhelm them in the pits they made,
 And take theirs in the net, which for my feet they laid !

V. Let

V.

Let their destruction hasten, unperceiv'd,
The same which they decreed for me !
Whil'st I for better dayes am still repriev'd,
And my deliv'rances ascribe to Thee:
That Thy Great Name may be my Song, (strong !
Who thus the weak and Poor, save'st from the proud and

VI.

False Witnesses did up against me rise,
With charge of Crimes I never knew ;
My good deeds answer'd with indignities,
And to the death my Soul did close pursue ;
Those, for whose griefs I truly mourn'd,
And pray'd for, sick, though on my self the prayers return'd.

VII.

For my best Friend I could have done no more,
Nor more, had he my Brother been :
I did as heartily his loss deplore,
As if I then my Mothers grave had seen ;
Though in my troubles they rejoyce,
And all my griefs outbrave with their insulting voice.

VIII.

Basest of men against me make an head;
And unawares my Name did tear :
Scoffs spent on me, was all they pay'd for bread,
And gnashing teeth for their delicious fare :
And shall it thus for ever be ?
Lord, from these Lions save my Soul, redeem'd by Thee !

IX.

Let not my causeless enemies rejoyce,
Nor me with scornfull looks upbraid !
Whose hearts are viler than the common voyce,
And seem for discord only to be made.

Then.

Then I Thy fame to Heaven will raise,
And in Thy Peoples fight return Thee all the Praise.

X.

On mee with open mouth they railing came,
“And this, said they, we wisht to see;
My God, behold it too, and let a flame
Dart from thy fight that they consum'd may be!
Arise great Judge, and come away,
Stand up, nor longer, e're Thou pass the sentence, stay.

XI.

Be Thou our Judge, who art my Advocate,
Nor let my Enemies thus boast,
“So we would have it, and 'tis now too late,
For God to help, though he in God should trust.
But let them be to ruin brought, (thought.
Who thus have rais'd themselves, thus low of Thee have

XII.

But let all those who favour my Just-cause,
Continually with shouting say,
“Blest be Our God, who with such equal Laws,
“Peace on His flock, chains on His foes do's lay!
His Righteousness shall be my Song,
And all my life to praise Him shall not seem too long.

Psalm XXXVI.

Dixit injustus ut delinquat, &c.

I.

BAse hypocrite, think'st thou by this disguise,
To' impose on Him, who sees thy heart,
And more than thou, its guiles descries,
Both knows it whole, and searches every part?
Thy wicked words thy thoughts declare,
And like them both thy actions are,
Speaking aloud, what once to think thou should'st not dare.

*A Psalm of
David, the
servant of the
Lord.*

II.

They tell me thou dost not th' Almighty fear,
Though thou would'st have me think thou dost:
But God do's all thy whisperings hear,
And could'st thou Him deceive, thou then might'st boast;
At length, like fire, sin will break out,
With vengeance, which thou shalt not doubt,
When it like fire shall burn, and scatter all about.

III.

To wrong the easie is his chief design,
Mindless of doing any good,
This takes up all his thoughts, and time,
And every night he lays new trains for blood:
But, Lord, Thy Mercy far extends,
And the close bounds of Heav'n transcends,
Without beginning ever was, and never ends.

IV.

Thy Righteousness, my God, do's stand secure,
Fixt like the everlasting hills;
Deep as the Sea, yet flowes more sure,
Though nothing its unfathom'd Ocean fills:

Full from it self no Ebb it knows,
 But into thousand channels flows,
 And to this deep both Man and Beast its Being owes.

V.

And as Thy Righteousness, such is Thy Love,
 Therefore to Thee for help we fly;
 On Thine own wings we tow'rds Thee move,
 And cover'd under them in safety ly:
 This is our comfort, while below,
 That we beyond our fears can go,
 And what we shall enjoy, in part before hand know.

VI.

For when this wretched life an end shall have,
 And our unpinion'd Souls fly home;
 When freedom shall spring from the grave
 And death the fertile womb of life become;
 No sorrows then our joy shall spoyl,
 Nor shall we need the day beguile,
 Eternity it self shall seem a little while.

VII.

Pleasures and joy eternally shall flow,
 For Thou their Spring shalt ne're decay;
 That Region do's no darkness know,
 For Thou the Suns Sun art Thy self its day:
 A Sun which makes all objects light,
 Without the least allay of night,
 A Sun, whereby we may see Thee, it is so bright.

VIII.

Till Thou art thus enjoy'd some glimps bestow,
 Let from above Thy glory shine,
 Dart but one ray, that I may know,
 Though yet I see Thee not, that I am Thine!

Thy

Thy Righteousness assign the just,
Thy Mercy those who on Thee trust,
and let the proud, though rais'd, be driven like the dust !

I X.

Against Thy servant let him not prevail,
Nor to offend him raise his foot,
Let all his Toyls, and Engins fail,
And his hands prove too weak to stir my root !
But lo ! hee's fallen to the ground,
The Earth did with the shock resound,
And opening made a way, whose tract shall ne're be found.

Psalm XXXVII.

Noli emulari in malignantib. &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
David.*

FRet not thy self to see the prosperous state
 Of him, who dearly buyes it with his sin;
 Nor thy content for his abundance hate;
 Thou know'st not how hee's lasht and torn within;
 The Worm, which at the root do's ly;
 And though the Flower look ne're so fair,
 Though hand, or Scythe its life should spare,
 By this intestine Enemy,
 Which first assails the heart through all its guards, 'twill dy.

II.

Ne're envy him, but all thy Confidence
 There only place, where it secur'd may be;
 On God, who blessings do's around dispense,
 Yet what He gives, expects again from Thee;
 Like His, Thy goodness must extend,
 For thus Thou shalt the Land possess,
 Thy Land enjoy the fruits of Peace,
 On its ne're-failing stock shalt spend,
 Till there's no further need, and thou to Heav'n ascend.

III.

Let the Almighty be thy love, and care,
 Thy Counsellor, to whom thou may'st commit
 All thy distrusts, thy troubles, griefs, and fear,
 And judge that always best, which He thinks fit!
 Then to thy prayers shall he incline,
 Grant thy desires, and bring about
 Affairs, whose end thou most didst doubt,
 Make thee to His thy will resign,
 That having done His Pleasure, thou may'st say 'tis thine.

IV. Then

IV.

Then shall thy Justice like the day appear,
First breaking through the dungeon of the night,
Backward it looks, and sees behind all clear,
And bids the Sun close follow with his light;
Thy Righteousness shall be that Sun,
Which all the Mines of night displays,
And all its treasons open layes,
Clear as his own fair beams at Noon,
When he has reacht Heav'ns top, and half his course has run.

V.

What though thy forward prayers his help outgo,
And that the time, thou hadst prefixt, is past;
Wait still, for God the fittest time do's know,
And what's deferr'd a while, shall come at last!
Thy murmuring do's but feed thy pain,
For envy, rage, and guilt makes way,
And vice, which in no bounds will stay;
Indulge thy self but to complain,
Thy hand e're long, as much as mouth, will need a rein.

VI.

Why should'st thou envy him, whose great estate
Prepares him only for the greater blow;
Which shall be swift, and certain as his fate,
And his vast riches to another go?
They're gone already, and behind
There's nothing left of all he did,
The glories of his house ly hid,
And with his fame are turn'd to wind,
Whose very ruins, though thou seek't, no where canst find.

VII.

But those, who patiently on God depend,
He with a numerous family will bless;
No tempest can their settled calm offend,
But they in peace their Souls, and Land possess;

No matter, though incens'd with rage,
 The wicked curse them in his pride,
 God do's no less his threats deride,
 Sees him in his declining age,
 And the Scene finisht, with him will remove the stage.

VIII.

Against the Righteous, with drawn Sword he stands,
 Has bent his bow, and let the arrow fly;
 Would in his blood embrew his cruel hands,
 And his least threatning is, that he shall dy :
 But God, who do's the Poor sustain,
 By his own Sword shall make him fall;
 Against him his own aids shall call,
 Which he to fly shall seek in vain,
 When in his heart the arrows, which he shot, remain.

IX.

Better's that little, which the Righteous have
 Than all the stores whereof the Wicked boast;
 God shall disperse what he rak'd up to save,
 And there most scatter, where he gath' red most :
 For He the Just mans way do's know,
 What he has suff' red, what has done,
 Lending His arm to lean upon,
 Will show him, where he ought to go,
 And after a long life Heav'n in reward bestow.

X.

In War he shall be kept, in Famine fed,
 In the worst times, nor blush, nor be afraid;
 God, who's his shield, Himself will find him bread,
 And only make his Enemies dismay'd :
 They like the fat of lambs shall waste,
 And only leave a smoke behind,
 To be the triumph of the wind;
 Their goods ill gotten shall not last,
 But like their suddain growth, their end shall come as fast.

XI. The

XI.

The wicked borrows, but ne're means to pay,
The Righteous gives, and counts for so much more:
For God returns it him another way,
(That God, whose Word makes either rich or poor)
Directs his passage through the land,
Upholds him as he goes along,
By this assistance makes him strong;
And when he stumbles gives His hand,
Both leads him when he slips, and makes him firmer stand.

XII.

Through all my life, which has so wondrous been,
From its first journey Youth to this last stage,
Where every day I have new wonders seen,
And been my self the greatest of the age,
The Liberal man I ne're knew need,
Himself quite left, or Children crave
An alms, but what he lent, they have,
For thus he did but cast that seed,
On whose increase they live, and plentifully feed.

XIII.

Fly Vice, and that thou may'st a blessing leave
For Childrens Children, to Gods ways form Thine!
Return that justice, which thou didst receive,
So shall thy help be from the hand Divine!
That on thee shall pour mercies down,
Below shall give thee many dayes,
And happy all, then after raise
Thy head to an immortal Crown,
Whil'st the whole race of wicked shall to Hell be thrown.

XIV.

As his heart thinks, the Just man ever speaks, (flows;
From Gods Law there, like streams right judgement
The Statutes he commands, his hand ne're breaks,
And where that points, his foot unerring goes:

In vain the Wicked snares do's lay,
 And spreads in vain for him his nets,
 To take his life the way besets,
 For God shall in the Judgement day,
 When he clears him, the privy murderer justly slay.

XV.

Wait on the Lord, and see what end Hee'll make;
 Keep close to His, and He shall guard thy way:
 Thy duty's all the care He'd have thee take,
 And only to possess the Land, obey.
 And when thy Enemies turn to dust,
 And like that vanish from thy sight,
 Thou shalt behold it with delight:
 On His own terms th' Almighty trust,
 For He, who promis'd thee, and threatned them, is just.

XVI.

How could that be else, which mine eyes have seen?
 The Wicked in great power, exceeding high,
 Like some proud Cedar stand, and ever green,
 With his leaf age, Heav'n with his head defie;
 But yet he pass'd, and yet he fell,
 An hand immortall gave the wound;
 No more could root, or branch be found,
 I look'd, and ask'd, but none could tell,
 Where was the place it grew, or whence it sunk to hell.

XVII.

Unlike the Perfect man, whom God defends,
 For if you mark him, and observe th' Upright,
 Mercy his life, his death-bed peace attends,
 Without all storm, or Conscience to affright:
 While that o'rethrow the wicked have
 Is a light taste of what shall be
 Their portion, to Eternity;
 From which their riches less can save
 Their guilty souls, than their vile bodies from the grave.

XVIII.

In God the Poor do's all his trust repose,
To Him in trouble flies, in straits complains;
Who in return confounds His bloody foes,
And leads them captive in eternal Chains;
For none e're yet his eyes did raise
To Heav'n for help, and sought it thence,
With certain hope, and confidence,
But Heav'n did crown his head with bayes,
And turn'd his Prayers into triumphant Songs of Praise.

O

Psalm

Psalms XXXVIII.

Domine ne in furore tuo arguas me, &c.

I.

The III. Penitential Psalm of David.

LORD, in Thy wrath rebuke me not,
 Nor in Thy fury chasten me;
 For such weak things that Fornace is too hot,
 And by my clay no more endur'd can be,
 Than my injustice, and repeated wrongs by Thee.

II.

In vain Thy wrath I strive to fly,
 And from my self in vain make haste;
 For, lo, the dart, by which I needs must die,
 At once has pierc'd, and in my side sticks fast,
 By no hand to be drawn, but His, from whence 'twas cast.

III.

'Tis Thou alone my life must save,
 For not my least part, Lord, is sound;
 My bones with rottenness prevent the grave,
 Turn'd to that dust, the dead are, under ground,
 And my whole body is, all o're, but one great wound.

IV.

My sins, like billows, o're me roll,
 The sinner all engag'd to drown;
 And with huge weights so press my helpless Soul,
 That it, unable to resist, lies down
 Under the load, that's yet made heavier by Thy frown.

V.

Uneasie weight, which as it lies
 New galls and bruises me all o're,
 Under whose burden I scarce hope to rise,

For

For if I do, I shall afresh but roar,
As long as that remains, which caus'd at first my sore.

VI.

My foolishness, which like a fire,
That inward burns, takes reins, and heart,
Fed with that blood, by which it should expire,
Seising, e're felt, the best, and noblest part,
Beyond the cure of herbs, or helpless Physicks art.

VII.

Thus weak, and broken, thus cast down,
To Thee alone my prayers I make,
Who all my sighs, and tears, and wounds hast known,
And the great cure canst only undertake,
Now all my friends, me, as a dying man, forsake.

VIII.

Nor is this all; my Enemies
Least I should scape, new toyls prepare;
Their tongues speak out the malice of their eyes,
And, what too long they had conceal'd, declare;
Lord, what's their hand, if even their words thus cruel are?

IX.

As one past hope they of me speak,
And think by that to make me fear;
But all their words, nor can my silence break,
Nor them convince, that I so much as hear;
Without reproofs as dumb, patient as without ear.

X.

But Thou, O God, art my great trust,
And unto Thee my heart do's pray;
Hear me, My God, lest they who so much boast,
Seeing me fall, presumptuously inveigh, (away.
'Twas caus'd by theirs, when Thou but took'st Thy hand

XI.

I know I have deserv'd to fall,
And even to Hell to be cast down;
But let my tears Thy help, and pardon call!
I grieve, Thou see'st, and my transgressions own,
Forbear Thine, Lord, where sentence has already gone.

XII.

For this my Enemies encrease,
My sins, I know, have made them strong;
For this all thoughts of former kindness cease,
And my just deeds they recompense with wrong;
Yet still I'll follow Thee, though th' way be rough & long.

XIII.

For sake me not, but be my guide,
And lead me, that I never stray:
For should'st Thou go too fast before, or hide
Thy gracious sight, I should benighted stay,
And still the more I sought, the more should lose my way.

Psalm XXXIX.

Dixi custodiam vias, &c.

I.

“ **L** Et him go on for me, I said,
“ **L** And into his rude passions break ;
“ I’ll keep the resolutions I have made,
“ And though he urge me to it, will not speak ;
“ Will not of all his injuries complain,
“ For though his words are Spears, his sight shall be a rein.

*A Psalm of
David.*

II.

This, while the wicked was in sight,
I with my self resolv’d to do ;
My stubborn mouth was silent than night,
Grieff strook me dumb before, his presence now :
Not one good word did from my lips once fall,
Least I should speak amiss, I would not speak at all.

III.

But as a wild unruly fire,
The more ’tis checkt, the more ’t do’s burn,
My heart, inflam’d by vehement desire,
To answer him, did on it self return ;
And there it rag’d and there it burnt so long,
Till it brake out at last, and set on fire my tongue.

IV.

“ Lord, said I then, make me to know,
“ What bound is set to my few dayes !
“ How long from thee I must remain below,
“ Strange to my own, but stranger to Thy wayes :
“ How frail I am, how near unto my end,
“ That what’s Thine own, I may before hand to Thee send !

V.

"I know I'm frail, and if with Thynē
 "I my uncertain life compare,
 "That age, which I may truly say is mine,
 "And all my dayes to Thy years nothing are :
 "Mans best estate is but an empty strife,
 "And if there can be less than nothing found, 'tis Life.

VI.

"The faint resemblance of a shade,
 "That scarce can in conception be ;
 "And yet how great a slave poor Man is made,
 "Whom God at first appointed to be free,
 "An airy thing that only lives by Fame,
 "And whom unweildy passions, ruin give and Name.

VII.

"He loves, and hates, and hopes, and fears,
 "And with fresh wounds renews his pain :
 "Troubles himself at every thing he hears,
 "And scarce recovered, slips, and falls again ;
 "Erects vast Piles, and endless wealth do's save,
 "Yet knows not who the fruit of all his cares shall have.

VIII.

"What then my God, can I expect,
 "Truly my hope depends on Thee ;
 "May'st Thou Thy Servant from all wrongs protect,
 "And from my sins (worfe Foes) deliver me !
 "Not that they were unheard, I dumb did stand,
 "But when they spake, upon my self I felt Thy hand.

IX.

"When Thou dost man for sin chastise,
 "And with Thy judgments on him fall,
 "No beauty in his own, less in Thine eyes,
 "Is left of that, which he did beauty call :

"But

“ But like a garment, which the Moth has fret,
“ Just such a thing is Man, though ne’re so high and great.

X.

“ Remove Thy hand, for, Lord, I faint !
“ Thy wrath I can no longer bear ;
“ From Heav’n bow down, and hear my sad complaint ;
“ Speak, Lord, that I may know I have Thine ear !
“ O from my tears turn not Thy face away,
“ They on Thee call, and be not Thou more dumb than they.

XI.

“ Thou know’st I have no resting place,
“ I, nor my Fathers here below ;
“ They’re gone, and I must follow them apace,
“ Spare me, before I that great Journey go ;
“ Lord spare me, who e’re long shall be no more,
“ Forgot by mine, as I have those, who went before !

Psalm

Psalm XL.

Expectans expectavi, &c.

I.

IN my great trouble, when all hopes did fail,
I patiently for God did wait,
And found my Prayer then to prevail,
When all means else, or useles prov'd, or came too late.

II.

The Lord unto my voice inclin'd His ear,
And from the pit deliver'd me;
A pit, whose sight strook me with fear,
And, only as my dungeon, could more dreadfull be.

III.

There stuck my feet, and thence He brought me out,
And on a rock to fall no more,
But to view Him, and look about,
As high He rais'd me, as I was cast down before.

IV.

Where as I stood I sang with chearfull Voice
His praises who deliver'd me;
Whil'st those who fear'd before, rejoyce
A certain Providence in all events to see.

V.

Blest is that man, who makes the Lord his trust,
His firmeſt ſtay, and confidence;
Unbyaſ'd by anothers luſt,
And keeps his own from having any influence!

VI. Many

VI.

Many and fearfull things Thy hand has done ;
And whose can with Thy works compare ?
But could Thy thoughts to us be known,
Numberless, Lord, and like Thee infinite they are.

VII.

I heard Thee say Thou dost not blood desire,
No Off'rings, or Burnt-Sacrifice ;
That Altars smook with daily fire,
And with the clouds they upward send, obscure the skies :

VIII.

Instead of them my self I bring to Thee,
And in Thy Roll, if Thou but look,
'Tis written there concerning me,
Nor is my Name alone, but Office in Thy Book.

IX.

'Tis entred there what my delights have been ;
And that I more to Thee might draw,
How I Thy Righteousness have seen,
And what I knew and kept, to others preach'd Thy Law.

X.

Thou know'st, O God, my tongue has not been still,
And that Thy Word I ne're conceal'd ;
But as I knew what was Thy Will,
Its Truth and Faithfulness have in Thy Church reveal'd.

XI.

Thy wonted Grace, ah ! do not then withhold !
But in Thy mercies, Lord, draw near,
Those mercies, which have been of old,
And in my help with greater lustre will appear.

XII.

For thousand evils have begirt me round,
 And all my sins upon me seize;
 With pensive eyes fixt on the ground,
 I dare not upward look, their numbers so encrease.

XIII.

If to the sky, I in the sky behold
 Stars, which one yet may sooner count;
 My hairs, could every hair be told,
 Compar'd with them, are lost, and to no sum amount.

XIV.

Versus.

Wherefore, my God, be pleas'd to come away,
 And to my rescue make more haste!
 My troubles call, O, do not stay,
 Nor let Thy help be slow, when they come on so fast!

XV.

Now come, and with Thy Presence, Lord, confound
 My proud, and cruel Enemy;
 Level his greatness with the ground,
 And when he surely thought to conquer, let him fly!

XVI.

Let him be backward forc'd, and for the scorn,
 His curst malice threw on me,
 Let on his head that scorn return,
 And be himself as low as he wisht I should be!

XVII.

Whil'st those who on the Almighty's Arm do trust,
 In Thee, who their Salvation art,
 Always rejoyce that Thou art Just,
 And have their mouths as full of praises, as their heart.

XVIII.

May I my God, one of that number bee;
For though at present I am low,
Thou know'st I still belong to Thee,
And only for my sins, till they are purg'd, am so!

XIX.

Then help me, Lord, O do not ever stay,
But to my rescue come at last;
My troubles call Thee now away,
Let not Thy help be slow, when they come on so fast!

Versus.

[P z]

[Psalm]

Psalm XLI.

Beatus Vir qui intelligit, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
David.*

Blest is that man, who do's the poor relieve,
 And feels the miseries, which he sees them bear;
 The Lord will sure deliverance to him give,
 And alway to his Prayers incline His ear:
 Will set him from his troubles free,
 And his past griefs with pleasure let him see.

II.

God will preserve him from the rotting grave,
 And here, on earth, let him behold His face;
 His life from all his Enemies will save,
 And grant him now the presence of His grace:
 His Enemies Wills shall stoop to His,
 And here he shall begin his endless blifs.

III.

When on the bed of sickness he shall ly,
 His bed that God, which holds him up, will make;
 Will give him strength, though able scarce to cry,
 And faithfull hands, which Heav'n by force shall take;
 That Mercy then, which he has shown,
 And all he gave, shall truly be his own.

IV.

" Dear God, said I, on whom all things depend,
 " Though I have thus by Thy commandment, done,
 " I merit nothing, Lord, for I have sinn'd,
 " And what I gave Thee, was before Thine own;
 " Yet grant it mine; Lord, heal my Soul!
 " For Silver streams cleanse not, what Sin makes foul.

V.

“ My Enemies, Thou know’st, assault my Fame ;
“ When will he die, say they, and leave behinde,
“ That, which wee’ll look shall not bide long, his Name ;
“ But to it given, be quickly turn’d to winde ?
And when one comes to visit me,
Instead of Comfort, he speaks Vanity.

VI.

Notice of every groan he seems to take,
And weeps, and sighs to bear me company ;
But gone, a sport of all my grief do’s make,
And laughs to think how he impos’d on me :
Abroad he tells where he has been,
And lies invents of what he there has seen.

VII.

“ A base disease, sayes he, to him cleaves fast,
(Thus, Lord, Thou know’st they still against me speak)
“ This sickness cannot choose but be his last,
“ His bodies pain his heart will doubtless break :
“ He cannot scape as heretofore,
“ But this time fallen, he shall rise no more.

VIII.

Then to encrease my miseries, my Friend,
Whom I, till then more than my self could trust,
Who of my bread did eat, new cares did send,
And then most fail’d, when he was wanted most :
Against me has lift up his heel,
And for my love made me his malice feel.

IX.

But Thou, O God, to me be mercifull,
And raise him up whom Thou hast cast thus low !
Vengeance may I upon my Enemies pull,
And up to Heav’n my self more freely grow !

Hence

Hence 'tis I know Thy love to mee,
That from their hands by Thine I am set free.

X.

Thou art my stay, and Thou dost me uphold,
Else my integrity would quickly fail:
In Thy warm Sun I never shall be cold,
Nor in Thy sight my darkness, Lord, prevail.
To *Jacobs* God let all sing praise,
And to His Name Eternall Arches raise!

Amen and Amen.

*The End of the First Book
of Psalms.*

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
P S A L M S.

Pfalm XLII.

Quemadmodum desiderat, &c.

I.

Look as the Hart by dogs and men pursu'd,
 (Seeing his heels betray their flight,
 When he of both had lost the sight)
 Pants for the streams, and takes at last the flood,
 With hopes by changing thus the Element,
 To cool his heat, and in its streams to drown the scent :

*A Psalm for
the Sons of
Korah.*

II.

After my God so pants my chafed Soul,
 My Soul so thirsts for Thee, my King;
 When wilt Thou me to Sion bring,
 Where I may serve Thee, Lord, without controll?
 Thou know'st my grief, how tears have been my food,
 When my insulting Foes have cry'd, " Now where's your
 (God ?

III.

I grieve, but when I think the time will come
 That I shall to Thy Temple go,
 And on my Harp Thy wonders show,
 How I again in triumph shall come home,
 These happy thoughts dispell my darkest fears,
 And what grief did before, my joy dissolves in tears.

IV. Why

I V.

Versus.

Why art Thou troubled Soul, and restless grown,
 As if forgotten, through despair,
 As if Thy God had left His care,
 And lower, than indeed Thou art cast down?
 Trust in Him still, for Thou His Name shalt praise,
 And whom His absence has depress'd, His sight shall raise!

V.

Down to the Earth my troubled Soul is cast,
 Yet will I Lord remember Thee;
 The whole World is Thy Royalty,
Missar, and *Hermon* part of *Zions* Waste;
 Whither from thence my eyes delight to stray,
 And though they cannot see it, love to gaze that way.

V I.

Deeps upon Deeps in lowder tempests call,
 The Seas above to them below,
 Together o're my head they go,
 And on they bid the conquering billows fall,
 In troops they come, as to divide the prey,
 And hollow to their fellow waves to haste away.

V I I.

Fall on proud waves, on me spend all your rage,
 I can withstand your roughest shock,
 Fall on, and break against this Rock,
 Which dares your pride, and for me do's engage!
 My God will still your noyse, your fury lay,
 And change this dismal night into a glorious day.

I X.

But where's my God, that I to him may sing?
 Let me not ever suffer thus,
 But to me be propitious,
 Break forth, O Sun, and healing with Thee bring!

Pierc'd

Pierc'd to the Heart, Thou know'st I could weep blood,
When my insulting foes say daily, "Where's your God.

IX.

Why art Thou troubled Soul, and restless grown,
As if forgotten, through despair,
As if Thy God had left His Care,
And lower, than indeed Thou art, cast down?
Trust in Him still, for Thou His Name shalt praise,
And whom His absence has depress'd, His sight shall raise!

Versus.

Q

Psalm

Psalm XLIII.

Judica me Deus & discerne, &c.

I.

THou, who art Judge of all the World, be mine :
 Be both my Judge, and Advocate
 My Cause both sentence, and debate,
 And let the issue prove that I am Thine :
 From the deceitfull Man deliver mee,
 Others he may deceive, but ne're impose on Thee !

II.

Thou art my strength, and on Thee I rely ;
 Why do's my God this distance keep,
 Whil'st I ly buried in the Deep,
 And only with my sighs can upward fly ?
 Pitty my Darknes, Lord, dispell this night,
 And from Thy sacred Hill send forth Thy Truth and Light !

III.

That glorious Light, which may direct my way,
 And where Thou always art, bring mee ;
 That we may still together bee,
 In Sion where Thy Presence makes it day :
 Then with my Harp I'll to Thy Altar go,
 And, what above shall never cease, begin below.

IV.

Why art Thou troubled, Soul, and restless grown,
 As if forgotten, through despair,
 As if Thy God had left His care,
 And lower, than indeed Thou art, cast down ?
 Trust in Him still, for Thou His Name shalt praise,
 And whom His absence has depress'd, His sight shall raise.

Versus.

Psalm

Psalm XLIV.

Deus auribus nostris audivimus, &c.

I.

Great God, we oft have heard our Fathers tell
The Mighty works which Thou of old hast done,
When to make room for them, where they might dwell,
And in a Land of thine own choice sit down,
The Natives by Thy hand were overthrown;
How *Egypt* at Thy Signs admiring stood,
And thinking to pursue, were drown'd i'th' flood.

*A Psalm for
the Sons of
Korah.*

II.

'Twas not their Bow or Sword, which forc'd their way,
Nor the weak aids their helpless arms could bring;
But Thou, whose Word the Sacred Hosts obey,
Made'st certain Victory attend their string,
And as their arrows flew, direct her wing:
Thy Light and Favour was their Arms and Guide,
And when they fought, to conquer Thou did'st ride.

Versus.

III.

May'st Thou again do thus, who art Our King!
And new deliv'rance for their Seed command;
Thou only canst such great Salvation bring,
As may again return us to Our Land,
And make us on our Enemies necks to stand:
And when Thy Power Thou on our side shalt show,
And beat them down, through Thee wee'll keep them so.

IV.

" 'Twas not our Bow, or Sword that helpt, wee'll say,
" Nor those weak aids our useless Arms did bring;
" But He whose Word the Sacred Hosts obey,
" Made certain Victory attend our string,
" And as our arrows flew, direct her wing:

Versus.

"He put our Enemies to flight, and shame,
 "And His great Praise for ever wee'll proclaim.

V.

But we, alas, not they, are forc'd to fly,
 Since Thou, who lead'st our Armies out of old,
 Art now become Thy self an Enemy,
 And make'st them more successfull grow, and bold,
 That what with wrong they got, by force they hold :
 Like one great flock of Sheep, we scatt'red are,
 And wolves devour those, whom the Shambles spare.

VI.

We openly are sold, but 'tis for nought ;
 Nor do's Thy treasure by our sale encrease ;
 By those, who hate us we for slaves are bought,
 Nor by our miseries do's their fury cease,
 But wee in Warr less suff'red than in Peace :
 A shame, reproach, and proverb, wee are made,
 In scorn to hands, which were of ours afraid.

VII.

'Tis not our disappointments, and disgrace
 That are the only causes of our shame ;
 Not these alone with blushes fill our face,
 But the sad thoughts that Thou should'st bear our blame,
 And have expos'd with us Thy Sacred Name :
 For what's our own we could with Patience bear,
 But Blasphemies 'gainst Thee can never hear.

VIII.

Yet both Lord we have heard, and both have born,
 But in our suff'rings not forgotten Thee,
 Resolv'd our steps from Thy Laws ne're to turn,
 How rough, and hard soe're the way may be,
 Or in Thy Oath to deal perfidiously :
 Though for our Masters we fierce Dragons have,
 And all our service is in fight o' th' grave.

IX. Had

IX.

Had we forgotten His, or to strange Names
Of Idol-gods stretch'd out our suppliant hands,
Should not God know, and visit this in flames,
Who the vast Empire of all hearts commands,
And thoughts, more than we actions, understands?
But for His sake alone all day we 'are slain,
Like Sheep, and where we fed, have dy'd the Plain.

X.

Awake why sleep'st Thou, Lord, awake, and rise!
And turn nor 'us, nor Thy bright face away;
Let our distress find pity in Thine eyes;
Which see the weights they on our shoulders lay,
And how we prostrate for Thy succour pray!
Ah, cause Thy face for Thy loves sake to shine,
And for our help arise, who still are Thine.

Psalm XLV.

Eruſtavit Cor meum verbum, &c.

I.

*A Song of
Loves.*

A Thousand fancies from my heart the Spring,
 (Like a ſwoln ſtream which banks can ne're control,
 Increasing ſtill as it along do's roll,
 And grown impetuous, ſcorns to be kept in)
 Too great already in my Soul to ſtay
 They out will burſt, and by my tongue,
 Flow in a ſwift, and numerous Song,
 Will there, or find, or force their way,
 And make my hand, which cannot ſtop, to run as faſt as they.

II.

Dread Sov'reign, when the argument is Thine,
 And Thou art pleas'd to give me leave to ſing
 Of all that grandure, which enthrones my King,
 No wonder if my Verſe be gay and fine;
 Thy beauty, not my ſkill do's make it ſo,
 Thou, who in beauty doſt excell
 The faireſt Soul; which beſt do's dwell,
 From whoſe ſoft lips there ever flow (beſtow;
 That Grace, and Bleſſing Heav'n till now on Man did ne're

III.

Go on then, Valiant Prince, and gird Thy Sword,
 Wherewith Thou haſt ſo often Conquerer been;
 Appear more glorious than Thou e're wert ſeen,
 And let the whole world own Thee for their Lord!
 Then mount Thy Chariot, and in triumph ride,
 With Meekneſs, Truth, and Equity,
 And all the Virtues running by,
 Whil'ſt Vict'ry do's Thy journeys guide,
 And flies before new Conqueſts, and freſh Laurels to provide!

IV. Then

IV.

Then shall Thy arm for slaughter be made bare,
And Thy proud Enemies receive the darts,
Which Thou shalt throw, and bury in their hearts,
Whil'st those that yield, Thou dost as freely spare;
Nor Time, nor place shall Thy Dominion bound,
The Justice of Thy Righteous sway,
Shall make all Lands, all men obey,
And wherefoe're Thy Name shall sound, (found.
Amids Thy foes, new Subjects of Thy Kingdom shall be

V.

That Righteousness Thou lov'st shall be Thy Crown,
And at Thy Feet Envy and Hate shall lie;
The Mighty God, who rais'd Thee up so high,
Above Thy Fellows, pour His Unction down,
With greater lustre make Thy Face to shine,
When He the Sacred Oyl shall shed,
Himself, upon Thy Royall Head,
And, to exprefs the Love Divine,
Meekness with Majesty, and to Thy Joys, Thy Peoples joyn.

VI.

They shall rejoyce, when from the Iv'ry Throne,
Clad in Thy Robes of State, Thou shalt appear,
When all the perfumes, which the East do's bear,
And the bright Sun or makes, or looks upon,
To Thine their Spirits and richest Odours add,
And breathing out their Souls shall say,
Thou hast more Sweets, more Charms than they;
Thus near Thee to have come, are glad, (had.
That they may higher scents receive thence, than at first they

VII.

Daughters of Kings make Thy illustrious train,
To do what e're Thy pleasure shall command;
And chain our eyes, but that at Thy right hand
The Queen with hers remands them back again;

Next

Next Thee she stands, Her Pall with Gold all wrought,
 Where curious Art and Nature strive
 Which greater Ornament shall give,
 Beyond Inventions barren thought, (brought.
 Made of the richest Spoils were e're from *Ophirs* treasure.

VIII.

And Thou O Queen, incline Thy willing ear,
 Forget Thy Father, and Thy Countrey too;
 What was theirs once, is now a Sovereigns due,
 Who merits all Thy honour, love, and fear.
 The Kings, who shall no less make Thee to reign,
 And to Thy Rule Himself submit,
 To th' Empire of Thy Eyes, and Wit,
 Become their slave, and take the Chain,
 And what Thy hands presented Him, to them resign again.

IX.

Tyre with a Present shall her daughters send,
 To seek thy favour, and thy love entreat,
 'Tis thy Alliance, which shall make them great,
 And not their own wealth, though it knows no end;
 Not that their gifts and store can add to Thine,
 The rich embroydery of Thy Vest,
 Where all the Needles art's exprest,
 To Beauties which are more Divine,
 And all within, unseen by mortal eye, far brighter shine.

X.

Thus shalt Thou be conducted to the King,
 Whil' it all the Virgins, who Thy Pomp attend,
 In shouts to Heav'n their acclamations send,
 And as they follow to the Palace, sing,
 " Hail Fairest Queen, forget Thy Fathers land,
 " Nor let His Throne disturb thy mind,
 " For Thou instead of them shalt find
 " Children, who with the Sovereign Wand
 " More Empires than He Cities govern'd, shall the World
 (command.

XI. My

XI.

My Verse shall praise Thee too, and Thy great Name
Shall in its lasting Monument survive,
My Verse Eternity to Thee shall give,
And thus it self perpetuate in Thy Fame:
For when the Age to come by that shall know,
These wonders, and renew Thy Praise,
In Altars which their Zeal shall raise,
Thou then shalt make my Verse to grow,
And what to Thee it gave, Eternity on that bestow!

R

Psalm

Psalm XLVI.

Deus noster Refugium, &c.

I.

*A Song for
the sons of
Korah.*

TO Armies some for refuge fly,
Others to Walls, which they must first defend;
But God's our help, and when to Him we cry,
Or He our troubles soon will end,
Or to a City where they come not, us will send.

II.

We will not fear, though tempests roar,
And one storm mingle Sea, and Earth, and all,
Though reall Mountains, torn from the loose shoar,
To Heav'n be tost, and Heav'n quite fall,
The God, who is our help, will then be near our call.

III.

Fly ye swift winds, tempests be gone,
Be still proud Seas, there is no need of you,
We have a stream, which though it softly run,
Can more than all your billows do,
Both cleanse the Holy City, and refresh it too.

IV.

Slow *Siloab*, which so gently glides,
As if 'twere unresolv'd to go away,
And passing where the Most High God resides,
To view the place so long do's stay,
The enamour'd River one would guess forgot its way.

V.

It Sion views, where God do's dwell,
 Sion His Throne, which like the Earth remains;
 Heav'n is her guard, and all the Powers of Hell
 Shall ne're move her, for there He reigns,
 Who is the God o'th' Hills, and layes on Vales His Chains.

VI.

The Heathen Kings began to rage,
 And all their strength against her did command;
 But God Himself to save her did engage,
 Utt'red His Voyce, and shew'd His hand,
 And though the Earth did melt, Sion unmov'd did stand.

VII.

The God of Battles fights for us,
 On whom the Hosts of Heav'n and Earth attend;
 Through Him our arms shall be Victorious,
 And when our Prayers to Him ascend,
 He that is *Jacobs* God, His *Israel* will defend.

Versus.

VIII.

Come, and behold, what He has done,
 The mighty works which His right hand has wrought,
 How on their Foes He turn'd destruction,
 But to His own deliverance brought,
 And made them Conquerours, when He for them fought!

IX.

All the World o're He ends all Warrs,
 And in their room brings plenty, mirth, and ease;
 He hides with Laurel the Triumphers scars,
 And all, but in their Poms, makes cease
 The Trumpets noyse, and turns the broken arms to Peace.

X.

“ Be still, said He, and see my Power,
“ Only be still, that’s all you need to do,
“ For on your Enemies I’ll vengeance shewer,
“ Exalt your heads, but lay theirs low,
“ And they as well as you, That I am God, shall know !

XI.

Versus.

The God of Battles fights for us,
On whom the Hosts of Heaven and Earth attend;
Through Him our Arms shall be Victorious,
And when our Prayers to Him ascend,
He that is *Jacobs* God, His *Israel* will defend.

Psalm

Psalm XLVII.

Omnes gentes plaudite manibus, &c.

I.

REjoyce O World and you, who dwell therein,
This Solemn day your mirth commands!
Rejoyce, for the great Show will now begin,
And lift your voice up with your hands!
Let them both joyn, whiles you His Praises sing,
Who only is the Universal King.

*A Psalm for
the Sons of
Korah.*

Versus.

II.

Mighty, and terrible, the Lord of all,
His entrance those who will not meet,
Too proud to kiss his hands, shall lower fall,
And yield their necks unto His feet;
So *Jacobs* seed He will make glorious,
And what Himself has done, ascribe to Us.

III.

God is gone up, ascended with a shout,
With sound of Trumpets risen on high;
And having put His enemies to the rout,
Upon their Trophies up did fly:
Sing praise to God, your Praises to Him sing,
Who only is the Universal King!

Versus.

IV.

God only is the Universal King;
His Name with understanding praise!
And in the Services you to Him sing,
Let that inspirit all your layes!

The World around His just Commands shall own,
For Holiness is the Throne He sits upon.

V.

See how the Tributary Kings croud in,
And one united People make,
Their Crowns to deck His Victories they bring,
And from His hands all new ones take :
Each in His Temple Homage to Him yields,
And there hang up their Consecrated Shields.

Psalm

Psalm XLVIII.

Magnus Dominus, &c.

I.

Great is our God, and greatly to be prais'd,
Upon that Hill, which He himself has rais'd;
Sion, which He His City made,
Beautifull Sion, whom the World obey'd,
And for whose Peace as for their own all Countreys prayd;
Which on the North *Jerusalem* do's guard,
Safer than gates most sorely barr'd;
Which on the North do's on *Jerusalem* shine,
So that around it has the Sun, or Naturall, or Divine.

*A Psalm for
the Sons of
Korah.*

II.

Within her Palaces the Lord is known,
For not hers more He counts them, than His own:
The Kings perceiv'd it, marching by,
But thither they no sooner cast their eye,
But from the conquering fight, as soon they strove to fly;
Away they hasted thence, but all in vain,
Their fears pursu'd them with fresh pain,
Like Child-bed throes till there is born a Son,
A greater pang succeeds, as soon as e're the present's gone.

III.

In Ships they thought their Spoils to carry home,
But Thou at Sea their Navy didst o'recome;
All this, O Lord, we heard before,
And now believe, because we see Thy Power,
But who that had seen half so much, would not do more?
God will establish Sion, and command
The Sacred Pile unmov'd to stand;
Thither wee'll come for help, in our distress,
And where he has bid us bless him, expect he us should bless.

IV. Lord

IV.

Lord, as Thy Name is, so shall be Thy Praise,
And to adorn it wee'll invent new wayes :
To the wide Earths extreamest end,
From East it shall unto the West extend,
And when it has fill'd all below, to Heav'n ascend ;
That goodness which Thy hand around do's throw,
Like fruitfull seed, shall upward grow ;
Solyma to Thy Courts her gifts shall bring,
And all her Cities shout forth Acclamations to their King.

V.

Walk about Sion, all her Bulwarks count,
The humble Vallies, and the Holy Mount,
Her lofty Towers, up to the Skie,
To which the Heav'ns desire to be more nigh,
And their own heights, to kiss her sacred Spires, deny :
Round it again, and her great Wonders see,
To tell the Age which is to bee ;
And that Her God will Ours till death abide,
And through the Graves dark gloomy way to Heav'n our
(passage guide.

Psalm XLIX.

Andite hæc omnes gentes auribus, &c.

I.

ATtend, O World, and bid thy Nations hear,
 Those, who ly furthest off, and those more near,
 Both rich, and poor, and high, and low,
 My Song no diff'rence makes, and none do's know,
 But those who serve, and those who rule,
 The Souldier, Statesman, and the Fool,
 The young, the old, the great, the small,
 It do's without distinction call,
 And like the grave, alike concerns, and equals All.

*A Psalm for
 the Sons of
 Korah.*

II.

With God my Song : His Wisdom moves the Lyre,
 And makes the chords in lofty sounds conspire :
 With Him will I begin my Song,
 His Wisdom shall conduct the strains along,
 Shall life, and breath, and motion give,
 Make them, and they my Voice to live ;
 Then the stops chang'd, on the same string,
 I will in mighty Numbers sing
 Triumphant Death, which next Him is the greatest King.

III.

What profit 's it to hoard up endless store
 Of wealth for others, and my self be Poor ?
 Prevent my evil day with Cares,
 To leave a Curse, and sorrow to my Heirs ?
 Since he who has most chains of Gold,
 The Pris'ner life can never hold ;
 Can never pay a ransom down
 For the fleet Soul away once gone,
 And from the grave redeem his Brothers, or his own.

I V.

Death throwes an heavier Chain than that o're all,
 And proudest Monarchs at His Footstool fall ;
 Look how the Wife, the Brutish dye,
 And in one Urn their lots and ashes lye :
 The longest livers only have
 A tedious journey to the grave ;
 Whil'st most a short way thither find,
 And have their Pass-ports sooner sign'd,
 Whither all come at last, and leave their wealth behind.

V.

In vain by Monuments men hope to live,
 And their fond Names to Lands and Houses give ;
 In vain they huge foundations lay
 For Tombs, which have their Fate, as well as they ;
 No Honours bayl in this arrest,
 But the same death waits Man, and Beast :
 And though enough the Children know
 Their Fathers folly, choose to go
 With them, and count those greater fools, who do not so.

V I.

They follow close their steps, their sayings hold,
 Like Sheep they follow to th'Eternal fold ;
 Where till the Morning they are penn'd,
 The Morning of that day, which ne're shall end ;
 Which Titles shall again renew,
 And diff'rences the Grave ne're knew ;
 From some all beauty take away,
 In greater lustre some display,
 Raising them Gold, who buried were but only Clay.

V I I.

Then shall I rise too, and with glory shine,
 From the Graves power, kept by the power Divine,
 It shall no longer trouble mee,
 Nor know I why the Wise should troubled bee,

To see anothers stores encrease,
Since they disturb His present ease,
And must be left all, when he dyes;
Then heavy gold begins to rise,
And with his breath, away an empty Honour flies.

VIII.

His former pleasures then avail him not,
But are by him, as he by his forgot:
Nothing remains of all he did,
When with his Fathers, he in night lyes hid;
That Wisdom only do's abide,
Which for the future did provide:
'Tis Wisdom sets the Man on high,
Wisdom the badge to know him by,
Without which like a Beast he lives, and all must die.

Psalm L.

Deus Deorum Dominus, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
Asaph.*

TIs past, and by irrevocable doom
 Decreed that all the World to Judgment come;
 Out from the East let the great summons go;
 Swifter than Morning light,
 In it's first undisturb'd, and lusty flight,
 When on the Western Hills it hasts to show
 It's Conquests, and drives thence the Captive Night;
 Then let the West to th' voice give ear,
 And all the scatt' red winds, which ly between,
 Be ready on the wing,
 And o're the Earth the dreadful Message bear!
 Make the deaf North, and South to hear!
 Proclaim it in the open Sky,
 That the last day is nigh;
 A day which none e're yet did see,
 And which but few, till it comes, believe will bee,
 When God the hearts of all shall open lay,
 And bid the World to make room for the Session, hast away!

II.

When Sion was the Residence Divine,
 God empty'd all his glories there;
 Sion did with refulgent beauty shine,
 And only what was lovely durst appear:
 The Air was calm, Heav'n seem'd more bright,
 As if from thence it had receiv'd new light;
 Before hand would officiously come down,
 And take the forward Sacrifice,
 E're it began to rise,
 And with a sacred flame the Victim crown:
 Or if it gath' red in a Cloud,
 'Twas but some greater Majesty to shroud.

No cries were heard there, or sad grones,
 Nothing that could disturb the quiet of the place,
 But joy and mirth were seen in every Face,
 And left their traces on the stones.
 The very walls were glad,
 Mourn'd not in breaches, nor in Yawns lookt sad,
 But the bright Liveries of Peace did wear;
 The walls look'd gay, the Altars fair,
 And with perpetual throngs
 Of those who came to worship there,
 The Courts were ever fill'd with Incense, or with Songs.
 Nay God Himself attention seem'd to give,
 And held His own the Homage of their Voices to receive.

III.

But now that time is past, nor as before,
 Will he in love draw neer
 But all in Flames appear,
 Will in the charming murmurs be no more,
 But up Hee'l lift His voyce, and roar, (devour.
 And those flames which the Victim burnt, the Altar shall
 A tempest shall before Him ride,
 And forward post the sluggish winde,
 With thousand Captives running by His side,
 Of Lands which he has empty made,
 Clearing the way for Plagues which come behind,
 And of the following Thunder be it self afraid.
 Along the Heav'n the Thunder like a Sea shall roll,
 And make its noyse be heard to either Pole;
 With all the Fears, which horror can invent,
 With lightnings, not to purge the Air,
 And its decays repair,
 But to make greater, and disturb it, sent,
 To riot there without controll,
 And synge what it e're long shal burn, that beauteous Scroll.

IV.

Then shall God come, and with a dreadfull voyce,
 Which layes those storms, & checks that Thunders noise,
 Making the Dead who heard not them awake,
 And Heav'n and Earth, and Sea affrighted quake ;
 When thus He cites them to appear,
 And bids them to the Barr draw near,
 His Pleasure, and their Charge to hear,
 " Return, Hee'l to them say, Return your dead,
 " To meet the Souls which from them fled,
 " And both be sentenc'd, for what both together did !
 " Into my great Exchequer bring
 " The Debtors, whose accounts are giv'n in,
 " And who so many Ages have your Pris'ners been !
 " Resign O Earth, and Skie and Sea your trust,
 " Be sure no guilty Criminall you hide,
 " But that all come, and all be try'd,
 " You long enough have unaccounted for their dust ;
 " But first bring in my Saints, who to my barr appeal,
 " To me their severall Names are known,
 " And in my book their labours are set down,
 " How they to my just Law did Seal,
 " Or with their Sacrifices blood, or with their own.

V.

See how they trembling stand,
 Receive the charge, and finish the Command,
 And to the great Tribunall bring the shakled band ?
 The Prison-gates are open thrown,
 And not till now to their Eternal home,
 Those who mistook the grave for it, are truly come ;
 The Grave, which like an house forsook, it self falls down.
 With their own bodies all arise,
 The active dust begins to heave,
 And ask its fellow if it live,
 Scarce daring to believe its ears or eyes ;

A hollow Voice is heard around,
 Of Souls, which to the Bodies call,
 Yet wish that neither might be found,
 And till they come, would have the Mountains on them fall;
 The Mountains frighted worst of all,
 Would for themselves find shelter under ground.
 The Sea returns her dead, and her's the Sky,
 Which now again from thence like Lightning fly,
 But down to Hell, and in eternal flames to ly.
 The whole World is one mighty Street,
 Where Old acquaintance meet,
 And though against their Wills are forc'd to greet,
 Whilft up on high,
 The Judges equall Sentence to declare,
 The Saints are to the Bench call'd from the Barr,
 And guilty Souls, by their own Witness cast,
 Expect to have confirm'd at last, (past.
 That sentence, which they long before upon themselves had

V I.

"Attend, O *Israel*, to thy God give ear,
 ('Tis He who speaks, and Him thou ought'st to hear).
 "I charge thee not for Thy unfrequent Sacrifice,
 "Thy seldom Off'rings, and Thy bloodless Vowes,
 "That perfumes do so rarely rise,
 "And with their clouds meet, and obscure the Skies:
 "I'll take no Bullock from Thine house,
 "Nor from Thy fold a rank He-Goat,
 "For every Forrest, and all beasts of note,
 "The great who rule, the lesser who obey,
 "The beasts of Pleasure, Service, and of Prey,
 "Alike are Mine,
 "And all the Hills whereon they feed, as well as they;
 "When Thou by a false Title fondly call'st them Thine.
 "They no subjection to thee owe,
 "But what my pleasure gave at first:
 "And when unto Thy Yoak they bow,
 "'Tis not from any Power of Thine, but that I'll have it so,
 "Who

- "Who them to serve, for Thy Sin only curst,
 "And make them thus their just dependance show.
 "Nay Birds themselves, whom I gave wings to fly,
 "Mount up to Heav'n, to come more nigh,
 "And the same Homage beasts below, they yield on high.

VII.

- "If I were hungry, why should I tell Thee,
 "When the Earth's fulness all belongs to Me?
 "Or if I eat, must Thou needs with't acquainted be?
 "Think'st Thou that such gross meats as these,
 " Bulls blood, or flesh my taste do please,
 "And are fit things my anger to appease?
 "No, Wretched Mortal, to the God most High
 "First pay thy vows, then send thy praise,
 " In thy distress unto Him cry,
 "And, where it may be alwayes warm, an Altar raise;
 " Within thy heart, where groans, and sighs,
 " May be the daily Sacrifice!
 " For in such Off'rings He delights,
 "These are His solemn and accepted Rites,
 "Flames, which to Heav'n will surely come, (room!
 "And both thy passage thither clear, and for thee then make

VIII.

- But to the Wicked the Almighty sayes,
 "What hast thou, wretch, to do with my just Wayes?
 " To take my Word into thy mouth?
 "Expound my Statutes, or declare my Truth?
 "As if an Enemy would Trophies to his Conqueror raise,
 Or I from thee get any Praise;
 Who Counsel, which thou dost another give,
 Wilt not thy self receive,
 And what thou teachest, dost or slight, or not believe;
 Who when thou saw'st a Thief, didst with him steal,
 His theft didst or partake in, or conceal;
 With base Adulterers wert so,
 "Didst never use thy tongue a wound to heal,

"But

" But with it made't a light one two ;
 " Most Enemy to them, who never did thee any wrong,
 " And whom thou ought'st to bless, hast murder'd with thy
 " I saw all this, and held my peace, (tongue.
 " Expecting when thou would'st repent,
 " But silence thou didst fallily judge consent,
 " Thoughtst me just like thy self, and that such ways as those,
 " Since they unpunisht scap'd, must please ;
 " But I'll reprove thee, and they all
 " Shall be my Witnesses, when I to Judgement call ;
 " Then thou too late shalt know,
 " This patience from my love did flow,
 " And dearly pay both for thy sin, and my forbearance too.

I X.

" Remember this, you who the Lord forget,
 " And yet at last, if you are wise, return,
 " Tempt not those flames, which will break out & burn,
 " And make your Judgement like my Patience great !
 " Return, e're yet it be too late,
 " See how I call, see how I wait,
 " There's no repenting in a future state ;
 " Deliverance then you shall expect in vain,
 " And fruitlessly complain,
 " When all your grief shall serve but to encrease your pain ;
 " Return now, whil'st you may, and now receive
 " Those Mercies, which I freely offer, freely give,
 " And that you may be ever so, Now happy live !
 " He honours me, who offers praise,
 " For he exalts mine, and I'll bless his Wayes ;
 " Will be his refuge, till the storm is past,
 " And make him on a Rock stand fast,
 " Secure him here, and to my self will bring him home at last.

Psalm LI.

Miserere mei Deus secundum, &c.

The IV. Penitential
Psalm of
David, when
Nathan the
Prophet came
to Him, after
he had gone
in to Bath-
sheba.

I.

THou, who art full of bounty, and of love,
The Just, and yet the Gracious God,
Whose Mercy has nor bound, nor Period,
Let my distress Thy pity move;
Lord, for Thy Mercies sake blot out my sin,
Whose sum less infinite than that has only been!

II.

To Thee I come, O cleanse and purge away
That filth, which do's Thy sight offend,
Receive with favour those requests I send,
And give Thy answer when I pray!
Wash my foul Soul, that's stain'd all o're with sin,
Without I should be clean, if I were so within!

III.

'Tis great, I must confess, and wondrous foul,
So ugly that its shape affrights;
All day it haunts me, with me stays whole nights,
And with new horrors fills my Soul:
On me it stares, and when I turn aside,
To shun the Fiend, I meet it where I thought to hide.

IV.

Against Thee only have I done this thing,
And to Thy Just award must stand;
If now upon me Thou shouldst lay Thy hand,
'Twill not be heavier than my sin:
Whate're the sentence be I must confess,
Though sharp that, Lord, in Justice Thou could'st do no less.

V.

For I in sin was born, in sin conceiv'd,
Full grown in that, when but a Childe;
My Nature, and my Life are both defil'd,
And Thee by both, Lord, have I griev'd:
Truth in the inward parts is Thy delight, (right.
That I may please Thee make me know, then do what's

VI.

Purge me with Hyssop, and I shall be clean,
Let through my Soul Thy waters flow;
My blackness shall be chang'd to purest Snow,
And all my stains no more be seen:
The Snow with me compar'd, shall seem less white,
And look as fairest colours do for want of light.

VII.

No sooner shalt Thou make me hear Thy voice,
But all my pains shall flee away;
The bones, which on the rack all broken lay,
Then knit more firmly, shall rejoyce:
Lord, as a Sinner look no more on mee,
Or if as such, whom Love has reconcil'd to Thee!

VIII.

Give me an heart Thou canst ungriev'd behold,
And a right Spirit in me renew;
'Tis full as easie, Lord, for Thee to do,
As undertake to mend the old:
Cast me not from Thy gracious sight away,
But let Thy Spirit, with mine renew'd thus, ever stay!

IX.

Make it my Comforter, with me to abide,
And all my Joyes again restore;
And that I ne're from Thee may wander more,
As I to others, be my Guide!

Who shall by my example learn Thy wayes,
And chang'd, like me, in Songs recount Thy wondrous Praise.

X.

Let not the guiltless blood, which I have shed,
And all its waves upon me roll;
But when thy sprinkling shall make clean my Soul,
Let thy Salvation crown my head:
Then shall my Harp of all thy love rehearse,
And thy Salvation be the subject of my Verse.

XI.

Open my mouth, Thy praise I'll speak aloud,
For didst Thou Bulls or Rams desire,
A cruell Offring, and perpetual fire,
I blood would expiate then with blood:
But God all Sacrifice for that withstands,
Only a bleeding heart atones for bloody hands.

XII.

Be good to Sion, build her Cities wall,
That all the Vows, which she has made,
With mine, may be upon thy Altar laid,
And Hecatombs before it fall!
No cloudy darkness then shall veil the Skies,
But day all night break from the Evening Sacrifice.

Psalm LII.

Quid gloriaris in malitia, &c.

I.

INhumane Beast, more treacherous, than strong,
For Treason only makes thee so,
And by perfidiousness Thy Power dos grow,
Why boast'st Thou thus in doing wrong,
And arm'st weak hands with a malicious tongue?
The Almighty Goodness ever dos remain,
More firm, and stable than thy threats are vain.

*A Psalm of
David
When Doeg
the Edomite
came and
told Saul
and said un-
to him Da-
vid is come
to the house
of Ahime-
lech.*

II.

Sharp as a Lancet, which is newly whet,
Thy tongue dos pierce, and touch the quick,
Wounds mortally, before 'tis felt to prick,
Discovers plots, fram'd by deceit,
In thy designs, and malice only great,
Who sin before the chiefest Good dost love,
And lyes more than the Truth, that's from above.

III.

Bitter, and cruel Words are thy delight,
And all the joy of thy base tongue,
But neither thou, nor it shall prosper long:
For God on thee shall turn its spight,
Destroy thee from this Land, and His own sight;
And in reward for all your bitter fruit,
Both cut thee down, and pluck that up by th'root.

IV.

The Righteous shall behold it, and afraid,
Shrink at thy plagues, but laugh at thee,
And say, when They thy suddain ruine see,
"Lo this Man on his riches staid,
"And sought help from the Gods his gold had made,

“Neglecting Him, who should have been his Trust,
“For them, who thus deceiving him are just.

V.

But like an Olive-tree still fresh, and green,
I in Gods House shall ever stand,
Planted and watered there by His own hand,
And on my boughs have fruit be seen,
Where He may shine, and no cloud come between :
On Him I'll wait, whose Mercies have no end,
And as they fall , my Praises shall ascend.

Another

Another Version of the same :

By M. M. B.

I.

Monster of Men, who canst such mischiefs act,
And proudly triumph in the bloody fact,
Must this thy power declare,
That they, who at *Jehovahs* Altar stood,
The Priests themselves, all stain'd with their own blood,
The guiltless Victims of thy Fury were ?
Yet not even this was able to assuage
Thy own curst malice, or thy wicked Masters rage.

II.

But though my ruine thou didst most design,
And that no blood should quench thy thirst but mine,
Know, wretch, that God is good
And has been alwayes so in ages past,
Nor shall Eternity His love exhaust;
Wherefore 'tis not thy force, though like a flood,
Nor all thy secret Plots, which shall avayl,
Unless thou canst against th' Almighty first prevail.

III.

Within thy heart ly hid those poysonous seeds
Of treason, which thy tongue provokes to deeds :
So piercing are thy words
They seem the Razors dulness to upbraid,
As if unfit for action, or afraid,
And have more edge than all my Enemies Swords :
By these thou dost the just ensnare, and slay,
And low as earth, their hopes, and lives together lay.

IV. But

IV.

But who, think'st thou, these actions will admire,
Since thou 'rt inspir'd by an infernal fire?

A flame, which strongly moves
To lying mischiefs, and unjust deceit,
And all the false delights, which on them wait,
Or sin presents to excite and raise new loves!
Hence 'tis that Justice seems so mean, and low,
Nor longer fit for great men, than to make them so.

V.

Devouring words do thy best love command,
And to them thou hast joyn'd a bloody hand:

But the Almighty God
In thy destruction shall His Power make known,
Which in eternall torments thou shalt own,
When he makes bare His Arm, and shakes His Rod,
Removing thee from thy beloved place,
And from the Earth roots out thy trayterous name and race.

VI.

The Righteous, when they see the overthrow,
Shall fear His Power, who has brought thee so low,
And shouting at thy fall,

Cry out, "Lo, where's the man, who fixt his trust,
"Not in our God, but his own glittering dust,
"Which, useles now, can yield no help at all:
"Look how that strength, which he in fraud once plac'd,
"Is by the breath of the Eternall Word defac'd!

VII.

But whil'st this wretch deplores his dolorous state,
My God, who on him threw the mighty weight,
Will me assign a place,

Within His Courts, where, like an Olive-tree,
With fruit and blossoms I shall loaded bee,
And feel the kindest Influence of His Grace:

'Tis

'Tis in His Mercies I'll for ever trust,
Whose Love, and Wrath thus shown, declare that He is just.

VIII.

Then will I of some nobler subject sing,
And to exalt my God fresh praises bring;
Then, like my Sacrifice,
In flames of purest Love I'll mount on high,
To Him, who sav'd me from my Enemy,
And in my passage perfume all the Skies
To Heav'n; nor short of His dread Presence stay,
Whil'st the admiring Saints rise up to make me way.

U

Psalm

Psalm LIII.

Dixit insipiens in Corde, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
David.*

THere is no God, the Fool in's heart do's say,
 And that his life may not his heart betray,
 He like one, that believes it, Lives;
 Doth with blasphemous mouth deny
 The very Being of the Deity,
 And in his works, That lye
 Which he to Man dares not, to Heaven prophanely gives.

II.

From Heav'n th' Almighty God came down to view
 What He there saw, and there could punish too;
 Yet down He came, and look'd around,
 He searcht, if He might any see,
 Any of His, lest they should numbred be,
 To th' Common Misery,
 He search't, but not a Just man in the Number found.

III.

Are they all thus, O God, all gone aside,
 As if from Thee they could their follies hide?
 Are all thus greedy to devour,
 And eat Thy People up, like Bread,
 Thankless for that, and not some Judgement dread,
 Like those by Quails once fed (showre.
 Tempting that Heav'n, which Manna down before did

IV.

Amidst their jollity in fears they were,
 Though all around appear'd no cause of fear;
 For unawares God smote them all,
 Scat'ring them by His Mighty hand;

And

And as He there Invisible did stand,
Their Plots did countermand,
And made them by their own designs in scorn to fall.

V.

From Zion, Lord, may *Israels* help appear,
Thence come, since all His Confidence is there !
Bring back, their long Captivity,
That *Israel* may adore Thy Wayes,
And *Jacob* to Thy Name give all the praise;
Together strive to raise
Thy Honour, and admire Thee, as Thou ought'st to be.

U 2

Psalm

Psalm LIV.

Deus in nomine tuo, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
David,
When the
Ziphims
came to Saul,
and said,
"Do's not
David hide
himself with
us?"*

O Thou, who *Israels* Saviour art, be mine,
Be both my Judge, and Advocate,
Appear, e're yet it be too late,
Now make Thy Name, and Glory shine,
And not preserve me only Lord, but make me Thine.

II.

Incline Thine ear to my complaint, and cry !
And since Thou hast commanded me,
In my distress to cry to Thee,
Let not me cry, and Thou not hear,
Then farthest off, when Thou hast promis'd to be near.

III.

Strangers, my God, such as Thy Law despise,
And would both That, and me o'rethrow,
Who nor Thee, nor Thy Judgements know,
Oppressors in great Numbers rise,
And shall Thy aids be fewer, than my Enemies.

IV.

But see how gracious the Eternal is,
Who not my Life alone defends,
But to my Helpers succour sends,
And truly is a God in this,
Both my swift prayers to answer, and prevent my Wish.

V.

Nor shall my Enemies unpunish'd be,
Their own designs shall vengeance call ;
Their mischief fram'd shall on them fall,
And in their ruine I shall see
My eyes delight ; thy Wrath on them, and Love to me.

VI. My

VI.

My God has scar'd them, and heard my cry;
To Him my chearful praise I'll sing,
To Him my Songs, and Trophies bring,
For though I have the Victory,
'Twas He alone who gain'd it for me, and not I.

U 3

Psalm

Psalm LV.

Exaudi Deus Orationem, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
David.*

Lord, to my Prayer incline Thine ear,
 And turn not that, nor Thy bright Face away !
 Behold the mis'ries, which I bear,
 When those, who are its guards, my Crown betray :
 In my destruction they rejoyce,
 Their wrath on me, to Heav'n have sent their noise,
 May mine be heard above the tumults of their voice.

II.

Seis'd by this fright, my heart do's quake,
 And all the terrors of the grave appear ;
 Hope, and my Trust their holds forsake,
 And yield the fortress to usurping Fear :
 Around I look, but in mine eye
 Only despair, and grisly horror ly,
 And none but Heav'ns great road is clear, if I could fly.

III.

And then I wish, that I had wings,
 And like a Dove could 'scape, and be at rest,
 Beyond the Cares, which trouble Kings,
 And have that ease they find not, in my breast ;
 How to the Woods then would I fly,
 And as I there secure, and hidden ly,
 See unconcern'd the Winds, and Thunders marching by.

IV.

Divide their Counsels with their tongues ;
 Theirs, who Thy City fill with violence,
 And publish on its Walls the wrongs,
 Not which they bear, but do just Innocence :

Both

Both night and day they it surround,
Murders, and Rapes in every street are found, (found.
And with th' Oppressors mixt cries of the Oppress'd re-

V.

Had all this by an Enemy,
Or one, who only hated me, been done,
I could have born it, and desie
The Treason, when the Traytor once is known :
My force to his I would oppose,
And to decide our right in battle close,
Or had he been too strong, have fled, and Umpires chose.

VI.

But it was Thou, my Friend, my Guide,
The happy Partner of my Cares, and Throne,
In whose breast I could safely hide
Those secrets I scarce trusted in my own ;
Who with me to Gods House would go,
And Zeal for that, which I most honour'd show,
And like my self, but better, all my thoughts did know.

VII.

But may he now no journey go,
But what's to Hell, and by no hand be staid,
Let Sin, which fills his dwelling now,
His bones, and heart with thousand plagues invade
For God himself shall guide my Way,
To Him at morning, noon, and night I'll pray,
And He shall hear me, when I thus crown every day.

VIII.

'Twas He preserv'd my Soul in Peace,
And gave those Wars, which threatned it, an end ;
Made the shrill noise of Trumpets cease,
And unexpected aids was pleas'd to send :
He still shall hear me, and once more

Make bare His Arm, and shew His mighty Power,
Who is the same to save now, that He was before.

I X.

But Him they fear not, and miscall
Their Treasons, when they prosper, Loyalty ;
No cross event did ever fall,
Which might the Justice of their Cause deny :
And then afresh they Cov'nants make,
And their Allegiance for new Oaths forsake,
Which they with caution, only during pleasure, take.

X.

Murder, and Rapes, Revenge, and War,
Rebellion, and Injustice rage within ;
Though smooth as Oyle their Speeches are,
And like that us'd, to make the Razer keen ;
But, Soul, on God Thy burden cast,
Only believe, and make not too much hast,
He, who protects Thee Now, will Victory give at last.

X I.

God will the Righteous Man defend,
But down to Hell in wrath the Wicked throw ;
Blood, and Deceit shall haste his end,
And clear the way, which he to death shall go :
His dayes shall evil be, and few,
And as they with his crimes to ripeness grew,
Both shall together fall : He said it, who is True.

Psalm LVI.

Miserere mei Deus quoniam, &c.

I.

Mercy, my God, on me Thy Mercy show !
And if thy pleasure do's, my need sayes, Now.
Now, when my Foe is ready to devour,
Threatning to do it every hour,
And grows in malice, as he do's in Pow'r.

*A Psalm of
David,
When the
Philistims
took him in
Gath.*

II.

To swallow up my Soul they ready are,
And gape to do it, but I am Thy Care ;
They needs must many be, O Thou Most High,
When I have no place where to fly,
But from one to another Enemy.

III.

But when I fear, Thou shalt my Refuge be,
That fear shall give me wings to mount to Thee ;
On Thee I'll trust, until my Titles try'd,
Resolving ne're to be deny'd,
Till Thou, who gav'st it me, my Right decide.

IV.

On Gods Almighty Word, will I depend ;
On God I'll trust, who certain help will send :
There will I rest, and if my God but smile,
Or He these doubts will reconcile,
Or make me scorn, what Flesh can do the while.

Versus.

V.

Me and my words to wrest they never cease,
And make them most offend, when meant to please :
Their thoughts for evil are against me set,

And when they are in Counsel met,
Contrive how by my fall they may be great.

VI.

Shall they escape unpunish't in their wayes,
And in Prosperity spend all their dayes?
Lord, in Thine Anger let them be o'rethrown,
Thou need'st but only on them frown,
Lower than me, that look will cast them down!

VII.

Thou all my wand'rings, every pace do'st know,
And not'st how many steps I from Thee go;
See'st my tears too, what they were shed about,
And in thy bottle they are put,
Whence, with a Sponge, what's in Thy Book blot out!

VIII.

When to my God in my distress I cry,
My very Prayers make all mine Enemies fly;
My sighs shall backwards turn them, in the Rear
They shall a greater Enemy fear,
And in that still voice know that God draws near.

IX.

Versus.

On Gods Almighty Word I will depend,
On God I'll trust, who certain help will send:
There I will rest, and if my God but smile,
Either these doubts he'll reconcile,
Or make me scorn, what Flesh can do the while.

X.

Thy Vows are on me, and I'll give Thee praise,
The Field is Thine, and Thine shall be the Bayes:
Thou hast preserv'd my Soul, wilt Thou not bless,
My sliding feet with steadiness?
The greater's done, and wilt not do the less?

Psalm LVII.

Miserere mei Deus, miserere, &c.

I.

O Thou on whom my Soul for help relies,
 Let my distress find pity in Thine eyes!
 Thou art my Trust, on Thee I stay,
 Under Thy Wings, let me conceal'd abide,
 And till these storms are past, me hide
 Under their shade, else on them let me fly away!

*A Psalm of
 David,
 When he
 fled from
 Saul in the
 Cave.*

II.

To my great Saviour, who above do's reign,
 Whose Mighty Power do's me, and All sustain,
 To Him I'll cry, who down shall send
 From Heav'n, and save me by His own right hand
 From those, who Him, and me withstand;
 His Truth shall slay them, and His Mercy me defend.

III.

Among fierce Lions, Lord, hid in their den,
 With beasts more fierce than Lions, Cruel Men,
 Whose teeth be arrows, and sharp Spears,
 Their tongue a two edg'd Sword, their eyes all fire,
 As if in this they did conspire,
 By several Torments, to create me several fears:

IV.

With these I live, among these men I lye,
 And hardly for my thoughts gain liberty.
 Above the Clouds exalted be

Versus.

Lord, set Thy glory far above the Skies;
 And though so high I cannot rise,
 From Heav'n do Thou descend, when I look up to Thee.

V.

I could not scape, they had so girt me round,
 My very Soul lay prostrate on the ground;
 But, as I look'd, I saw them fall,
 And though for me they had prepar'd the net,
 That I might stumble, digg'd the pit,
 Into that pit they fell themselves, their snare and all.

V I.

I am resolv'd, nor will I any more
 Distrust my God, as I have done before;
 No, I will praise Him, and my heart,
 Which ha's so oft betray'd me into fear,
 Its burden in the Song shall bear,
 And when my Harp begins, shall take the highest part.

V I I.

Awake, my Harp, 'tis time for thee to wake,
 Prevent the day, and thy great subject take;
 Put all thy strings on, shew thy skill,
 God, and my Soul are ready, be not slow,
 For if we should before thee go, (Hill!
 Thy strings would never half way reach up Heav'n's High

V I I I.

We Come, O God, and with us up will raise
 High as Thy Love and Truth, to Heaven, Thy Praise;
 The World shall hear, what Thou hast done,
 How signally Thou hast appear'd for me,
 By Thy great Power hast set me free, (known,
 And for His Works praise Him, whose Name they have not

I X. Then

IX.

Then to the Clouds we will together fly,
And take new Wing to mount to the Most High;
Above the Clouds exalted be
Lord, set Thy glory far above the Skies;
And if so high We cannot rise,
Descend Thy self, and bear us up along with Thee!

Versus.

X₃

Psalm

Pſalm LVIII.

Si vere utiq; juſtitiam, &c.

I.

*A Pſalm of
David.*

ARE you, as by your place you ought to be,
 True Judges of the Poor man's wrong?
 Or rather do you not his ſuit prolong,
 And then bind o're, when you ſhould ſet him free?
 You would be thought both good, and juſt,
 And if not ſo, at leaſt Juſt though ſevere;
 But when you perſonate it moſt, (ſpare;
 Your mouth condemns that, which your heart would
 For when bribes hold the Scale, the lighteſt cauſe moſt
 (weight do's bear.

II.

The Wicked from the womb are gone aſtray,
 Their wand'rings with their life begun,
 And will no ſooner than their life be done,
 Nor ſeek they, what they know not, the right way:
 Under their tongues conceal'd, and cloſe,
 A deadlier poiſon than the Serpents lyes;
 Adders leſs cautiously expoſe
 Their ears to Charms, than they to hear the Wiſe,
 As deaf to Counſel, as they greedy are of flatteries.

III.

Break out the Lions teeth, nor let them more
 The Innocent ſo proudly tear!
 Let the young Lions, Lord, themſelves in fear,
 Not o're their prey, but torn with famine roar!
 And as the Sand, though kind Heav'n poures
 The like ſtreams there, as on the fruitful Plain,
 To Heav'n returns no thanks in flowers,
 But only as it falls, drinks up the rain,
 Like rain by Sand drunk up, let them be never rais'd again!

IV. When

IV.

When against me they throw their poyson'd darts,
And in their rage their bows do bend,
Or let them be too weak the shafts to send?
Or turn the Pykes into the Shooters hearts!
And as a Snail, which leaves behind
A silver film, along the way she pass'd,
But if you follow it you find
Both that, and her in slime conclude at last,
So let them perish, and from filthy slime, to Nothing wast!

V.

Like an Abortive, which ne're saw the Sun,
But dy'd, e're it had any birth,
Born only that it might be thrown to th' Earth,
Let their Race end, e're it be well begun!
E're briars with the thorn can close,
And in their clasping Arms each other take,
Which grew acquainted as they rose,
And only forc't by fire, their holds forsake,
Let their ends be as suddain, as those their embraces make!

VI.

The Just shall see't, and at the sight rejoyce,
And in their blood his Garments wash;
Without fear shall this Red Sea view, and pass,
And with such Acclamations raise his voice,
"Lo, for the Just what Crown remains!
"And what Reward God do's for Him provide;
"There is a King, who o're all reigns,
"And He with Justice shall each cause decide, (are try'd.
"By whose most Equal Laws judges themselves, and Thrones

Pſalm LIX.

Eripe me de inimicis meis Deus, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
David,
When Saul
ſent, and
they watcht
the houſe to
kill Him.*

Preſerve me, Lord, and by Thy hand o'rethrown,
Let them, who ſeek my ruine, find their own!
From envious Men my honour ſave,
And to the cruel make me not a prey!
I never cauſe of wrath, or malice gave;
That to entrap me thus, they ſnares ſhould lay,
And what for them I could have ſpent, my life, betray.

II.

Verſus.

Awake, my help, and to my aid come down,
To viſit, and deſtroy, Thou need'ſt but frown!
Spare none of them, my God, that they,
Like hungry Doggs which have no Carcaſs found,
At night may, diſappointed of their prey,
With howlings only fill the Streets around,
And ſee the blood they hunted for, in their own wound!

III.

Look, how they belch out poyſon, mortal Words,
And how one death attends their tongues, and ſwords!
“Yet who, ſay they, What God do's hear?
Even Thou, O Lord, who wilt their threats deride,
And having turn'd upon them their own fear,
In their deſtruction for my Life provide,
Who only on Thy ſtrength, and bounty have rely'd.

IV.

They ſhall prevent my wiſh, and let me ſee
It granted, e're my Prayers are made to Thee;
Yet at one blow deſtroy them not,
But let them wander, and feel how they dye;
Leaſt by my ſelf the Mercy be forgot,

And

And without Monument to touch mine eye,
A swift Oblivion follow a swift Victory.

V.

Let their own Lips, and pride their ruine be;
And take them in the toiles they laid for me!
Upon themselves their Curses turn,
And in Thy Wrath, my God, consume them all!
Under them may they see the Furnace burn,
Whil'st they in vain for help to Thee will call,
And from their heights into the flames but lower fall!

V I.

Then shall they know how far Thy Rule extends,
From Thy Throne Sion, to th'Earths utmost ends;
When they to shun the light, and day,
Like hungry Dogs, at midnight only found,
Beat up and down in vain to seize their prey,
With howlings filling all the streets around, (wound.
And have no blood but what they draw from their own

Versus.

V I I.

I the meanwhile will of Thy Power rehearse,
And call the Morning up to hear my Verse;
Of Thee I'll sing, who heretofore
For my defence appear'dst both great, and strong,
And for my safety hast new aids in store;
Nor shall Eternity it self seem long,
When all the while My Strength, and Saviour is my Song.

Psalm LX.

Deus repulisti nos, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of David.**To teach**When he**strove with**Aram Naharaim and**Aram Zobah, when**Joab return-**ed and smote**in the Vally**of Salt of**Edom.*

XII. M.

Lord, Thou hast smote us, turn'd Thy Face aside,
And all thy Mercies dost in fury hide ;Like us Our very Mountains quake,
Return, least We, and They together fall ;For if Thou com'st not to Our Call,
We shall Our Land, that its Foundations will forsake.

II.

Low as the Earth, press'd down with miseries,

As little hope is in our heart, as eyes ;

And though, O God, we still are Thine,

And only of the Cup Thou giv'st us, drink,

We cannot of Thy Cov'nant think,
Instead of help, astonishment is in the Wine.

III.

Low as we were, God did His Power display,

And in a moment chas'd our fears away ;

Under His Banner *Israel* went,

The Lord of Hosts did on their side appear,

And though their Troops encamp'd in fear,

The God, who led them out, deliv'rance to them sent.

IV.

God did it, that His Glory might be known,

And with what ease He could defend His Own ;

He bow'd His Ear, and heard my Cry,

His Promise past, and in it I rejoyce,

Gave me of all the World my Choice,

And on my Gods Almighty Promise I relye.

V.

Seckem is Mine, I will divide its Plain,
And o're the Vale of *Succoth* throw my Chain;
The Tribes of *Israel* shall obey,
Those, which lye furthest off, or nearer stand,
Shall yield themselves to my Command,
Shall serve, while *Judah* gives them Laws, and holds the sway.

VI.

Moab's my Wash-pot, and shall sue to be
A Vassall to my basest drudgery;
Philistia shall my Chariot meet,
Honour'd enough if she may bear that Yoke,
Proud *Edom* ha's so often broke;
And *Edom* shall submit her neck, and take my feet.

VII.

But who to *Edom* will direct my Course,
And entrance for me into *Bozra* force?
God shall direct me to the Town,
God, who of late ha's seem'd to disappear;
And when He comes, knowing He's there,
The Walls, to make Him way, shall open, or fall down.

VIII.

Help Us, O God, for we in vain implore
A Forraign Aid, which wants our succour more:
Thou art my help, through Thee my head
With Laurel shall be crown'd, and in my wayes,
Some Enemies neck the ground shall raise,
So that my feet shall triumph too, and on them tread.

Psalm LXI.

Exaudi Deus deprecationem, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
David.*

Hear me my Saviour, for to Thee I cry,
 And let Thy answer shew that Thou art nigh !
 Banish'd, forlorn, and under deep suspense,
 Lord, lead me to some higher Rock,
 Where I these straits may overlook,
 And though I come not thither, see Thy Temple thence !

II.

Thou hast my refuge been, Thy Strength my Tower,
 And in my weakness I have seen Thy Power ;
 And shall behold it still, and yet abide,
 For all this absence, on Thy Hill,
 And there my present Vows fulfill,
 Brought on those wings, under whose shadow now I hide.

III.

I'm confident, for Thou hast heard my Vows,
 And my experience speaks, but what it knows ;
 For to the Throne my way Thou first did'st show,
 To rule or 'e them, who fear Thy Name ;
 And since Thou alwayes art the same,
 Thou, who hast made Thy Servant King, wilt keep him so.

IV.

His Life Thou wilt prolong to many dayes,
 His Seed in th' Age to come, Thy name shall praise ;
 Preserve him, Lord, let Truth and Mercy be
 The chief Supporters of his Throne,
 By all the Graces waited on,
 That He may pay, as well as make His Vows to Thee !

Psalm LXII.

Nonne Deo subjecta erit, &c.

I.

ON God alone my Soul depends,
From Him do's my salvation come ;
Himself is the salvation, which He sends,
And for my Conquests His great Arm makes room ;
He is my Rock, and sure defence,
And all that I expect is thence ;
There I unmov'd shall stand, when tempests roar,
And Seas, which threaten me, are dash't against the shore.

*A Psalm of
David,*

Versus.

II.

How long then will you plots devise,
Against a Man, who is upright ?
Upon your selves shall fall your slanderous lyes,
And your own arms against you turn the fight.
By your own mischiefs, you shall fall,
Be like a great, but bowing wall,
Whose own weight, when too weak to stand, 'tis grown,
Do's but with greater violence help to bear it down.

III.

God ha's advanc'd me to the Throne,
Above the malice of their eye ;
Thence, if they could, they strive to pull me down,
And undermine, what out of shot do's lye :
Deceit, and gall is in their hearts,
And there they dip their poyson'd darts ;
Their hearts they think can by no eye be seen,
If once the Visor of base Flattery come between.

I V.

But Thou, my Soul, on God depend!
 From Him must Thy Salvation come,
 Himself is the Salvation, which He'll send,
 And for Thy Conquest His great arms make room:
 He is my Rock, and sure defence,
 And all that I expect is thence;
 There I unmov'd shall stand, when Tempests roar,
 And Seas, which threaten me, are dash'd against the shore.

Versus.

V.

In God is all my Hope, and Stay,
 The Rock of Ages is my Shield;
 By me, O World, to Him direct Thy way,
 And like Thy Guide, seek Him, who help can yield!
 He is Our Hope, when all means fail,
 And when none else, His hands prevail;
 The Poor want help, the Rich are but a Lye,
 And to be weigh'd, are lighter both than Vanity.

V I.

Then in Oppression never trust,
 Nor Riches though they be increas'd!
 They will deceive you, for they are but dust,
 And the worst Arms, though fondly judg'd the best:
 'Twas once spoke by th' Almighty's Words,
 I heard it twice, *All Power's* the Lords:
 Mercy, O God, do's also spring from Thee,
 And as each Mans Work is, so his reward shall be.

Psalm LXIII.

Deus, Deus meus, ad te, &c.

I.

Early my God, before 'tis Light,
And all the Stars are up, but that which makes the day,
Whil'ſt Heav'n alone with flames is bright,
And all below is hurl'd i'th ſable veil of night,
Which they can neither draw, nor take away;
Early I'll worſhip, and one glance from Thee,
E're 'tis with others day, ſhall make it noon with me.

*A Psalm of
David.
When he
was in the
Wilderneſſ of
Judah.*

II.

And as this dry, and thirſty land,
Where the ground ready to expire for want of rain,
Gaping, and out of breath do's ſtand,
And ſhews its very bowels ſhriv'led like its ſand,
And having drunk, gapes for more drink again,
The Wilderneſſ and I in this agree,
For as that thirſts for rain, ſo Lord, I thirſt for Thee.

III.

I thirſt Thy glorious power to ſee,
As I have ſeen it in Thy Temple heretofore;
When raviſh't with Thy love to me,
To dye I was content, could I but ſo love Thee,
And ſo to dye, this life would chooſe no more;
Theſe thoughts ſo high my fainting Spirit do raiſe,
That through my lips they force their way in ſongs of praiſe.

IV.

For this I'll bleſs Thee, and on high
To Thy Great Name ſend up my praiſes, whil'ſt I live;

For

For since at present I enjoy
 A mind content, it shall prepare for more supply,
 Though Thou at present only that do'st give;
 Even that shall bring my famish't Soul more good,
 Than what my Body ha's, from most delicious food.

V.

Marrow, and Fatness it shall be,
 And all the solid meats, which please, and feed the strong;
 For I shall come at last to Thee,
 Who art the Blessed End of all Felicity,
 And the best subject of my humble song:
 And on my bed, when I revolve Thy might,
 My Praises shall, instead of Watches, part the night.

VI.

Exil'd, distress'd, and wond'rous low,
 Under Thy wings secure I in my trouble lay;
 Since I so well their covert know,
 I'll follow hard, o'ertake, and never let Thee go,
 Unless on them Thou bear me too away;
 Then shall I be upheld by Thy Right hand,
 And on the empty Air, as on a Mountain stand.

VII.

Then shall my Enemies fall down,
 By their own swords, and hasting to th'untimely grave,
 Reap truly, what themselves have sown,
 And their vile Carcasses to Dogs, and Foxes thrown,
 Receive no better Burial than they gave;
 Such living Monuments, which shall decay,
 And be in other Beasts entomb'd as well as they.

VIII. But

VIII.

But I shall in my God rejoyce,
And as He reigns above, be stablish't in my Throne below;
For I am His, and He my Choice,
And as my heart now praises Him, so shall my voice;
And all who fear Him, and the Wonder know,
In joyous shouts, shall their long silence break,
Whil'st my Foes, burst with envy, want all power to speak.

Z

Pfalm

Psalm LXIV.

Exaudi Deus orationem, &c.

I.

A Psalm of David. **I** Ord to my voice incline Thine ear,
 And set me free from danger, and from fear!
 Hide me from those, who wicked plots devise,
 Are my profess'd, yet secret Enemies;
 Who whet their tongues, instead of Swords,
 And shoot for poyson'd arrows, bitter Words.

II.

They bend their bow, and out of sight,
 Watch how they unperceiv'd may wound th' Upright;
 At him they fearless shoot, and plot, the while,
 If this dispatch him not, what Engine will;
 "Through our disguise what man can see,
 Or how, say they, can we discover'd be?"

III.

No art they leave untry'd, but round
 Seek, and ne'r rest, till what they fought is found;
 Each ha's his several way, their heart's so deep,
 That each, though partners, their own counsel keep;
 And dare not one another trust,
 Though all in this agreed against the Just.

IV.

But God shall strike them with a dart,
 That shall divide between the thoughts, and heart;
 Both shall be wounded, both together fall,
 And their own tongues shall give like death to all:
 To spare their lives no man shall pray,
 But frighted at their ruine flee away.

V.

By their destruction all shall fear,
And dread the judgement, which they see so near ;
Shall think, and speak of what the Lord ha's done,
And joy in Him, whose Pow'r was thus made known ;
The Righteous in Him shall rejoyce,
And up to Heav'n in praises lift their voice.

Z₂

Psalm

Psalm LXV.

Te decet hymnus Deus!

I.

*A Psalm of
David.*

Praises for Thee in Sion, Lord, attend,
 Sion, the fairest Stage in Heav'ns great road,
 Whence thousand Praises daily do ascend,
 And come in troops to Thy Divine Abode;
 There I my vows will pay,
 And with the Convoy they find there, direct their Way.

II.

O Thou, who all times do'st th' afflicted hear,
 From the Worlds ends all Flesh shall come to Thee!
 My sins I know may justly stop Thine ear,
 And make a greater breach 'twixt Thee and me;
 But purge them, Lord, and I
 Shall never pray in vain, and Thou be alwayes nigh.

III.

Thrice happy man, on whom Thou wilt bestow,
 That Grace, which of a Slave, shall make him Thine;
 Thy Friend, who in Thy House Thy love shall know,
 And see Thy Glory as it there do's shine;
 When He shall to thee pray,
 Nor Thine own Face, nor his Prayers wilt Thou turn away.

IV.

By fearfull things in Truth, Lord, answer us,
 Who sav'st Thy People, and do'st take their part!
 And not theirs only, but propitious
 Th' Earths ends have found Thee, & their help Thou art:
 The Earths ends to Thee are near, (do'st hear.
 And on rough Seas, through storms and clouds, Thou prayers

V. God

V.

God by His strength the Mountains ha's set fast ;
Mountains, whose heads are rais'd above the Sky ;
His Word, not their Foundations, makes them last,
Though they as low, as the World's Center lye :
Their tops no storm can shake,
Yet at His presence, like the little Hills they quake.

VI.

The Sea, when up to Heav'n its billows swell,
As if it scorn'd in its old bounds to stay,
He with his girdle binds the mighty Well,
With charge the sandy Jaylor to obey ;
Who, when it heaves, and roars,
Its fury checks, and makes it keep within its shores.

VII.

And as tempestuous Seas His Word obey,
And at His lowder Call their voice hold still,
The People, a more troub'lous Sea than they,
In all their tumults hearken to His Will ;
His Thunder makes them fear,
And those, who get most off, yet think they are too near.

VIII.

From the bright East Thou mak'st Thy Sun to go,
Before him creeps in Chains the Captive night ;
And in the West, when he from us draws low,
'Tis but to spread his Conquests, with his Light :
And till he comes again,
Bids the Moon fill his place, and in his stead to reign.

IX.

Thou visitest the Earth, and giv'st it rain,
Of Thy rich blessing it do's freely spend ;
The Earth returns its thanks to Heav'n again,
In flowers, which thither their sweet Odours send,

As Customs, which they pay
To Thy dread Throne, who dost their Mothers heat allay.

X.

The Flood of God, whose Spring-head's in the clouds,
When on the weary ground it showers distills,
The softned ridge unto its furrow crowds,
And all it's clots the quick'ning moysture fills;
Thou by degrees dost bring
The Tillage on, and Harvest to succeed the Spring.

XI.

Plenty with every shower from Heav'n pours down;
The Earth do's by thy constant bounty grow;
Thy goodness do's the year with blessings crown,
And all Thy steps drop fatness where they go:
Thy on the Deserts drop,
Whose parched Sands drink deep, of Thy o'reflowing Cup.

XII.

The little Hills drink deep, and look more fair,
The Valleys pledge, till they can drink no more;
The Shepherds, and their flocks both merry are,
And all the Plains with Corn are cover'd o're:
With peace, and fruits abound,
And make the distant Mountains with their Songs resound.

Psalm LXVI.

Jubilate Deo omnis terra, &c.

I.

Rejoyce, O World, and to Thy God sing praise!
Let Seas, and Illes, and Lands His Name resound;
Together with His Sun your voices raise,
And in Eternal Jubilees go round!
For if that rise His mighty Power to show,
Much more should you, on whom it shines do so.

*A Psalm or
Song.*

Versus.

II.

Say to the Lord, "How mighty is Thy Power,
"Which even Thy Enemies must unforc't confess?
"To th'Earth they bow themselves, and would fall lower,
"But that instead Thou tak'st this poor address:
"Th'Earth shall worship Thee, and their loud fame,
"Shall fill her Trumpet only with Thy Name.

III.

See what He did to raise it, how His hand
At once declar'd Him Terrible, and Good!
When raging Seas were turn'd to firm dry land,
And *Israel* past through th' admiring Flood;
Then 'twas we view'd, and trod His secret Wayes,
And roaring Deeps stood list'ning to His Praise.

IV.

He rules o're all, Him Heav'n, and Earth obey,
The Univerfall and Eternall King;
His eyes the Wicked, and the Good survey,
And under chains His Hand the Proud do's bring:
Raise not Thy self too high proud dust, for fear
The Wind which fills, thy sayles should overbear.

V.

Versus.

Rejoyce ye Nations, and to God sing praise !
 Let Seas, and Isles, and Lands his Name resound ;
 Together with His Sun your voices raise,
 And in Eternal Jubilees go round !
 For He from falls our sliding feet do's save,
 And with new Life returns us from the grave.

VI.

Like Silver in the Furnace, we were try'd,
 And felt unusual flames rage all about,
 But thence, as Silver, thoroughly purify'd,
 We only left our dross, when we came out ;
 The purer metall had no base alloy,
 And all our griefs made way for greater joy.

VII.

Low were we brought, the net upon us cast,
 And on our loyns prodigious weights were laid ;
 Through Water tryal, and through fire we past,
 And a derision to our foes were made :
 But He, who there upheld us by His hand,
 Brought us Himself, at last, to th' promis'd Land.

VIII.

With praises to Thy House, my King, I'll go,
 And make my thanks in clouds of Incense rise ;
 There solemnly I'll pay the willing Vow,
 Which my lips off' red in my Miseries :
 Bulls, and Rams I'll on Thy Altar lay,
 And thence with Flames renew the Wasted day.

IX.

You, who have known th' Almighty Love, draw near,
 And to my Speech your ready minds incline ;
 Attend to that just witness, which I bear,
 And to your own experiences take Mine !

"When I in sighs to God my voyce did raise,
"And pray'd in groans, He turn'd them into praise.

X.

Had I kept some reserve within my Heart,
In hope to hide it, He had stop't His Ear;
But I unbowel'd my most secret part,
And then He did not only see, but hear;
Praise Him, who thus His glory did display,
Nor turn'd His own Face, nor my Prayers away!

A a

Psalm

Psalm LXVII.

Deus misereatur nostri, &c.

I.

*A Psalm or
Song.*

SAve us O God, and Thy poor Servants blefs!
Thy Goodness and Thy Pow'r declare!

In Mercy help us, in Our great distress,
And We no more will doubt Thy Love or Care!

Versiculus.

Let through the World Thy Mighty Name be known,
And what We praise, may the whole Earth with Rev'rence
(own!

II.

Rejoyce, ye Nations, for your **G**od is here,
Who by His Wisdom rules o're all!

The Kings, and Kingdoms governs, and that fear
They strike in you, He makes on them to fall:

Versiculus.

Let through the World His Mighty Name be known,
And what we praise, may the whole Earth with Rev'rence
(own!

III.

Then shall the Lord our Land both save and blefs,
His Goodness, and His Power declare;

And then Our fields shall give their full increase,
And with His blessing look more gay and faire:

Versiculus.

The Lord shall blefs us, and His Name make known,
And what We praise, the whole Earth shall with Rev'rence
(own!

Psalm LXVIII.

Exurgat Deus, & dissipentur, &c.

I.

Great Leader of the Sacred Hosts, arise,
 And scatt'ring Thy Proud Enemies,
 Encrease Our Triumphs with Thy Victories !
 Let those, who hate Thy Name, before it flye,
 Like Clouds of Smoke, chas'd by the Wind,
 Which vanish as they mount on high,
 And undistinguish't from the Common Skie,
 No more in strange Fantastick figures lye,
 But without mark, to know them by,
 Leave not the smallest stain behind,
 That in the air, one may their empty traces find :
 Let their destruction suddain be,
 Sooner than Wax do's melt,
 When once the flames are felt,
 And in Thine eye may they the fire, which burns them see !
 But let the Righteous in Thy Pow'r rejoyce,
 With Flutes, and Trumpets make a cheerful noise,
 And the whole Confort joyn, and perfect with their voice !

*A Psalm of
 David.*

II.

Make God your Song, Ye Just, and from His Wayes,
 Which are in Heav'n, take theam your Verse to raise !
 In Heav'n, where He in glory rides,
 And with His rein the Winds, which bear them guides,
 And by His Name *Jehovah* celebrate His Praise !
 Above He rules, but His great Pow'r extends
 To what foe're is done below,
 The Cares of all His Creatures He do's know,
 And visits the wide Earth's extreme ends :
 Is a kind Father to the Fatherless,
 The Widdows Counsell, and do's bless
 Desparing Nuptials with a large increase ;

Making dead Wombs His voice to hear,
 And her, that barren was, a numerous seed to bear :
 And when to Him poor Captives cry,
 Their tears move pity in His eye ;
 And with His Arm He gives them Liberty ;
 Again returns them to their Land,
 Made fruitful by His plenteous rain,
 When on the Proud, He throws the Chain,
 And turns their Pastures to a dry, and barren Sand.

III.

Lord, when Thou through the Wilderness did'st go,
 And their great Journeys to thy *Israel* show, (Cloud below,
 And, though Thou fill'dst the Heav'ns, confin'd'st Thy self to a
Sinai did at Thy Presence quake,
 The Rocks bow'd down, and the whole Earth did shake,
 And stubborn *Israel* in their horrors did partake ;
 Thou thundred'st, and to own Thy Power,
 The Heav'ns let fall a mighty shower,
 With whose cool drops Thou did'st restore
 The fully'd beauties of the shriv'led Earth,
 Giving its fruits, and flowers new birth,
 And made'st it fairer, than it was before :
 The desert with Thy blessing did abound,
 New streams refresh't the weary ground,
 And *Jacob* there a safe retreat from bondage found.

There He securely dwelt,
 And all th' effects of mighty goodness felt :
 There for His poor Thou did'st prepare,
 And of His Armies took'st the care,
 Still guiding them by Thine own hand, (mis'd Land.
 Till by safe Conduct Thou hadst brought them to th' Pro-

IV.

Before the Camp God march't, and Victory
 Follow'd Him close, in view of all,
 Our Wives, who saw the Enemy fall,
 To meet our triumphs laid their distaffs by,

And

And took the Cymbal, and the Lute,
 And sang to them that praise we shouted to the Flute.
 They sang of Armies, and of Kings,
 How soon their troops were put to flight,
 E're they had well resolv'd to fight,
 With all the Mirth, which certain conquest brings :
 Now God abroad did overcome,
 And they divided the rich spoil at home ;
 And though amongst the Pots they long had lain,
 Condemn'd to Brickkilns, and the Mine,
 How all the flames did but their Oar refine,
 And made them with more Lustre shine,
 When all their former beauties it had first restor'd again.
 Like spotless Doves in their most glorious flight,
 Reflecting from their wings the tremb'ling light,
 In thousand colours, which the eye both dazle, and invite.

V.

And so look'd *Palestine*, when th' Heathen fell,
 And spoils of Kings were scar'ed there ;
 The Land, which was before as dark as Hell,
 Receiv'd fresh verdure, and became with Trophies fair :
 On high its head did bear,
 As if with snowy Salmon, 'twould compare :
Bajan's high Hill God did with blessings crown,
 And on it show'rd such plenty down,
 One would have thought that God had chose it for His own.
 But hold, O Hill, raise not Thy self too high,
 For *Sion* yet shall o're Thee reign,
 With Her compar'd, Thou must fall down again,
 And flat as Thine own Vallies lye ;
 For God in *Sion* to reside intends,
 There must His House, and Altar be ;
 His dwelling place to all Eternity,
 And the whole World to Her shall bow,
 And yield their necks as well as Thou ;
 To *Sion*, whose Vast sway all bounds transcends,
 Beyond the boundless space, where furthest Nature ends.

VI.

On Her th'Eternal will erect His Throne,
 God, whom the Powers of Heav'n, and Earth obey,
 At whose dread Presence *Sinai* fled away,
 When thither He to *Israel*, all in fire, came down.
 Smoke and thick Light'ning did the mountain bound,
 With twenty thousand flaming Chariots girt around,
 The Guard Divine, whose wheels in Thunder did resound.
 And when He thence arose, and up on high
 Ascended with His glorious trains,
 He led Captivity in Chains,
 And gifts on men bestow'd, as well as liberty :
 To Traytors pardon granted, and a Land,
 Which was the purchase of His Own right hand ;
 And if no more they would rebel,
 With promise there to make His Court, and ever dwell.
 To Him alone be all the Praise,
 Who thus His Name, and Us can raise,
 And with ten thousand Blessings crowns Our days !

VII.

'Tis He, who saves Us, and to Him belong
 The keys of th'Adamantine Gates of Death :
 He opens, and none shuts, gives, and recalls Our breath,
 Whose Name is, *Our Salvation*, *Great* and *Strong* :
 Who will the Wicked tumble to the ground,
 And make His Soul a passage through His Wound.
 But to His People says "I will again
 "Repeat the Wonders, which I heretofore have shown ;
 "And greater do, than e're I yet have done,
 "On *Basin* get my self a Name,
 "Bow down His neck, and raise in Mounts the liquid Plain :
 "The Sea once more divide, to make you way,
 "Now truly Red with purple streams, which flow,
 "From your fierce En'mies veins, and my great blow,
 "That Sea, as well as *Egypt's*, trembling shall obey,
 "And there you shall securely pass,
 "And there your feet, and garments wash ;
 "Your

"Your very dogs shall drink the blood, (Flood.
"And gorg'd, with humane flesh, shall sport alone the scarlet

VIII.

And so they did, and then Thy paths, O God, were seen,
And all Thy goings, nothing came between;
How Thou didst both their way, and Armies lead,
Before the Singers went, and then the Flutes,
The Maidens follow'd with their Lutes,
And fearful Women heard shrill Trumpets without dread.
"Bless ye, said they, the Mighty God!
"Ye streams, which from Old *Jacob's* spring proceed,
"The Faithfull *Jacob's* happy seed,
"And with you stablish His Divine Abode!
"Let little *Benjamin* be there, and there
"The Governours of *Judah*, fam'd for War,
"Whil'st Learned *Naphtali*, and *Zabulon*
"For the great day, and solemn pomp, compose a Song,
"And with their Numbers all the Tribes conduct along!
"Let God Himself new strength command,
"And since He ha's such wonders done,
"Perfect what is so well begun,
"And as we all before His Temple stand,
"Those heads, which he ha's sav'd, exalt with His own hand!

IX.

There, Lord, Our spoils to Thee We'll consecrate,
And Princes thither shall their Tribute bring;
And swear Alleg'ance to Thee as their King,
Thy Peace, and Friendship supplicate,
And on their knees receive new Titles to their State;
Those who refuse, and think their Pow'r so great,
That it or can resist, or vye with Thine,
And Heav'n with open blasphemies dare threat,
Against their Spears, Lord, make Thy Light'ning shine,
And or o'rethrow, or force them to a base retreat!
And to those roaring Bulls presumptuous noise, (voice!
And bleating of their Calves, oppose the Thunder of Thy
Till

Till they for pardon sue, and all submit,
 And as Thou on Thy Throne do'st sit,
 Their necks and girts lay humbly at Thy Feet!
 Till *Ægypt*, and the *Lybian* Nations come,
 And leaving all the Gods they had at home,
 In *Sion* only seek the True, and Holy One!

X.

Praise Him all Kingdoms, and all Lands,
 That God, who ha's in Heav'n set fast His Throne,
 And all its Armies with His voice commands,
 And makes them trembling His Dominion own!
 His Mighty Voice abroad He sends,
 That Voice, which tallest Cedars rends,
 And makes His Thunder heard, to th' Worlds utmost ends!
 Wisdom, and Strength, and Majesty,
 To *Israels* Strength and Wisdom give,
 Honour, and Praise to the Most High,
 And endless Rule to Him, who doth for ever Live!
 To Thee, O God most Worthy to be prais'd,
 And in Thy Temple to be fear'd of all;
 Who *Jacob* from the dust hast rais'd,
 And so uphold'st, that He shall never fall:
 Whose Sacred, and Eternal Name,
 That for Him conquer'd thus, thus overcame,
 Can only sounded be by an Immortal Fame.

Psalm LXIX.

Saluum me fac Deus quoniam, &c.

I.

SAve me, O God, for thousand billows roul,
And mighty Floods come tumb'ling o're my Soul :
Th' unstable Wave, no certain footing yields,
And when within my depth I reach the ground,
The Quick-sands draw, and in those wat'ry fields,
Where Mounts of Seas are cast up, there's no standing found.

A Psalm of David.

Versus.

II.

So tir'd I am that I no more can cry,
My Throat i'th' midst of all these Seas is dry;
My eyes, and heart with expectation fail,
Whil'st all around I am with foes beset,
Which daily grow, and as they grow prevail, (great.
More numerous than my hairs, like their own Numbers

III.

Uninjur'd, Lord, they are my Enemies,
And causlesly for my destruction rise ;
For though from them I never ought did take,
And what I had, was all my own before,
For wrongs ne're done, I satisfaction make,
And, as a thief convict, they force me to restore.

IV.

All this Thou know'st, For what is hid from Thee,
Who dost my secret Sins and Follies see ?
But with them too my Innocence is known ;
For my sake then let those receive no shame,
Who have beside the guards, which are their own,
(A guiltless mind) for their defence Thy Mighty Name !

V.

'Tis true, for that Affection, which I've born
To Thee, I'm made my self the Common scorn;
My Brethren as a stranger on me look,
And though one blood alike fills all Our veins,
And all our streams we from one Fountain took,
Like streams divided once, we never meet again.

VI.

Yet neither this shall make me from Thee turn,
But in a Sacred Flame my Zeal shall burn:
I'll slight the Scorns, which they have on me thrown,
Though all the tempest break upon my head,
And in a thousand deaths comes pouring down,
For 'tis no more than what against Thee first was said.

VII.

I wept, and with an holy Discipline
Chast'ned that Soul, which abstinence did pine;
In mournful Sackcloth did my beauties hide,
Which from reproach could not secure me long,
But those, who saw it did my grief deride,
I was the Aged's By-word, and the Drunkard's Song.

VIII.

But all the while to Thee I made my Prayers,
Which even then found admittance to Thine Ears:
Lord, as Thou heard'st me then, defend me now!
Now, for Thy Mercy sake deliver me,
Thou could'st not in a fitter time bestow
Thy Favours, nor could they, I think, more welcome be!

IX.

Save me, My God, for thousand billows roul,
And mighty Floods come tumb'ling o're my Soul;
Th' unstable Wave no certain footing yields,
And, where within my depth I touch the ground,

The

The Quicksands draw, and in those wat'ry fields,
Where Mounts of Seas are cast up, there's no standing found.

X.

From my insulting Foes deliver me,
Who worse than all these Floods and Quick-sands be !
Let not their Waves my shipwrack't Soul o'reflow,
Nor in their deep Abyss convey me down ;
Let not the silent grave Thy anger show,
Nor shut me up, where Thy great Name's unknown !

XI.

But for Thy mercy sake incline Thine ear,
And Thine own Pitty, and compassions hear !
Hear me betimes, nor from Thy servant hide
Thy glorious sight, or take Thy hand away,
But save Thou Him from his Oppressors pride,
Who know't them all, and all the snares they for him lay.

XII.

Reproach and shame have torn my very heart,
When none of all that saw me took my Part ;
For some kind soul I look'd, but all in vain,
No Comforter, or pitty could be found ;
But such, who striving to encrease my pain,
Gall with my meat, my drink with Vinegar compound.

XIII.

May their own table, Lord, be made a snare !
A trap their dainty and luxurious fare !
With constant tremb'ling make their loins to shake !
And let them see no more the joyful light,
But may Thy wrath sure vengeance on them take,
And close attended be with an Eternal night !

XIV.

Let utter desolation on them seize !
And savage beasts defile their Palaces !

No more for men let them possessions be,
 But dark repairs of Solitude and fears;
 For as if all, which I had born from Thee,
 Was not enough, to Thy sharp stroke they added theirs.

XV.

Let in repeated Sin their age be spent!
 And make their crime become their punishment!
 Let them th' effects of Mercy never feel!
 But in Thy Book draw o're their Names a blot!
 And when they suddenly descend to Hell,
 Let their Memorial by the Righteous be forgot!

XVI.

But I am poor, my God, and prostrate lye,
 By Thy Salvation to be rear'd on high:
 That in my Songs I may Thy Name reherse,
 And up to Heav'n in grateful Anthems rise;
 To Thee, who dost more kindly take a Verse,
 Than a young Bullocks blood, or horn-hoof'd Sacrifice.

XVII.

The humble shall behold it, and rejoyce;
 To Thee incline their hearts, and raise their voice:
 For to the Poor God do's bend down His Ear,
 And their requests nor slights, nor disregards,
 But when to Him they cry, He stoops to hear,
 And to His Pris'ners gives both freedom, and rewards.

XVIII.

Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Sea to God sing praise!
 And Angels on their Wings His honour raise!
 For He will *Sion* save, her walls rebuild,
 And *Israel* to their Land again restore;
 The wasted Cities shall with Men be fill'd,
 Confirm'd with Charters to their Seed for evermore!

Psalm LXX.

Deus in adiutorium meum, &c.

I.

MY God, why do's my God thus ever stay,
And to my rescue make no hast?
My Trouble calls Thee now away,
Let not my help be slow, when that comes on so fast!

*A Psalm of
David,
To bring to
Remem-
brance.
Versus.*

II.

Now come, and with Thy Presence, Lord, confound
My proud and cruel Enemy:
Level his greatness with the ground,
And when he surely thought to conquer, make him fly!

III.

Let him be backward forc't, and for the scorn,
He in his malice threw on me,
Let on his head that scorn return,
And be Himself as low, as he wish't I should be!

IV.

Whil'st those, who in th'Almighties succours trust,
In Thee, who their Salvation art,
Rejoyce, because their God is just,
And have their mouths as full of praises, as their heart.

V.

May I, my God, one of that Number be;
For though I am at present low,
Thou know'st I still belong to Thee,
And only for my sins till they are purg'd am so.

VI.

Help me, my God, O do not ever stay,

But to my rescue come at last !

Versus.

My troubles call Thee now away,

Let not my help be slow, when they come in so fast !



Another

Another Version of the same, by *M. M. B.*

I.

A Lmighty God, whose Pow'r is infinite,
Who with a Word did'st all things make; (quake,
So great, that when Thou speak'st, the Mountains
Let my deliverance also shew Thy might,
And by its certain speed make that appear more bright !

II.

The Proud, when he is from his greatness thrown,
And do's with shame, and horror find
Nothing of all his glory left behind,
Who when Thou, Lord, in wrath do'st on him frown,
His very Soul is with the heavy weight press'd down :

III.

Make his the Portion of my Enemies,
(Who in their cursed rage contrive
To slay my Soul, when Thou would'st have it live)
That they may see by this their sad surprize,
It was not only me, but Thee they did despise !

IV.

Let those, who with my hurt, and would rejoyce,
As senseless of my misery,
Be like to conquer'd troops, which scatt' red fly,
And with confusion tremble at the noise,
That's rais'd by their own fear, and mighty Enemies voice !

V.

For a reward let such be driven away ;
And quite astonish'd, may they find
No hopes of comfort to relieve their mind,
Who at my griefs in sport triumphing say,
" This is as we would have it be, Aha ! Aha !

VI. But

VI.

But on Thy People make Thy Face to shine !
Let them from fears be alwayes free,
(Except it be fears of offending Thee)
The sacred Flame their heart shall so refine,
That now their joy shall only be that they are Thine !

VII.

Such as to Thy Salvation burn in love,
Let them perpetual praises sing !
And with rejoycing this their Off'ring bring,
With such Expressions let them forward move,
“ Our God be magnify'd on Earth, and Heav'n above !

VIII.

But I am poor, and needy, much distress'd ;
Wherefore, O Lord, make haste to me !
For all the Springs of Mercy are in Thee ;
And can I want, while I upon Thee rest,
Whose Word alone commands deliv'rance to th'Opprest ?

IX.

Thou, in whom all my confidence do's lye,
My help and hope in my distress,
Let not my Misery make Thy Pow'r be less !
On Thee I wait, to Thee, O God, I fly,
Make haste, and be Thou on the Wing as well as I !

Psalm LXXI.

In te Domine speravi non confundar ! &c.

I.

THou art my hope, O God, in whom I trust,
Let not my Confidence procure me shame ;
But save me in Thy Truth, for Thou art Just,
And in my great escape consult Thy Name,
Lest those, who know Thee not, its care should blame !
To my Complaints, and cries incline Thine Ear,
And by Thy Help make me assur'd that Thou dost hear !

II.

Be Thou my Rock, where till the Storm is past,
Above the Floods I may securely stand !
Thy promis'd aids for me send out at last,
Who art my Rock at Sea, my Fort at Land,
And by Thine save me from my Enemies hand !
The bloody hands of fierce and cruel Men,
And all their shafts on their own heads return again !

III.

For Thou, O Lord, my ancient hope hast been,
And from my youth I have Thy Mercies known ;
Thy Power was in my first conception seen,
When from the Womb Thou did'st Thy Servant own ;
And thence He into Thy great arms was thrown.
Praise is the least that I can offer Thee
For all the care, which then, and since Thou took'st of me.

IV.

But, Lord, despis'd I'm made the scorn of all,
A greater Wonder Now than heretofore ;
Yet still Thou art my God, on whom I call,
My Magazcen, where's laid up all my store :
Nor till Thou sav'st me, will I give Thee o're :

And then my Song shall glory in Thy Praise,
And I'll both honour, and admire Thee all my dayes.

V.

Now that I'm Old, my God, and feeble grown,
And both my eyes, and strength together fail,
Leave me not now, by them to be o'rethrown,
Who with continuall plots my life assail,
And or to dye resolve, or to prevail!
Who say, "We'll fight, o'recome, pursue, and take,
"And him, whom God ha's left, Our Slave & Captive make.

VI.

Thou, who all this, and more then this dost hear,
Make haste to help me, and no longer stay!
Let those, who thought Thee farr off, find Thee near,
When in consuming flames they melt away,
And to Eternal Wrath are made a prey!
Let shame, Reproach and Scorn their Portion be,
And all the snares their malice had design'd for me!

VII.

Then to Thy Name I'll make new Songs of Praise,
By this experience taught to doubt no more;
Recount of Thy great Wonders all my dayes,
And of Thy Righteous Mercies, boundless store,
Which I sufficiently can ne'r adore:
By Thine own Power, I'll of Thy Power rehearse,
And make Thy Righteousness the subject of my Verse.

VIII.

Thou from my Infancy hast made me see
Thy Wond'rous Works, which I abroad have shown,
Now that I'm Old continue them to me,
That I may perfect what I have begun,
And tell Posterity, what Thou hast done!
How great Thy Bounty is, How great Thy Love, (above!
Like whom there's none below, like whom there's none
IX. Great,

IX.

Great, and fore troubles, for Thy hand I've born;
But know Thou wilt restore my joyes again:
And when from death Thou shalt my Soul return,
Thy Comforts shall exceed my present pain,
And on my Throne I shall be fixt again;
Shall to my Harp of all Thy Favours sing,
Who art the Holy God, my Hope, and *Israel's* King.

X.

The joy that's in my heart, my mouth shall speak,
And all my Life be one continu'd Song;
My Soul, whose wringing fetters Thou did'st break,
Shall find, or make its passage by my tongue,
And think no time for Thy great praise too long:
For Thou to th'Earth my Enemies hast thrown,
And in Thy Wrath on them, Thy Care of me made known.

Cc2

Psalm

Psalm LXXII.

*Deus Judicium tuum Regi, &c.**A Psalm for
Solomon.*

I.

Great God, Thy Judgements to Our Sovereign give,
 And let His Throne like Thine abide!
 May the Young Prince before Thee live,
 And on His Enemies necks in Triumph ride!
 Put on His head Thy Righteous Crown,
 And to His Fathers glories add Thy own!

II.

Then shall He judge the People, and dispense
 That Justice, which He has receiv'd;
 To Him the Poor shall look, and thence
 Have both their miseries pitt'y'd, and reliev'd;
 The Needys Cause He shall maintain,
 And on their Enemies turn their wrongs again!

III.

So shall the barren Cliffs with shouts resound,
 And all the little Hills rejoyce;
 The Valleys from the lower ground,
 Shall thence receive the Image of the Voice;
 Sweet Peace on every Hill shall raign,
 And Justice once more guide the humble Plain.

IV.

Whilst time can measure it, His Rule shall last,
 And when even that shall be no more;
 When Time it self' expir'd is cast
 T' th' Urn, that had all dust but his before,
 No Ages left to count it by,
 It shall be measur'd by Eternity.

V.

And as soft rains on the mow'd grafs come down,
 And give the Meads a second Spring;
 As show'rs are to a Land new sown,
 Which swell the Seed, and help it forth to bring,
 Making the Fields all fresh and gay,
 Such shall his Gover'nment do, but more than they.

VI.

Peace, and Her fruits shall prosper in His dayes,
 And under His Auspicious Raign,
 The Palm shall flourish, and the Bayes,
 And Justice to the Earth return'd again,
 To Heav'n no more be forc't to go,
 But with Him keep Her Residence below.

VII.

His far stretch'd sway Nature alone can bound,
 Which shall from Sea to Sea extend,
 As far as there is any ground,
 And only where the World finds her's, have end:
 Then up to Heav'n His Fame shall fly,
 And fill the Mighty Circle of the Sky.

VIII.

Black *Ethiopia* at His Feet shall bow,
 Her neck, for Him to tread upon,
 Honour'd enough, if thus He show.
 Acceptance of the Footstool for His Throne;
 Down in the dust His Foes shall lye,
 With heads more low, than once their thoughts were high.

IX.

The Western Continent and farthest Isles,
 And both the Indies gifts shall bring,
 To Him they shall present the spoyles
 Of Sea and Land, as Universal King;

All Kings before Him shall bow down,
And do for Theirs, Just Homage to His Crown.

X.

Kingdoms Opprest, shall His Protection crave,
And Needy States unto Him sue :
Th'Opprest He with His Arms shall save,
And with the Needy His Old League renew :
Redeem their Slaves, defend their Right,
And shew their blood, was precious in His fight !

X I.

Thus shall He live and reign, and thus receive
The Tributes which to Him are paid ;
Some Myrrh, some Frankincense shall give,
And Gold, which shall like Stones be Common made :
And the due Service of each day
Shall be to praise that King, for whom we pray.

XII.

Then shall th'Earth produce her richest store,
And Mountain tops be safely plough'd ;
Which, though they barren were before,
With *Libanus* shall vye and shout as loud :
Nor shall the City flourish less
Than Her parch'd Hills, but like the fields encrease.

XIII.

And when to God he shall resign His breath,
Yet in His Name He still shall live :
Above the Pow'r of Grave, or Death,
And to Immortal Verse a Subject give :
Which of His Happy Reign shall sing,
And count that Land so, which ha's such a King !

XIV.

Bless Him, whose Word these Miracles obey,
And who must all these gifts bestow!
To *Israel's* God, let *Israel* pray,
That from His Spring such streams may ever flow!
For ever bless His Holy Name,
Nor bound with less than Heav'n His Mighty Fame!

The Prayers of *David* the Son of
Jesse are ended.

The end of the Second Book of Psalms.

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THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
P S A L M S.

Psalm LXXIII.

Quam bonus Israel Deus his, &c.

I.

IT is enough, nor will I more distrust,
As I have done, the Almighty Love;
I know Hee's kind, as well as Just,
And by my self this certain Truth can prove,
How crofs so 'ere His Wayes may go,
At least seem crofs to Us below,
Nor Him, nor Them have Israel or the Just found so.

*A Psalm of
Asaph.*

II.

But e're I learn't this Lesson it was long,
And many a weary Stage I went;
My sliding feet were almost gone,
And I at last could hardly yield assent:
Whilst with these narrow steps of mine,
I thought to pace the wayes Divine, (thine.
Slipp'ry as glafs they were, though they' with flowers did

III.

For when I saw the Wicked's Prosperous State,
And thousand Blessings He enjoys,
Maintain'd by that, which God do's hate,
In the Worlds glory, and its greatest noyse,

Dd

My

My heart did at His honours rise,
 And though I did the Beast despise,
 In all his Trappings, on him look'd with envyou eyes.

IV.

Lusty and strong he laughs at those weak bands,
 Which death on all the World do's lay;
 And when the rest of Mankind stands
 With fear appall'd he dares the evil day;
 Troubles, which other Mortals fright,
 He boldly challenges to fight,
 And makes devouring plagues before him scape by flight.

V.

Hence springs his pride, with which the Violent
 Adorns his neck, as with a Chain,
 More for disgrace than Ornament,
 And suited to his garments bloody stain;
 Plump as the grape his face do's shine,
 With eyes more sparkling than his Wine,
 And to vast Wealth he do's unequal wishes joine.

VI.

Disdainfully he looks on all below,
 As worthy of his scorn, than fear;
 Him and themselves He'll make them know,
 And high as his proud minde his head do's bear;
 But not content his mouth to spend,
 Making it heard to the Worlds end,
 He up on high to Heav'n his blasphemies do's send.

VII.

This as the Righteous see, and thence return
 Their severall Wayes to think upon,
 In bitterness of heart they mourn,
 And the Lords Councils measure by their own:

"How is it possible, say they,

"That Justice thus provok'd can stay

"Her hands, and the known Criminal forbear to slay?

VIII. These

VIII.

These are the Men, yet being so they thrive,
 Grow rich and wealthy, dwell at ease,
 Drones of repute, it'h Worlds great hive,
 And feed on the industrious Bees increase;
 Secure thy life from grief, and care,
 Calmy, and smooth their faces are,
 And could you see their hearts, no storm came ever there.

IX.

In vain, my heart, to cleanse Thee have I strove,
 And guiltless hands have wash'd in vain;
 My Innocence nor can remove,
 Nor tell how long I must endure my pain:
 Then Fare well, helpless Innocence,
 With such a Friend I can dispence,
 Who makes me suffer only with the greater sence.

X.

But hold, Fond Tongue, consider who do's hear,
 And whom Thy babling do's offend;
 A seed, who are th' Almightyes Care,
 And whom in love He do's afflictions send:
 Therefore to search the Point again,
 And how I might the cause maintain,
 A-new to study I resolv'd, but all in vain.

XI.

In vain I try'd, for I ne're found it out,
 Till to Thy Temple Lord I went;
 Though I sought for it round about,
 Till thither come, I knew not what I meant:
 There first I understood their end,
 And what was Thyne thus to contend,
 And poyson'd shafts of blessings through their hearts to send.

XII.

Surely for ruin they were set on high,
 As men condemn'd, in view of all;
 And though the Scaffold touch the sky,
 'Tis but that thence they may be seen to fall:
 Down they are fallen, fled away,
 As Phantasms at the approach of day,
 Like their own dreams, but more ridiculous are they.

XIII.

What a beast was I then, Lord to repine?
 A very fool to grieve my heart,
 When all this while I have been Thine,
 And though unknown secur'd my better part:
 Thy Right hand has upholden me,
 Thy Counsel shall my convoy be
 Unto that rest, which I can only have with Thee.

XIV.

Thou art my Portion, and from Thee alone
 My Peace, and Happiness do flow;
 In Heav'n besides Thee I have none,
 And Heav'n it self Thy Presence Lord makes so:
 And could I hoard up endless store
 Of that the World as God adore,
 Without thy fulness, I should empty be, and Poor.

XV.

Dry up then, when you please, Ye fayling Springs,
 Or seek some other to deceive,
 Who rest on such unstable things,
 With you can quench their flames, and on you live!
 For I am only sick of love,
 Nor can your streams my thirst remove,
 For still my flesh and heart pant for the streams above.

XVI.

Confounded be all those, whose sottish lust
To senseless Idols bowes them down !
For when they most upon them trust,
Then they most surely shall be overthrown :
For my part, I'll to God draw near,
Make Him, my hope, who is my Fear,
Happy I shall hereafter be, contented here.

D d 3

Psalm

Psalms LXXIV.

Ut quid repulisti in finem, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
Asaph.*

Shall We for ever then be cast off thus,
 And will Our God no more remember us ?
 Shall then His flock no longer be His Care,
 But more His rage, than once His love they were ?
 Forget not, Lord, Thy Purchase, and Thy Choyce,
 Sion, which Thou hast made Thine own,
 The Wonders Thou for Her, and us hast done,
 And let Our Prayers be heard amidst Our Enemies noise !

II.

Arise, and to their great destruction come,
 Who to Thy Temple Gates have brought it home ;
 Thy Holy Place, and its Divine Reccs,
 Instead of stopping, do's their rage encrease :
 Thither they break, and thence profanely bear
 The Sacred Treasures of Thy House,
 It's Vessels set apart from Common Use,
 And on Thy Captive Altars their proud Trophys rear.

III.

Our sad complaints Axes, and Hammars drown,
 As if it were some grove they would hew down :
 And all th' Adornments of Thy Dwelling place,
 They or to powder beat, or else deface :
 And to compleat Our ruin, when no more
 The Ax, or weary hand can do,
 They fire into Thy Sanctuary throw,
 And what Thou so didst consecrate, with fire devour.

IV. " Them,

IV.

“ Them, and their Seed, let Us destroy, they say,
 “ And in one ruin with their Temple lay !
 “ What more accepted Flame to Heaven can rise,
 “ Than an whole Synagogue for Sacrifice ?
 “ And they shall follow. This We see, and hear ;
 But have no Signes or Prophet more
 To tell us when this Tempest will be o’re,
 Or How long, what too long already, we must bear.

V.

How long, Dear God, shall Our Proud Enemy
 Not us alone, but Thy Great Power defy ?
 Shall his vile mouth for ever thus defame,
 Thy Sacred, and Unutterable Name ?
 Or wilt Thou always thus Thy hand recall,
 That Hand where all Our succours lie,
 And only lift it from our sight on high ?
 Let it return at length, and heavier on them fall !

VI.

Thou heretofore hast made Thy Strength be known,
 And Wonders, which none else could do, hast done ;
 Dividing by th’ Almighty Wand the Flood,
 And mad’st it truly a Red Sea with blood :
 When there the *Chamian* King by Thy Right Hand,
 That great Leviathan of the Main,
 Sunk in the deep, which cast Him up again,
 That what its gluttred Hosts had left, might feast the land.

VII.

’Twas Thou, who mad’st the Rock in streames to flow,
 And Floods stand still, to let Thy Israel go ;
 The day, and night with all its lamps are Thine,
 Ligh’t from that Sun, which Thou mad’st first to shine ;
 By

By Thee the bounds of the Round World are cast,
 Both where they shall begin, and end,
 Summer, and Winter on Thy Word attend,
 All for Thy Pleasure made, and during it shall last.

VIII.

Thou, who hast done all this to raise Thy Name,
 Guard it from those, whose lips would blast its Fame!
 Let not Thy mourning Dove become a prey
 To Vulturs, but take wing, and fly away!
 Deliver her, and minde Thy ancient Care,
 Thy Covenant with Our Fathers made,
 For th' Enemy Our very Graves invade,
 And where we thought to lie retir'd, their Counsels are!

IX.

Some answer to Our Prayers at length return,
 Least shame confound Us, and we ever mourn!
 Arise, and Thine Own Cause Thy self defend,
 And let Thy Enemies Malice have an end!
 Forget them not, their blasphemies, and pride,
 Now that their Sin for vengeance cries;
 For they their heads have rais'd above the skies,
 And Heav'n, with all its Thunders, to the Assault defy'd.

Psalm LXXV.

Confitebimur Tibi Deus &c.

I.

Lord We will praise Thee, and Our chearful Song
 Shall of Thy mighty Name rehearse;
 For all the Wonders, which to it belong,
 Are truly great, and so shall make Our verse :
 To it We'll fly, and rest us there,
 Adore its Power, and beg its care,
 And make it both the Subject of Our Song, and Prayer.

*A Psalm of
 Asaph.*

II.

“When the Time comes, sayes God, that I shall call
 “The World to Judgement, my Right hand
 “Alike its Justice shall dispence to all,
 “And none its equal sentence shall withstand :
 “It shall reward, it shall chastise,
 “Some lower cast, and make some rise,
 “And as my Hand's impartial, so shall be my eyes.

God.

III.

“The Earth shall melt, and all that in it dwell
 “To their first nothing turn again ;
 “By its own weight it long o're this had fall,
 “But that its mighty Pillars I sustain :
 “Fond Man, then said I, what mean'st Thou ?
 “No more in vain Just Heav'n pursue
 “Too great to be oppos'd, to be gainsaid too true !

The Psalmist.

IV.

“For shame desist, and your weak plots give o're !
 “They cannot take Heav'n is so High !
 “Against your maker vilely speak no more,
 “For though His Face you see not, He stands by :

E

“His

“ His breath it is whereby you speak,
 “ He with one frown your pride can check,
 “ And though you hold it ne’r so stiff, bow down your neck.

V.

“ The Sun, which every day the World furrounds,
 (“ Father of all the Mines below,)
 “ And with a careful eye surveys his grounds,
 “ Cannot the Riches, which he makes, bestow :
 “ Though he in purple set, and rise,
 “ And rides in Triumph o’re the skies,
 “ Can give nor wealth, nor honour to his Votaries.

VI.

“ His God at will disposes of his gold,
 “ And all his honours gives away ;
 “ Whilst his chief Work is only to behold,
 “ And brightest shine on them, who share his prey :
 “ The Poor he rayfes to the Throne,
 “ And from it throws the Mighty down,
 “ Is Judge of all, and knows no pleasure, but His Own.

VII.

“ For in His hand there is a dreadful Cup,
 “ Whose sparkling Wine is red with gore ;
 “ ’Tis large, and fill’d with mixture to the top,
 So full the active liquor do’s run o’re ;
 “ Of it all drink, and when ’tis done,
 “ The dreggs are for the Wicked wrung,
 “ But ne’r shall quench their thirst, or ever cool their tongue.

VIII.

But I to future ages will declare
 The praises of th’ Eternall King ;
 And since so Wonderful His glories are,
 Of none but Jacobs God the Praises sing :
 The Wicked down to Hell Hee’l throw,
 The Righteous up to Heaven shall grow,
 And Heav’n to his exalted head shall seem but low.

Psalm LXXVI.

Notus in Judea Dominus.

I.

The True, the Only God in Judah reigns,
 There is His Temple, there His Court,
 To Salem all the Tribes resort,
 And learn to sing His Name in lofty strains:
 No place such tokens of His love do's bear,
 His Chariot He has set up there,
 There broke the Arrows, and there burnt the shield & Spear.

*A Psalm of
 Asaph.*

II.

Sion, more glorious than the Hills of Bey,
 How excellent dost Thou appear?
 How full of Majesty, and Fear,
 When from them the Besiegers steal away?
 Away the valiant ran, but knew not why,
 Till a dead sleep said Death was nigh,
 And chaining up their hands, scarce left them Heels to fly.

III.

At Thy rebuke, O God, asleep they fell,
 The Horse and chariot were o're took,
 The Rider stopt at Thy Rebuke,
 And bow'd adown to the All-conquering spell:
 Thou art indeed to be ador'd in fight,
 Who thus canst arm Thy self with light,
 But, Lord, what are Thy Hands, if thus Thou kill'st at sight?

IV.

When from above Thou mak'st Thy voice be heard,
 The Sea stands still, and Earth do's shake;
 Even Heav'n it self unloos'd do's quake,
 God thundred from above, and they all fear'd:

The Clouds to make Him way afunder rent,
An hidcous shriek the Mountains sent,
When God, to judge the Meek by them in person went.

V.

Nor do these only, Lord, Thy Power declare,
But the fierce wrath of Wicked Man,
Which Thou dost punish, or restrain,
Whence to get praise amongst thy Wonders are :
Vow to the Lord, and what you vow see pai'd !
For Vows are debts, when once they're made,
And none deserves your praise like Him to whom you prai'd.

VI.

Adore Him, all ye lands, and tongues around,
And to Our God your praises sing !
To Him alone your presents bring,
And thus with fear seek Him, whom Wee have found !
With God the greatest Kings cannot compare,
They Crowns but at His pleasure wear,
And when He Frowns, they and their Honours turn to air.

Psalm LXXVII.

Voce mea ad Dominum, &c.

I.

IN my great trouble to the Lord I cried,
 I cri'd aloud, And He was pleas'd to hear,
 And when the night His Face did hide,
 With stretch'd out hands I felt it, He was near :
 I prai'd, and was resolv'd to pray,
 Refus'd all Comfort but my tears,
 Whose streames I thought my Feavour might allay,
 And as they forc't my heart for passage, move His Ears.

*A Psalm of
 Asaph.*

II.

Sometimes in groans, sometimes in Words I pray'd,
 And fluent as my griefs my sorrows spake ;
 But suddenly my speech was stay'd,
 And interrupting sighs its order brake :
 And then I could nor speak, nor sleep,
 Thou Lord didst hold my eyes, and tongue ;
 Only my mind its even frame did keep, (strong,
 And with weak hands, and muttering lips became more

III.

Then of Thy Wonders did I meditate,
 Our Fathers dayes, and what their age did see ;
 How Thou upheld'st the Tottering State,
 And in their troubles mad'st them trust in Thee :
 Fresh to my mind then came a Song,
 Which heretofore I did rehearse,
 An Anthem which had been forgotten long,
 Where my Soul with me joyn'd, and thus began the Verse.

IV. "And

IV.

Versus.

" And can it be that God will thus reject,
 " Be always angry, and ne'r pleas'd again,
 " Will He His Flock no more protect,
 " But let us ever, as this day, complain?
 " Has He forgotten to be good,
 " Or shall His Promise ever cease,
 " Who has His Pleasure, or His Power withstood,
 " That where He shuts up Warr, He should imprison Peace?

V.

Antistrophe.

" Hold Soul, I said, 'tis Thy infirmity
 " Makes Thee thus judge of God, whose Will shall stand
 " Immovable, as it is High, (Hand!
 " Where Thou Thy wings should'st guide, to his right
 " Of that think with me, and His Power,
 " The Wondrous Works which He has done,
 " They shall my talk and study be each hour,
 " To shew Our children, what Our Fathers Us have shown.

VI.

Thy Wayes, O God, are far above my sight,
 And where Thou hid'st Thy self in Heav'n, lie hid;
 Ther's none like Thee so full of might,
 Whose Power I fear, by what Thy hand once did:
 When from above Thou mad'st it bare,
 Israel, and *Josephs* Seed to save,
 When their Redemption did Thy strength declare,
 And Egypt took the Chain to be her Captives slave.

VII.

The Waters saw Thee, and the Waters fled,
 The Depths were troubled, and ran back for fear;
 The Clouds rain'd Seas, Heav'n Darkness spread,
 From whence there came a voyce, which rocks did tear;
 Th' Earth

Th' Earth trembled, and the Mountains shook,
Egypt it self abhor'd the light,
Which from the flashes came, and horror strook
More terrible, than when three days they felt their night.

VIII.

Thou for Thy People didst prepare the way,
And through those Floods a safe retreat they have,
Which Thou Thy Glory to display,
Resolv'd 'st should after be proud Pharaohs grave;
Along they went, by Thy Command,
Who of the Sacred Flock took 'st Care;
Moses and *Aaron* only shew'd Thy Hand, (were.
For the Great Shepherd Thou, and they Thy Heards-men

Psalm

Psalm LXXVIII.

Attendite Populus meus, &c.

I.

- I** Israel, Gods own Inheritance, draw near,
 And what He did to make Thee so, now hear!
 Of Ages long since past, and armes I sing,
 And to Thy dayes their ancient glories bring:
 5 Acts, which with sound belief would never stand,
 But that all done by the Almighty Hand;
 Our Fathers witness to their Truth did bear,
 And what we hear with wonder, saw with fear.
 They told them Us, that we might publish down,
 10 To Childrens Children, how His Power was known.
 Such was His charge, that late Posterity,
 And Generations, which should after be,
 People as yet unborn, might know His Wayes,
 And what they learnt, their children teach His Praise.
 15 That they in Him their Hope might alwayes place,
 His statutes keep, and alwayes seek His Face:
 Never forget His Works, but still improve
 His former Favours, and His present love:
 That like their Fathers they rebel no more,
 20 Unless they'd feel the Wrath their Fathers bore:
 Base stubborn Nation, who their God withstood,
 Most cross to Him, who alwayes did them good!
 His Wrath this kindled first, then made it burn,
 Th' enraged fire on Ephraims Tribe did turn.
 25 Ephraim, (which durst the stoutest Foe assail,
 And never of the certain conquest fail,
 But us'd to Come, and See, and so Prevail,
 So terrible His bow, so sure his hand,
 Th' unerring shaft did death at will command)
 30 Ephraim turn'd back, but strove in vain to flie,
 By His own shafts o'retook, did wounded lie,
 Worthy thus signally in Warr to fall,
 Whom Peace with all Her Charms could ne'r recall!

The law they brake, that Covenant which they took,
And without cause that, and their God forfook;
Forgot His Works and their own Worthy Stemm,
Their Fathers Trust, and what He did for them. 35

Marvellous things He did in Pharaohs land,
Zoan still witness of His Plagues do's stand.

When *Israel* saw His Wonders all about,
How He preserv'd them there, and brought them out. 40

When He no Common Road did make them keep,
But like His Own, their wayes were in the Deep.

The Deep amaz'd stood up, as they pass'd o're,
Admir'd their suddain fix'd-ness, and new shore : 45

How in a moment they were rais'd so high,
And fell not when they saw no storm was nigh.

By day a Cloud did their great journies hide,
At night a Sacred Flame the Host did guide ;

Before them pass'd, and where their passage lay,
Not only shew'd, but also made their Way. 50

Hard Rocks, as they went by, pierc'd through did groan,
That fire, which dri'd the Deep, did melt the stone,

Out gusht new streams, so constant, and so strong,
They made their Channels as they ran along. 55

Yet still they sinn'd, and tempted Him the more,
Lack'd meat, who only Water begg'd before.

Nor did they closely think, but speak their Sins,
And with vile Mouth the Murmurer thus begins ;

" Can He give Bread too ? sure if He be God, 60
" That may as well as streams obey His Rod :

" Let Him now strike more Rocks, and make them Bread,
" That we may hope Our Armies shall be fed !

" Nothing but Manna ? Can He flesh provide ?
" Here in the desert let His Power be tri'd ! 65

" And if He do's this, we'll distrust no more,
" But all Our murm' rings, as we ought, give o're.

God heard them from above, and in a flame,
To see, and be reveng'd upon them came.

Down came the fire, and like that Mighty Power,
Which gave Commission, did uncheckt devour : 70

- The trembling Camp could not but say 'twas just,
 And that no other flame could purge their lust.
 Thus were they punish'd for their unbelief,
 Who only in a plague knew Fear, or Grief.
 75 They would not trust Him, though they all had seen
 How constant to His Word, and them He' had been.
 Though from the Clouds, He did their bread command,
 And Heav'n did th' Office of a fruitful land:
 80 Whole fourty years, once a day, open stood,
 And at their dores they gath' red Angels food;
 Made by an Angels hand for them to eat,
 But still they discontented would have meat.
 And so they shall. — A strong East Wind did blow,
 85 And o're the East th' Almighty Word did go:
 They heard it rustle, but without all fear,
 And never dreamt another plague was near.
 It blew all night, and at morning along with the day,
 Brought shoales of Quales, which round the Army lay.
 90 The Murmurers saw them, but yet scarce believ'd
 The Miracle, and wisht they were deceiv'd;
 They saw them lie in heaps, the Camp around,
 So thick they seem'd a burthen to the ground:
 Enough a greater Host than theirs to feed,
 95 Would but th' event like the beginning speed.
 But while the flesh was in their Mouths that God,
 Who can of every Blessing make a Rod,
 Scourg'd them with this, and though they saw it not,
 In dressing, Death was truly in the Pot.
 100 And down their stomachs with the Quales it went,
 And thence unto the Heart its poysons sent;
 So swift, they found it was in vain to flie,
 And still eat on that they might sooner die,
 The Rebel Princes in that plague did fall,
 105 And God was Gracious not to ruin all.
 Yet still they sinn'd, and would not yet believe,
 And only, when He slew them thus, would grieve.
 Wherefore in vanity their years He spent,
 Waiting to see, if thence they would repent;

Lib. 3. upon the LXXVIII PSALM. 219

For when He flew them they ador'd His Wayes, 110
And unto God their Rock gave all the praise ;
Only to flatter Him, for still their heart
Was only constant from Him to depart :
Yet He forgave them, and destroy'd them not,
And both His anger, and their Sins forgot. 115
He knew they were but flesh, a suddain Wind,
Which passes by, and leaves no trace behind.

How did they tempt Him in the Wildernes ?
Many their plagues, their Sins were Numberless.
When in straight bounds they would that God confine, 120
Whose boundless Power beyond all bounds do's shine:
And measuring by themselves the Holy One,
Because they saw no help, thought there was none.
How little did they mind His Mighty Hand,
Then conquering, when He only bid them stand ? 125

What signs in Pharaohs coast He for them wrought,
And gave deliverance e're He scarce was sought ?
When with deep gore He stain'd the Chrystal flood,
And Egypt could not drink, though thirst for blood ;
Infinite swarms of flies did fill the air, 130
Through whose thick clouds the Sun could scarce appear :
Armies of Frogs did the whole land invade :
And active lice of nimble dust were made :

Then martial Locusts came, and bore away,
What the Hayl left untoucht, for their rich prey ; 135
For th' Hayl before had torne the sturdie Oak,
And what scap'd that fell by the Thunders stroak :
Cattle and Flocks smote down together lay,
And scattered limbs of Men strew'd every way :
No Common Thunder, 'twas the Prince of th' Air, } 140
With all the powers of Hell were ralli'd there, }
God let them loose, and bid them nothing spare :

Murrain on beasts, Ulcers on men did rage,
An hand unseen against them did engage ;
Darkness upon their Palaces did rest, 145
A too faint Emblem of that in their breast.

- They would not see though God from Heav'n came down,
 And killing their First-born chose *Israels* for His Own.
 Then like a Flock they were through *Kadesh* led,
 By *Moses* hand, but God himself their Head :
 150 Through Seas He lead them, which more scar'd then they,
 Rose up in haft, and open'd them a way :
 But when gone o're, they look'd upon the Main,
 Pharaoh lay drown'd, their way was Sea again.
 155 Through thousand dangers, thousand Enemies past,
 To th' Promis'd Canaan they were brought at last ;
 The Heathen conquer'd, He gave them their Land,
 Houses and Towns stood ready built to hand.
 The Sacred lot did for each Tribe divide,
 160 And what God gave, was not by Man deny'd.
 Yet here they sinn'd and did their God provoke,
 And all His laws and their Own Cov'nants broke :
 So hard it is to fix a Crooked bow,
 And make that strait, which Nature made not so.
 165 High places now they seek, and shade Groves,
 And to foul Idols prostitute their loves.
 This when God heard, and saw His laws abus'd.
 By them, whom He so tenderly had us'd,
 He *Israel* hated, *Shilo* did forsake,
 170 And left that Ark, which made His Foes to quake ;
 Who with Triumphant layes did bring it home,
 After it had so often overcome.
 'Tis taken, and the Captive People fall,
 And one small fire gives troops a Funerall :
 175 No Marriage Songs are heard in all the Coast,
 But Amorous Harps are in shrill Trumpets lost :
 And every Virgin may before she die,
 Unsworn, bewayl her sad Virginitie ;
 Wives hear their husbands death without a groan,
 180 And Priests unmourn'd for die, now th' Ark is gone.
 'Twas then God (like a Gyant rous'd from sleep,
 Whom Wine beyond His hour did Pris'ner keep,
 That shouts and fights) fell on and made them flie,
 And on their backs reveng'd their curious eye.

Lib. 3. upon the LXXVIII PSALM. 221

The Ark returns, but *Shilo* now no more
Shall be its Residence, as it was before ;
Epbraim to *Judah*, *Shilo* to *Sion* yields,
And to the Sacred Mount, their fruitful fields :
So God would have't, who chose Himself the Place,
Sion, the Habitation of His Grace ;
'Tis there He's known, there He His Temple made,
Whose ground work stable as the Worlds was laid :
 Davids design, when from the Ewes with young,
By Him he was anointed to the Throne.
His Fathers flocks he carefully did keep, 185
And therefore made Chief Heardsman of Gods sheep ;
Where all his time he fed them, with such Care, 190
They never were so strong, nor ever lookt so fair. 195

Psalm

Psalm LXXIX.

Deus venerunt gentes in, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
Asaph.*

Lord see the Miseries, which we undergo,
 And how with us Thy Temple suffers too !
 Thither at length the Enemy is come,
 And Solyma on heaps has layed,
 Sion is but one Mighty Tomb,
 And the Worlds glory, now the scorn of all is made.

II.

Thy murd' red Saints in th' feilds unburied lie,
 A prey to beasts and fowl, which vengeance crie ;
 Their blood before was round Jerus'lem shed,
 Increast its brooks, and wait its stones,
 Yet death cannot secure the dead,
 But those that took their lives, again expose their bones.

III.

Living, or dead one shame attends us all ;
 Nor with less rage Our neighbours on us fall :
 Their mirth do's only by our pains increase,
 And such deep wounds their mercies give,
 That death it self we think were ease,
 And our slain friends more happy count, than us who live.

IV.

When shall Thy wrath and jealousie expire,
 Quench'd by that blood, which now but feeds the fire ?
 Lord on the heathen pour the tempest down,
 Whole nations, which ne'r pray to Thee,
 Kingdoms, where yet Thy Name's unknown,
 And let not what's their due, Thy servants Portion be !

V.

And when their Sins to Thy remembrance come,
 Let this be added to compleat the Sum,
 That they have wasted Jacob, and Thy land!
 But let not Our iniquities,
 Our former Sins new load Thy hand,
 Left when to rescue us, to ruin Thou arise!

VI.

Prevent us, Lord, for we are very low,
 And let us now Thy strong Salvation know!
 Now save us, for the glory of Thy Name,
 And for its sake Our Sins blot out;
 Upon Our foes return the shame, (doubt!
 That though in scorn they ask, none may Thy presence

VII.

Appear, O God, and let us witness be
 They know, and fear Thy Name as well as we!
 Revenge the guiltless blood, which they have shed,
 And hear Our chains, how loud they cry;
 Upon the living right the Dead,
 And by Thine Arm save those, who sentenc'd are to dy.

VIII.

Reproach, which they design'd to cast on Thee,
 And its increase their just reward shall be;
 And then Thy People, Lord, Thy sacred Fold,
 Shall make the Plains with joy to ring,
 The Lambs shall all Thy Acts be told,
 And their Great Shepherds praise, both learn, and ever sing,

Psalm L X X X.

Qui regis Israel intende, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
Asaph.*

Great Shepherd of the Hebrew Race,
 Whose numerous Flock all *Israel* was,
 For Thou didst guide them with Thy Hand,
 They knew Thy Voice and follow'd Thee,
 Th' Invisible between the Cherubins did see,
 And thence receive th' Oraculous command ;
 Between the Cherubins again appear,
 And give Our chains Thine eye, and prayers Thine ear !

II.

Versiculus.

Shew us Thy Glory, Lord, once more,
 As thou didst *Ephraim* heretofore ;
 When all the Tribes from bondage led,
 Thy Presence chas'd their Enemies,
 For if again Thou make Thy Ark, and strength to rise,
 Ours shall flie too, as theirs before Thee fled :
 Turn us again and cause Thy Face to shine,
 We shall be sav'd, and all the praise be Thine !

III.

Versiculus.

How long wilt Thou be angry thus
 Both with Our Prayers, Great God, and us ?
 Thou know'st how tears have been our food,
 The mixture of Our meat and drink,
 Whilst Our insulting Neighbours laugh in scorn, to think
 That when those streams shall cease, the next is blood :
 But turn us, Lord, and cause Thy Face to shine,
 We shall be sav'd and all the praise be Thine !

IV. A

IV.

A Vine God into *Canaan* brought,
And having thrown the Heathen out,
A proper soyl did for it find;
From *Ægypt* He the plant did bring,
Where it was bruise'd, and torn when it began to spring,
By men trod down, and broken by the Wind:
But when it could not there securely stand,
In *Canaan* it took root, and fill'd the Land.

V.

The Sun-burnt Hills it cloath'd around,
Their heads were with it cool'd, and crown'd;
Above the Hills its branch did rise,
And vy'd with tallest Cedars there,
As gay it look't, and full as high its top did bear,
And its rich clusters touch'd the neighbouring Skies:
With one it laid hold of the Western Strand,
And touch't the River with its other hand.

VI.

But why hast Thou her hedge broke down?
And her enclosures open thrown;
So that the stranger who rides by,
Though nothing there he ha's to do,
Comes rudely in, and tears both fruit, and branches too?
Thither the Wild Bore from the Wood do's fly,
And after bids his fellow beasts to haste,
To a Vineyard, which they may more safely waste.

VII.

Return, O God, and on us shine,
From Heav'n look down, and see Thy Vine!
This Vineyard, which Thy right hand made,
By thus transplanting fair, and strong,
And under which it spread, and flourish't ha's thus long,
For if Thou frown 'twill be to th' Common laid:

'Tis burn't already, but may yet bear fruit,
If though the branch be gone, Thou spare the root.

VIII.

May Thy right hand preserve Our King!
And to an end His troubles bring!
Let Him again be great, and strong!
As by Thy help He was before,
And then nor He, nor we shall ever leave Thee more,
But freely joyn in one Eternal Song!
Turn us, O Lord, and cause Thy Face to shine,
We shall be sav'd, and all the praise be Thine!

Versiculus.

Psalms

Psalm LXXXI.

Exultate Deo Adjutori.

I.

TO God our strength let *Israel* sing,
Triumphant Songs to Our Victorious King;
Awake the Harp, the Psaltery, and Flute,
And fill the Air, with an harmonious noise,
Call in the Sackbutt, Cornet, and the Lute,
And as He rais'd His hand for you, t' Him lift your voice?

*A Psalm of
Asaph.*

II.

In the New Moon the Trumpets blow,
His antient Law makes it your duty Now;
When He at first ordain'd this solemn day,
And bid Our Fathers keep the Pompous Feast;
Israel, and *Judah* did His word obey,
And thus His praises duly sang, who gave them Rest.

III.

'Twas then when *Israel* left that Land,
Whose Language they could never understand:
A speech as barbarous as its Nations were;
"When from the weights and pots I set them free
"From cruel tasks, says God, no more to bear
"Ægyptian burdens, but my light ones, and serve me.

IV.

"I saw their trouble, heard their Cry,
"And my quick Hand took Light'ning from my eye;
"From Heav'n I thund' red, made my voice be heard,
"And there I prov'd, and there I *Israel* try'd;
"But whom at thund'ring *Sinai* *Israel* fear'd,
" *Israel* at *Meribah* with murmurings deny'd.

V.

“ Yet to my Law again give ear,
“ Once more I’ll publish it if Thou wilt hear !
“ No other God but Me, shalt Thou adore,
“ For I alone am God, and none beside,
“ I broke the Chains, which you in *Ægypt* bore, (wide
“ And now can fill your mouths, though op’n’d ne’er so

VI.

“ But all in vain, they would not hear,
“ And though I bow’d mine down, deny’d their Ear ;
“ So up I gave them to their loose desires,
“ Their brutish Lusts, and no destruction sent,
“ No flames but what were kind’led by those fires, (ment.
“ That what they made their choice, might be their punish-

VII.

“ O had they heard Me ! and been wise,
“ Those Ways to follow, which they did despise ;
“ To Victory their Armies I have led,
“ My Hand their Enemies should have o’rethrown,
“ And forc’t to yield their necks, but on their head
“ Had put a never fading and Eternal Crown.

VIII.

“ Plenty and Peace should all Their days
“ Have shew’d fresh Palms, and Roses in their Ways ;
“ And open’d all the Treasures of the Field ;
“ Even I my self new Miracles would show,
“ Not water only the pierc’d Rock should yield,
“ But living Honey from the Flinty Hive should flow.

Psalm LXXXII.

Deus stetit in Synagoga, &c.

I.

YOU Judges of the World, and Gods below,
Who at your pleasure sentence all,
And never think to whom that Power you owe,
By whose Decree your selves must stand or fall,
The Mighty God do's all your Counsels view,
And as you others judge, He judges you.

*A Psalm of
Asaph.*

II.

He sees how partially you sentence pass;
And will you alwayes wrong your trust?
By looking through a false, and flattering glass,
Acquit the Wicked, and condemn the Just?
In your own scales those rise, and these sink low,
But whom their virtue weighs down, you keep so.

III.

Rather defend the Poor, and Fatherless,
And hearken to the Orphans cry,
Instead of helping, do not more oppress,
Least God himself bestow what you deny!
Deliverance for the Needy Soul command;
And give them not your Ear alone, but hand!

IV.

But all in vain, their duty they'll not know,
Nor what they might will understand;
Hating the day, in darkness love to go,
And bring to ruine, with themselves, their Land;
If its Foundations shake, and totter thus,
No wonder if the World be ruinous.

V.

Y^e are Gods, I said, and Sons of the Most High;
His Child[']ren, who in Heav[']n do's reign;
Who therefore cloath'd you thus with Majesty,
That, among Men, you should His Pow[']r maintain:
Y^e are Gods, but must to death your Scepters bow,
Nor of your Titles will the grave allow.

VI.

Immortall only is the God above,
That equall Judge, and glorious King;
Like whom none is so just, or full of Love,
Who to the Barr shall every secret bring:
Arise, O God, The World to Judgement call,
No Judge so fit as Thou, who'art Lord of All.

Psalm

Psalm LXXXIII.

Deus quis similis erit tibi? ne taceas, &c.

I.

ENOUGH, My God, Thou hast been still,
Now give the Word, and raise Thy Voice;
Their Ears, with the amazing Thunder fill,
Who think they have o'come Thine with their noise!
See how they rise, and lift their heads on high,
Make tumults, and deep plots contrive,
To ruine those Thou hid'st to save alive,
And not Heav'ns seed alone, but Heav'n it self desie!

*A Psalm of
Asaph.*

II.

"Come, say they, on them let us fall,
"We are too easie thus to spare;
"Let the whole Nation perish, Name and all,
"And make Our purple with their blood more fair!
The Motion all embrace, and to the Al-arm,
With one consent together come
Some Troops from *Edom*, and from *Moab* some,
All whom or rapine can perswade, or envy arm.

III.

With them are joyn'd the *Ishmaelites*,
Ammon, and *Amaleck*, and *Tyre*,
The bold *Assyrian* in the Quarrell fights,
And executes the Treasons they conspire:
But let them plot, and fight, and conquer'd fly,
By their own fears like *Midian* fall;
Let *Jabyn's* Fate, and *Sifera's* wait them all,
And by a Womans hand, first routed be, then dye!

IV. Ac

IV.

At *Kifons* Brook the Army fell,
 And with their slaughter stain'd the Flood ;
 The torrent did with crimson waters swell,
 And Earth's great body had true veins of blood :
Endors fat fields became more fresh and gay,
 And its crown'd head aloft did bear,
 Proud of the *Canaanitish* Spoils, and there,
 In living Monuments of grace, th'Unburied lay.

V.

Oreb, and *Zeb* Thy hand did feel,
 And could not save their lives by flight ;
Zeba, and *Salmana* scap'd not his steel,
 Who fought Thine, and whose Battles Thou didst fight :
 So let them fly, and so be overthrown,
 They who have said, " Come let's oppress
 " The Holy Seed, Our Fathers Lands possess,
 " And what from us they took, make once again our own.

VI.

But like a wheel, Lord, turn them round,
 And giddy made, lend them no stay !
 Then with a whirlwind snatch them from the ground,
 And having rais'd it, blow the dust away !
 Make them a Wood on fire, chac'd by the Wind,
 Whose Flame above the Hills do's rise,
 Leaping from tree to tree, and grows as 't flies
 Before pursuing storms, which follow close behind.

VII.

Be Thou that Wind, and make them fear !
 Till every Face, with dread, and shame ;
 Till they to expiate their sin draw near
 And what before they curst, adore Thy Name !
 That when the World their change, or ruine see,
 It may look higher, and above,
 Find the First Cause, at whose great Will they move,
 And know One God rules Heav'n & Earth, & Thou art He.
 Psalm

Psalm L X X X I V.

Quam dilecta Tabernacula tua, &c.

I.

TRiumphant General of the Sacred Host,
Whom all the strength of Heav'n and Earth obey,
Who hast a Thund'ring Legion in each Coast,
And Mighty Armies list'd, and in pay;
How fearfull art Thou in their head above,
Yet in Thy Temple, Lord; how full of Love?

*A Song for
the Sons of,
Corah.
Versus.*

II.

So lovely is Thy Temple, and so fair,
So like Thy self, that with desire I faint;
My heart and flesh cry out to see Thee there,
And could bear any thing but this restraint:
My Soul do's on its old Remembrance feed,
And new desires by my long absence breed.

III.

The Sparrows there have found themselves a nest,
And there their untun'd notes the Swallows sing;
A place where undisturb'd they all may rest,
And have some gift, which they to Thee may bring:
Their young ones, which they on Thy Altar lay,
And may not I as happy be as they?

IV.

Thrice happy Man, who in Thy House resides !
For He Thy glorious Name shall ever praise;
For whose necessities my God provides !
And is the Faithfull Guide of all his Wayes !
Though through the Vale of Baca he do's go,
My King, who guides his Way, will bless it too.

V.

That thirsty Vale, where scorching drought do's reign,
 Shall in New streams, and Rivers overflow,
 Their tears shall help to water the sad Plain,
 And make the Mulberries more fruitfull grow :
 See how in troops they march, till all at length
 To *Sion* come, and there renew their strength !

VI.

Versus.

Triumphant Generall of the Sacred Host,
 Whom all the Pow'rs of Heav'n, and Earth obey,
 Who hast a Thund'ring Legion in each Coast,
 And mighty Armies lifted, and in pay,
 Let not the noise of War so fill Thine Ear,
 But that Thy Love through it my Prayers may hear !

VII.

Great God of Battles, Thou who art my Shield,
Jacob's strong God, on Thy Anointed shine !
 If Thou encamp'st, I'm sure to gain the field,
 And overcome, because the Vict'ry's Thine :
 I long to see Thy Glory as before,
 And by this Absence learn to prize it more.

VIII.

For one day in Thy Temple to attend,
 Before an age of Pleasure I preferr ;
 And might I in that Place my Life but spend,
 The meanest Office is advancement there :
 There should I count I had more honour won,
 Charg'd with a Dore, than here to wear a Crown.

IX.

My God would there upon His Servant shine,
 And when that Sun is or too hot, or bright,
 Become a shield against the rayes Divine,
 And on Himself reflect the glorious light :

Himself

Himself would interpose, and be my Screen,
And nothing but Himself should come between.

X.

Grace Now, hereafter Glory will He give;
Nothing that's good, will He from His with-hold;
He only looks they should uprightly live,
And for returns expect a thousand fold:
Lord, since to Thine All for the Best shall be,
Not only give, but choose what's fit for me!

XI.

Triumphant General of the Sacred Host,
Whom all the Pow'rs of Heav'n, and Earth obey,
Who hast a Thund'ring Legion in each Coast,
And Mighty Armies lifted, and in pay,
Blest is that Man, who on Thy Pow'r do's trust,
Others may only conquer, but he must.

Psalm LXXXV.

Benedixisti Domine terram, &c.

I.

*A Psalm
for the Sons
of Corah.*

AT length, O God, Thy People are return'd,
 And now Thy Land enjoys her Peace;
 For emptiness before she mourn'd,
 And that her rest produc'd no rich increase:
Israel to His inheritance is Come,
 And *Jacob* from Captivity brought home.

II.

Thou hast their sins forgiven, and past by;
 Those sins with which they stain'd Thy Land,
 And having hid them from Thine eye,
 Unless it were to help, with-held'st Thy hand:
 Thy wrath, whereby they were consum'd before,
 Chang'd all to Love, ha's flames, but burns no more.

III.

Great God, who hast been so propitious,
 And made Thine anger thus to cease,
 As Thou hast turn'd Thy self, turn us,
 And let this Truce conclude in Happy Peace!
 A Peace, which none may dare to violate,
 And from this very day let it bear date!

IV.

Will God be alwayes angry, ever chide
 With them, who daily seek His Face?
 And though a while He turn aside,
 Shall not one look revive us, and Our Race?
 Shew us Thy Love, and Thy Salvation grant,
 Our fulness shall exceed Our former Want.

V.

Attentively what God shall speak I'll hear,
And listen what He'll please to say;
'Tis just His Saints incline their Ear,
To that which none can claim so much as They:
Peace to His People, and His Saints He'll speak,
If they by Sin do not their Cov'nants break.

V I.

To such His help is nigh, and power's at hand,
And those, who fear Him, He will love:
His Glory shall o'reflow Our land,
And Truth and Mercy kiss here, as above;
Mercy and Truth never to part shall meet,
And Peace Her old friend Equity shall greet.

V II.

Truth from the Earth shall spring (the best increase
Our land e're hop'd for, or did yield)
And as it grows up, Righteousness,
The fruit of Heav'n, shall meet that of the Field;
Justice, which has the Earth so long forsook,
Shall dwell, where she of late durst hardly look.

V III.

A thousand Blessings God to these shall joyn,
And only of All Goods the Best;
The generous Olive, and the Vine,
And recompence with fruit their former rest;
Righteousness here shall make her constant stay,
Nor go to Heav'n, till she prepare Our Way.

Psalm LXXXVI.

Inclina Domine aurem tuam, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
David.*

O Thou, who dost th' Afflicted hear,
From Heav'n, O God, bow down Thine Eare!
Never such need as Now,
Never was I so low,
Or Thou, though never out of call, less near!

II.

Preserve the Soul, which Thee adores,
And out that Soul unto Thee poures!
Thy Servant trusts in Thee,
In vain let it not bee,
But let Thy Son, O God, break through these showers!

III.

Be Merciful to Me, O Lord,
For I depend upon Thy Word;
To Thee alone I cry,
To Thee for help I fly,
Rejoyce Thy Servants Soul, and help afford!

IV.

I know, O Lord, that Thou art Good,
Thy Mercy is a plenteous Flood;
The dead Thou mak'st to live,
And sinners dost forgive,
May not Thy Pow'r be by my Sin withstood!

V.

But to that Prayer, O God, attend,
Which from unfeigned lips I send!

When

When troubles compass mee,
Then will I call on Thee,
For Thou wilt to those troubles put an end.

VI.

I knew, Lord, Thou wilt answer Mee,
And that none else can do but Thee;
Amongst the Gods there's none,
That one can trust upon,
Nor can their Works to Thine compared be!

VII.

Therefore to Thee all lands shall come,
And to Thy glorious Name fall down;
For Thou dost wondrous things,
And art above their Kings,
Art God alone, and all must waite thy doom.

VIII.

Teach me the way, where I should go,
The Way of Truth unto me shew!
To that unite my heart,
That it may never start
From Thee, Lord, as 'tis wont with me to do!

IX.

Then will I praises to Thee sing,
And to Thee all my service bring;
Thy Word for ever more,
Shall still supply new store,
Nor will I ever end, when I begin.

X.

Thy Mercy to me, Lord, is great,
For me from Hell it free has set;
That Hell, which lies so low,
Where I did hast to go,
And didst not Thou restrain me should do yet.

XI.

The Proud O God against me rise,
 And I have many Euemies;
 But be not Thou my Foe,
 I fear not what they do,
 Who never have set Thee before their eyes!

XII.

For of Compassion Thou art full,
 Though I am heartless, Lord, and dull,
 Gracious, Long-suffering
 Whose Truth and Mercie Spring,
 And with their Streams o're flow my very Soul.

XIII.

Dear God, at length unto me turn,
 Look, how I for Thy absence mourn!
 Srengthen Thy servant Lord,
 According to Thy Word,
 To Thy Hand-maid, and Thy Hand-maids Son return!

XIV.

Shew me some token of Thy love,
 That shame may in my En'mies move!
 Make hast to succour me,
 And comfort bring with Thee,
 And of Thy servant, thus, my God approve,

Lib. 3. upon the LXXXVII PSALM. 241

Psalm LXXXVII.

Fundamenta ejus in montibus, &c.

I.

TWas God himself the ground survey'd,
Compass'd the Mountains round about,
Among the Mountains chose This out,
In Holy Sion His Foundation lay'd,
And for His service took the Place His Pleasure made.

*A Psalm for
the Sons of
Korah,*

II.

Glorious City, Sacred Place,
Where God Himself delights to be,
Glorious things are told of Thee,
How much Thou dost all Cities else surpass,
And how the Worlds Great God, Thy Mighty Founder was.

III.

Philistia to the Lord is known,
He reckons up, who was born there;
But none with Sion may compare,
Nor *Ethiopia*, *Tyre*, nor *Babylon*,
For *Sion* God above all lov'd, and made His Own.

IV.

God has establish'd *Sion* fast,
Himself is both Her Towers, and Wall;
Such and so strong as ne're shall fall,
Such and so strong, as none shall ever waste,
Till He, who was their Builder, throw them down at last.

I i

V. And

And when the Grand Inquest is made,
And God shall write the Nations down,
First beginning with His Own,
“ This Man was born at *Sion*, ’t shall be sai’d,
“ And for a Bearing to His other Honours lai’d.

VI.

“ From *Sion* springs His Pedigree,
“ I both His Name and Office know,
“ What place He serv’d me in below,
“ But by His Birth place He shall numbred bee.
Where e’re mine was, let me, O Lord, belong to Thee !

Psalm

Lib. 3. upon the LXXXVIII PSALM. 243

Psalm LXXXVIII.

Domine Deus salutis mee, &c.

I.

Great God, whence my Salvation comes alone,
And who that Great Salvation art
Thou day and night hast heard me groan,
O, let Thine Ears at length affect Thine heart!
To Thee I pray, let my Prayer come to Thee,
Or if that cannot reach so high, stoop Thou to me!

*A Psalm of
Heman the
Ezrahite.*

II.

Hear me, my God for I am wondrous low,
And to the grave my life draws nigh;
Loaded with cares my Soul do's go,
And in the Pit is readie down to lie:
Already I am numbred with the Dead,
And that small strength I had (Weakness at best) is fled.

III.

Free as the Dead, and like one long since slain,
Who is forgotten in the Grave,
And never shall return again,
Or, but upon his Tomb, Memoriall have;
Low in the Pit I'm lai'd down in the Deep,
And its rough waves my head do under water keep.

IV.

Far from me Thou hast put my Nearest Friends,
Who as forsaken look on me;
Because my God no succour sends,
They think me hated, or unknown to Thee:

As in a Pest-house quite given o're I'm laid,
And those, who pittie me, are of my Sores afraid.

V.

My eyes with teares o'recome yet look to Thee,
And for Thy help I daily cry ;
When at night I cannot see,
With stretcht out armes I feel if Thou art nigh :
"Wilt Thou, say I to th' Dead Thy wonders show,
"Let me but see them, Lord, and Thou do'st truly so !

VI.

"Shall the Dead rise, and praise Thee, or Thy love,
"Be in the Land of Darknes seen ?
"Shall in the Grave Thy Praise improve,
"Sung there, where silence has for ever been ?
"Where dark oblivion uncontroll'd do's reign,
"And dismal Horror riots o're the empty Plain ?

VII.

And then again I new Petitions make,
And would prevent Thee with my Prayer ;
With Thee the Morning do's partake,
And with my tears instead of dew looks fair :
But thou withdraw'st Thy self, and out of sight,
Hid'st in thick Clouds that Face, which gives me all my light.

VIII.

From my youth up I have Thy Terrors felt,
Ready with grief and pain to die ;
Thy Wrath like fire my Soul do's melt,
And quite consumes, what it should purifie ;
Or like a troubled Sea do's o're me roll,
And thus by several Deaths, or burns, or drowns my Soul.

Lib. 3. upon the **LXXXVIII** PSALM. 245

I X.

Far from me Thou hast put my Nearest Friend,
Whom Thou at first to me didst give;
(Through Death Our Friendship cannot end,
For in the sad Survivour it shall live.)
My Dear Acquaintance in the grave is laid, (made.
And Two, whom God made One, Death again Two has

P. M. O. C.

I 13

Psalm

Psalm LXXXIX.

Misericordias Domini in eternum, &c.

*A Psalm of
Ethan the
Ezrahite.*

- IN flowing Numbers I resolve to sing
The Truth, and Mercies of th' Eternal King :
That late posterity His love may know,
Both what He did, and what He's sworn to do;
5 That Faithfullness, which He has said shall stand,
Like Heav'n first made, and stablish'd by His hand ;
When thus He spake, " I have to David past
" My Word, and with an Oath have bound it fast,
" Saying, Thy seed I'll bless, upon Thy Throne,
10 " And make its rule Eternal like my own.
Angels for this Thy Wonders must declare,
Such praises too sublime for Mortals are,
Who only can below admire Thy love,
Not joyn with, but attend the Quire above ;
15 For who in Heav'n with Thee can be compar'd,
Whom all adore, as Thou by all art fear'd ?
Or who among the mighty Sons of Earth,
Is like to Thee, who gav'st their Mother Birth ?
Before whose Throne Blest Saints, and Angels bow,
20 And cast those Crowns, which to Thy hand they owe.
Whose great Commands the Heavenly Host obey,
And execute the charge, which Thou dost lay.
So Just, so True, so full of Majesty,
Lord, like Thy self Thou art, and none like Thee.
25 The Sea when it to Heav'n in storms do's rise,
At Thy Rebuke in Humble Vallies lies.
Asunder Thou didst break the threatning Wave,
And in its bowels mad'st Proud *Pharaohs* grave.
The Heav'n with all its glorious Flames are Thine,
30 And with reflection from Thine eye they shine.
The Earth, and all the stores the Earth contains,
Of Thy first fulness are the Mighty Dreins.

Thou

Lib. 3. upon the LXXXIX PSALM. 247

Thou bid'st it stand unmov'd above the Flood,
And saw'st, what er'e Thy hand had done was good.
The North and South and all its coasts around, 35
Thou for Thy Pleasure first did'st make, and bound.
Tabor, and *Hermion* in Thy Name rejoyce,
And up to Thee the Vallies raise their Voice.
No Pow'r can Thy All-conqu'ring Arm with-stand,
So strong is that, so high is Thy Right Hand. 40
Justice, and Faithfulness uphold Thy Throne,
Mercie and Truth's the Base it rests upon.
A thousand Graces round about Thee flie,
And take new life and vigor from Thine eye.
Thrice happy land, whose Sovereign Lord Thou art, 45
Who hear Thy Law, and to it yield their heart !
Who in Thy gracious Presence ever dwell,
And all the stories of Thy Power can tell !
Who have Thee for the subject of their Verse, 50
And every day can of Thy Truth reherse !
Thine, Lord, who art their strength, their Fort and Tower,
And on their heads the Anointing Oyl dost poure.
Thou art Our God, and we Thy Praise will sing,
Who in Thy stead o're us mad'st *David* King.
(For thus His Will God to His Prophet told, 55
And in a Vision made Him it behold,
Saying,) " I searcht the People all around,
And now to my Own Heart a Man have found :
David, on whom the Burden shall be laid,
" Of ruling *Israel*, and their King be made. 60
" I have anointed him, with Him my Hand
" Shall both to conquer be, and to command.
" I from Conspiracies his Crown will guard,
" And all his gates shall be most surely barr'd.
" Before His Face his Enemies shall fall, 65
" And unto me in vain for succour call.
" For down I'll tread them, but his head will raise,
" And with my Truth and Love make plain His Wayes.
" His Empire to the River shall extend,
" And only where the Earth finds hers, have end. 70

" All

- " All Lands, and Seas to him shall tribute yield,
 " And of his conquests be the fruitful field.
 " By Name of Father to Him I'll be known,
 " Of God, and Rock, and he shall be My Son.
 75 " My First-born, higher than the Kings of th' Earth,
 " With Rule, and Subjects worthy of his Birth.
 " My Oath and Covenant shall with him stand fast,
 " And I'll that Promise keep, which I have past.
 " Nor shall it be confin'd to him alone,
 80 " But his seed too shall have their Fathers Throne.
 " Which as the dayes of Heav'n shall constant be,
 " And know no bounds but vast Eternity.
 " If they my Statutes, and my Laws forsake,
 " And break the Covenant, which this day I make,
 85 " Then I their Sins will visit with a Rod,
 " But never cease to be their King, and God.
 " My Mercie and my Truth will ne're remove,
 " Nor take away, though I may hide, My love.
 " My Promise, and my Vow I'll never break,
 90 " Nor change the Word, which once my Mouth did speak.
 " For by my self I once to *David* swore,
 " And by My Holiness confirme't once more.
 " His seed and Throne like Heav'n shall constant be,
 " And know no bounds but Vast Eternity.
 95 " Witness ye Heav'ns, which in my sight remain,
 " And you, bright stars, that in your Courses reign;
 " Both Sun and Moon against Me Witness be,
 " If Time it self endures so long as He!
 This Thou hast said, O God, and thus hast sworn,
 100 How comes it then His Kingdome is all torn?
 That Thou hast cast off, and abhor'd Thy King,
 As if he never had anointed been?
 Made voi'd Thy Cov'nant, and to th' Earth flung down
 (Snatcht from His Royal Head) the Sacred Crown ?
 105 Destroi'd his Pallace, and his ramparts broke,
 And on his neck and *Sions* lai'd the yolk ?
 No more that *Sion*, which she was of old,
 Who in her hands the reins of th' Earth did hold ;

Lib. 3. upon the LXXXIX PSALM. 249

Queen of all Cities, Glory of the World,
But in one ruine, with her Captives hurl'd; 110
Dismantled, sack'd, with rubbish hid all o're,
And now their scorn, whose fear she was before.
Our Sov'reign too Himself is forc'd to fly,
Despoil'd of all the Robes of Majesty.
Whil't his strong Enemies, by Thee made so, 115
Load him with fetters, and in Triumphs go.
In vain He conquest from his Sword expects,
When God the threat'ned head from harm protects.
And when it should most execution do,
Turns it on him, whose hand did make thee blow. 120
And back he yields, and all his Glories cease,
And with Him, fall Prosperity, and Peace.
T' th' mid't of 's dayes he do's untimely fall,
By an inglorious Death, and Funeral.

Shall it be ever thus, and will Thine eyes,
Those Mis'ries, which they see us bear, despise? 125
For ever shall Thy Wrath devour like fire,
And in it's flames Thy ancient Love expire?
Remember, Lord, the Number of our dayes,
How few they are to celebrate Thy Praise! 130
Nor let it be in vain Thou life did't give,
But whil't we have it, let us truly Live!
For no man long his ransom'd head can save
From death, or the inexorable grave:
Where then are all Thy former Mercies, Lord, 135
And Oaths, whereby Thou did't confirm Thy Word?
Behold our wrongs, and that reproach we bear,
For making Thee Our Trust, Thy Word Our care!
And what malignities Men on Thee throw,
Because *Messiah's* Coming is so slow! 140
But We believe, and in His day rejoyce,
And whom We look for hasten with our voice.

Amen, and Amen.

The End of the Third Book of Psalms.

K k

THE

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
PSALMS.

Psalm XC.

Domine Refugium factus es, &c.

I.

Lord, We have been Thy ancient Care,
And Thy experienc'd helps all times have known;
Though Time it self to Thee no Age do's bear,
And in comparifon, would seem but Young:
For e're Thy Fertile Word, had made the Earth,
And the World travail'd with the Mountains birth,
Thy Days, Lord, with Thy Being first begun,
With that which no Beginning had,
And when an end of all things shall be made,
Only with that, which has no end, shall they be done.

*A Prayer of
Moses the
Man of God.*

II.

Such is Thy Care, and such Thy Age,
 Whil'st on Thy breath, Poor Man hangs all his trust,
 And soon ha's run his last, and longest stage,
 If whence He rose Thou sentence him to Dust :
 That fond thing life, which he by years do's count,
 (Should to a Thousand Suns the summ amount,
 And all to come,) to Thee as yesterday,
 When it is past and gone appears,
 So looks the numerous train of coming years,
 Or as a Watch, which on Sleeps Wings ha's flown away.

III.

In times swift torrent down they roll,
 Whose stream no fluces spend, or banks can stay ;
 In vain by Art, we would its course controll,
 And stop that Flood, which shall bear all away :
 Like a fleet aiery dream, Our Age do's fly,
 Which springs from Fancy, and deludes the eye :
 Like Flowers, which in the Morning gay and fine,
 Rise with the Sun and mount their heads,
 But Noon once past, look down upon their Beds,
 And tow'rd the Earth, their grave with him at night decline.

IV.

Our very pleasures haste our end,
 And with ten thousand snares beset us round ;
 But when to these Thou dost Thy Armies send,
 What scarce was felt, now gives a Mortal Wound :
 Sicknes and pains, the dire effects of Sin,
 (Which makes their way,) at the wide breach rush in :
 Our secret sins before Thee open lye,
 And this Just punishment we bear,
 The Tale of Life is done, e're we're aware,
 And those Thy wrath consum'd, in Thy displeasure dye.

V.

Our Life to seventy years we count,
 And that he's Old, who thither do's arrive;
 But if through Strength it should to Fourſcore mount,
 Age is a Sickneſs, and 'tis Death to live:
 The ſwift wing'd years will ſoon be numb'red o're,
 And overtake their fellows gone before;
 Which though we ſee, and know, and each day hear,
 As unconcern'd we ſtill look on,
 Till in the Common ruine we fall down,
 And find too late Thy Wrath is equal to Our Fear.

VI.

May We at laſt True Wiſdom gain!
 And having ſeen how much of life is ſpent,
 And how uncertain's all that do's remain,
 Be on Eternity and Heav'n intent!
 Return, O Lord, for we have born Thy hand,
 And Now expecting the dread Sentence ſtand!
 Repent Thee then, Lo, how Thy Servants bow,
 And to Thee all their ſins confeſs,
 Which more by tears than Words they would expreſs;
 And ſhall Thy Servants, Lord, repent, and wilt not Thou?

VII.

For all that we have undergone,
 Thoſe years of our few dayes in troubles paſt,
 Now make Thy Mercy and Thy Pow'r be known,
 And let the Joy we wait for come at laſt!
 Let it proportion to our ſorrows bear,
 As conſtant in its courſe, as e're they were!
 Let us behold the beams of Love, and Grace,
 Making our darkneſs diſappear,
 And having made Our Heav'n with glory clear,
 Their kindeſt Influence, Lord, beſtow upon our Race!

VIII.

Let us uninterrupted see
On all Our wayes Thy choicest blessings shine !
Make those our guides to bring us up to Thee,
And with Thy Holy Flame our drofs refine !
To Thee we look and Heav'n esteem Our Home,
But only through Thy Strength can thither come,
Thy Hand alone Our journeys must direct,
First shew, then lead us in the Way,
Uphold us that we never fall, or stray,
And what Ours cannot, let Thy Hand for us effect.

Psalm

Psalm XCI.

Qui habitat in Adjutorio. &c.

I.

HE, who do's with th' Almighty God reside,
And in His secret place abide,
Under those feathers safe shall lye,
With which he thither first did flye,
Where trouble dares not come near the Most High.

*A Psalm of
David. Gr.
Ανεμίζατος
apud Heb.*

II.

Thither I'll fly, my God, I'll thither come,
No other place shall be my Home;
Thy Pow'r I will my Bulwark call,
My Fortrefs, and my Brazen Wall,
Which shall unmov'd remain, though Heav'n should fall.

III.

Then fear not, Soul, for Thou preserv'd shalt be,
From all the Snares design'd for Thee;
The Plague that All-consuming ill,
Which do's the Air with Poysons fill,
Near Thee shall lose its force, and cease to kill.

IV.

For as the Eagles wings protect her young,
Till they have pinnions of their own,
Under God's wings shalt Thou abide,
And either there securely hide,
Or from Thy Fears away upon them ride.

V.

His Truth shall be Thy Battle-Ax, and Shie'd,
Both to maintain, and get the field;

Neither

Neither the Terrors of the Night,
Nor dangers of the Mid-day light,
unseen shall touch, or seen shall thee affright.

VI.

The Pestilence, which in thick darkness walks,
And in the empty City stalks,
The Sword, which on whole Lands do's prey,
And to bear witness calls the day,
When Thou appear'st, shall turn another way.

VII.

On Thy left hand it shall a thousand smite,
And kill ten thousand on Thy right ;
But nigher shall not come to Thee,
Only Thine eyes with joy shall see,
What the Rewards of all the wicked be.

VIII.

Because Thou to my Rock for help did'st fly,
Above Thy fears, to the Most High,
There shall no evil Thee befall,
Near Thee shall come no Plague at all,
Who art beyond their reach, and lowdest call.

IX.

Around in Bands His Angels shall attend,
And guard Thee to Thy Journeys end ;
To lead Thee some, and some to strow
Those wayes with flowers, which others show,
And make the paths all smooth, where Thou shalt go.

X.

Thou on the Basilisks proud neck shalt tread,
The Lion shall bow down his head ;
With them shall conquer'd Dragons meet,
And humbly stooping at Thy Feet,
Their Captive Chains unto each other greet.

XI.

- "To Me, saies God, he look'd, and therefore I
"Will where he look'd set him on high;
"I was the Object of his Love,
"For as his Prayers did upward move,
"'Twas that they founded in my ears above.

XII.

- "To Me in all his troubles shall he cry,
"He answer him, and speedily:
"Will bring him out with songs of praise,
"Give him long life, and happy daies,
"And after crown him with Eternal Bayes.

Psalm XCII.

*Bonum est confiteri Dominum, &c.**A Psalm for
the Sabbath-
day.*

I.

What Saints in Heav'n and Angels do,
 I'll count my Duty, and my Honour too :
 Morning and Night, Great God, to raise
 My Song as high as Thou hast set Thy Praise ;
 With all the Numbers Musick can invent,
 My Voice, and Harp, and Ten-string'd Instrument,
 That what from Thee first came, my back to Thee be sent.

II.

Thou hast deserv'd it, and my Song
 Shall tell abroad, what Thy great hand ha's done ;
 And in Thy wondrous Works I will rejoice,
 And with the lofty subject fill my voice ;
 But Lord, what Verse can with thy Power compare,
 And shew Thy thoughts, or what Thy Counsels are,
 Which Fools despise, and none can as they ought declare ?

III.

For when like Grass the wicked spring,
 And prosper for a season in their sin,
 'Tis that like Grass they may be mown,
 And dung that Field, which they before did crown ;
 Thou, who on high dost all their malice see,
 And that less mine, than they were foes to Thee,
 Hast thus design'd, that their eternal fall should be.

IV.

But Thou on high shalt raise my head,
 And on it make the Sacred Oyl be shed ;
 And raise it as the Unicorn,
 To guard his Empire, lifts his Sovereign Horn :

And

And then upon my bloody Enemies
My ears shall have their wish, and then my eyes.
Without regret their misery shall see, and hear their cries.

V.

Then like the Palm the Just shall grow,
And as if under weights, more beauteous show;
Like Cedars shall be ever green,
The World's renown, as they the Woods have been;
His hand, which planted them, shall make them thrive,
The Sacred Earth new roots and sap shall give,
Both in His Courts to flourish, and in His House to live.

VI.

There shall they live, and have a Spring,
As constant as the soil they're planted in;
Age shall but render them more fair,
More gay and fruitful than in youth they were;
That all the World Thy Power, O God, may know,
And to Thy Kingdom's Righteous Scepter bow,
Who mak'st the Green Tree wither, and the Dry to grow.

Pſalm XCIII.

Dominus regnavit, decorem, &c.

I.

SUBMIT your Crowns, O Kings, for God do's reign,
 And ha's Himself put on His Crown;
 Throw at His Feet your Scepters down,
 And pardon by your quick submission gain!
 Unto your selves ascribe His Power no more,
 But what He first gave you, to him again restore!

II.

Girt round with Majesty the Lord do's reign,
 His Kingdom is the World He made,
 And on such sure Foundations laid,
 That like his Word it shall unmov'd remain;
 'Tis there he rules, but Heav'n is fit alone
 For our best Wishes, since He there ha's set His Throne.

III.

There as He sits, the Floods would to Him rise,
 Their threatening heads on high they bear;
 But hopeless ever to come near,
 Roar, and send up their clamours to the skyes;
 Above He hears, and scorns them, stills their noise,
 And in their loudest roaring, makes them hear His voice.

IV.

All things obey His Will, whose Law's so sure,
 That all things by it firmly stand;
 From Nothing that did first command
 Their Beings, and now makes them to endure:
 Thy Power, O God, do's reach us every where,
 But in Thy Temple do's Thy Holiness appear.

Psalm XCIV.

Deus ultionum Dominus, &c.

I.

Judge of the Universe, Great Lord of All,
Equal Disposer of Rewards, and Punishments,
Arise, and to Thy Barr, the Nations call,
Both for their Actions to be judg'd, and their intents!
Arise, Great Judge, that by Thy Just Decree,
As are the Proud Man's Merits, his Reward may be!

II.

How long, my God, shall He unpunisht go,
And then most prosper, when he most do's Thee offend?
Speaking hard things of what he do's not know,
And make to patient Heav'n his blasphemies ascend?
To Heav'n he raises his exalted Crown,
And under-foot Heaven's Holy seed the while treads down.

III.

A Widdow now, and then a Stranger slayes,
And with theirs drinks the blood of th'murd' red Fatherless;
Ha's several baits to throw for several preys,
And several snares, which he can unsuspected dress,
So close, he saith, and from suspicion free,
That *Jacob's* God, though He stood by, should never see.

IV.

Canst thou be then so brutish and unwise,
Fond Man, to think He sees not, or not hears,
Who made at first the light, and gave Thee eyes,
And form'd for sounds the subtil windings of thy ears?
Or can the World's just Ruler partial be,
Or God Himself know nothing, who at first taught thee?

V.

He knows the Heart, and the most secret thought,
 How vain are Our desires, Our hatred, love, and fears;
 And happy Man, who ha's the skill been taught,
 To know Himself, though he with chastening learn't, & tears!
 In trouble God will give him rest, and peace,
 And by the wicked's fall his glory shall increase.

VI.

For the Wise God will not His choice forsake,
 Nor His inheritance to strangers ever leave;
 Justice, and Right again the Chair shall take,
 And injur'd Innocence then clear'd its Crown receive:
 Never to be oppress'd, or suffer more,
 But have rewards above the wrongs it felt before.

VII.

“ But whence, said I, shall come my present aid,
 “ Or who against my foes my Title will defend?
 Hadst not Thou, Lord, my help, and shield been made,
 The grave e're this had put to that, and me an end:
 But when I slept, Thy Mercies me sustain'd,
 And in the tumults of my thoughts Thy Comforts reign'd.

VIII.

“ For can God, said I, or the Holy One,
 “ Be joyn'd with them, who set up mischief by a Law?
 “ Shall Justice, and Oppression share the Throne?
 “ Or rapine to its party conquer'd virtue draw,
 “ Against the Just together to conspire,
 “ And doom the Innocent, and guilty to one fire?

IX.

But God's my help; the Rock whereto I fly,
 My Fortress, and high Tower, where darts in vain are sent,
 Their feathers cannot bear them up so high,
 But on the Caster they shall turn in punishment:
 And falling thus in wrath be so hurl'd down,
 That wounded, every man shall say, the Dart's his Own.

Psalm XC V.

Venite exultemus Domino, &c.

I.

Come! let us sing unto the Lord,
And all His deeds with thankfulness record!
Unto Our God, Come, let us sing,
And to His Courts with shouts Our Presents bring!
He is Our Rock to Him Our Verse we'll raise, (Praise.
And He, who heard Our Prayers, shall now attend Our

II.

Great is Our God, and rules o're all,
Above all gods, who at His Footstool fall;
The Earth is His, and all its Deeps,
His Word the Hills on their Foundation keeps;
He made the Sea, and bounded it with Sand,
And bid the heavy earth above the waters stand.

III.

Come! let us worship and fall down,
And as we ought, Our Great Creator own!
He is Our God, His Flock we are,
The Sheep of 's hand, the People of his Court:
Look, how He calls, look, how He bends His ear,
Thus by inclining His, to see if Ours will hear!

IV.

To day let's hear, nor be like them,
Who in the desert did His Power condemn!
That hardened there did God provoke,
And though He still kept His, their Covenant's broke!
" 'Twas then, saies God, they prov'd and tempted me,
" When all around I had my Wonders made them see.

V.

- “Forty years long their sins I bore,
“And from destroying them as long forbore;
“Fond People, said I, thus to stray,
“And when I shew’d it, not to know my way!
“Therefore in wrath I did against them swear,
“Since they despis’d my Rest, they never should come there.
-

Psalms

Psalm XCVI.

Cantate Domino Canticum, &c.

I.

NEw Songs of Praise to the Almighty sing,
And to Him let the World their Offerings bring!
Sing to Our God, and bleſs His Holy Name,
From day to day His Acts declare,
How wondrous, and how great they are,
And let the Nations joyn to celebrate His Fame.

II.

Great is the Lord, and worthy of all Praise,
Above the Trophys we can to Him raise!
No Pow'r like His we can adore, or fear,
For thoſe to whom the Gentiles bow,
Are Idols, and an empty ſhow, (there.
But He made Heav'n, and all the Hoſts, which ſerve Him

III.

Honour and Maſteſty attend His Throne,
Beauty, and Strength His Temple's built upon;
Therefore to Him alone ye People bow,
His Praise with daily thanks renew,
Reſtore to Him, what is His due,
And at His Altar pay, what there you firſt did vow!

IV.

Let the Earth tremble, and its Kingdoms fear,
And all unto the Mighty Word give ear;
Among the Heathen ſay, *That God do's reign,*
Who made the World, and bid it ſtand,
Till He ſhall judge it, whoſe Command
To its firſt Nothing ſhall return it back again.

V.

Be glad, O Heav'ns, and Thou O Earth rejoice,
And to your Comfort take the Seas Deep Voice!
Let the huge Sea in dancing billows rise,
And though confin'd within its Shore,
By Sands which barr the Mighty Door,
Send up to Heav'n its shouts, and force the yielding Skyes!

VI.

Let joyfull Songs be heard in every Plain,
And Hills reflect the Voices Face again!
Then let the Trees, the Glories of the Wood,
In mutual Murmurs all conspire,
And joyn with Birds to fill the Quire,
As if like Men they Parts, and Musick understood!

VII.

At their Own Numbers let them come away,
And where their God shall pass, lead on the way;
He comes! But who His Presence can abide,
That the Great Judge of all shall be,
Yet who would not His Entrance see,
When He with equal Justice, shall each cause decide?

Psalm XC VII.

Dominus regnavit, exultet Terra, &c.

THe Lord do's reign, let the whole Earth rejoyce,
 The Isles be glad, and lift on high their voice ;
 Louder than Seas, which all around them roar,
 And with their shouts shake Heav'n, and rend the Shore !
 In the thick darkness God His Glory shrouds, 5.
 And o're His Brightness throws a veil of clouds :
 Justice and Righteousness uphold His Throne,
 And their firm Basis it do's rest upon.
 In vain for Him their Toils His Enemies lay,
 That Fire consumes them, which prepares His Way. 10.
 For on the Nations He His Lightning threw,
 And o're the World the swift-wing'd Terror flew.
 The Earth beheld it, and began to fear,
 The Hills complain'd, that Heav'n approach'd too near ;
 And melted with the heat, like Wax, flow'd down, 15.
 Whilst in the Plains ran streams of burning Stone.
 At the Almighty Presence they did flow,
 Whose breath the Fire His eye had made did blow.
 The Heav'ns His Justice, and His Power declare,
 And to His Truth the Earth do's witness bear. 20.
 May then all perish, who to Idols bow,
 And boast of Gods, which they make only so !
 Worship Him, all ye Gods, Angels fall down,
 And at His Feet cast every One His Crown !
 Sion with joy shall hear, *Jerusalem* 25.
 Shall send her Daughters to improve the Theam ;
 For He above all Gods is rais'd so high,
 To Him we only by Our Praise can fly.
 Praise Him, ye Righteous, who advanc't above,
 Would have you thus expresse, and send your Love ! 30.
 Your Love upon Himself alone bestow,
 And Hatred only to what's evil show.

- So with deliverance He shall surely come,
And having here preserv'd you, take you home.
35. To Heav'n, in whose large fields refined Light,
Sown for the Just, looks against Harvest white.
Harvests, which as they reap, the Righteous sing,
And with Eternal shoutings carry in;
Be glad, ye Righteous, and in God rejoyce,
40. For what His hands have done deserves your Voice!
-

Psalms

Psalm XCVIII.

Cantate Domino Canticum novum, &c.

I.

NEW Songs of Praise to the Almighty sing,
Triumphall Songs to our Victorious King ;
Whose own right Hand ha's got Him Victory,
And for us mighty Wonders done,
Has mighty Enemies overthrown,
And by its Holiness has made the Wicked flye !

A Psalm.

II.

The Lord ha's fav'd us, and His Power display'd,
His Righteousness made all the World afraid ;
Th'amazed World stood, and admir'd His hand,
And when poor Israel seem'd to be
Hopeless of ever getting free,
Wondred how He could then such miracles command.

III.

Praise Him, O World, and fear His Mighty Name,
From whence all that at which Thou wondrest came !
Call all Thy forces up the Song to raise,
With Trumpets, and with Harps rejoice,
The Sackbut, Clarion, and the voice,
And with shrill Cornets up to Heav'n send all Thy praise !

IV.

Let the Sea roar, and all that dwells therein
Joyn in His praise, when thus the Shores begin !
Let the Floods too their parts in answering bear,
Lift up their heads, and clap their hands,
Rise, and look o're their bounding sands, (there !
And see what's done at Land, though they cannot come

V.

Let them see how the Mountains, glad as they,
Look from their tops, when God will come away !
He comes ! But who His Presence can abide,
That the Great Judge of all shall be ;
Yet who would not His entrance see,
When He with equal Justice shall each cause decide ?

Psalm

Psalm XCIX.

Dominus regnavit, irascantur, &c.

I.

THE Lord do's reign, let the Earth fear,
And tremble, till its old Foundations shake!
For though Mount Sion He His Court do's make,
His Empire reaches every where;
Let the whole World before His Name fall low,
For it is Holy, and most rais'd when they do so!

Versiculus.

II.

He Righteousness and Truth do's love,
Is the Kings strength, as they His glory are;
Jacob His Judgements had, and was His Care;
Exalt our God, who reigns above,
The Holy God, and at His Footstool bow,
For then you raise Him most, when there you fall most low!

Versus.

III.

Moses, and *Aaron*, and the Quire
Of Priests, which alwayes in His Court attend,
Samuel, with those whose praises there ascend,
And from His Altar have their fire,
In their distress, when they did to Him fly,
He, who their troubles saw, as freely heard their cry.

IV.

He heard them, and that very Flame,
Which to His Presence did their Prayers conveigh,
No less for His return prepar'd the way,
Which through the Cloudy Pillar came;
He answer'd them, and as He heard forgave,
And though reveng'd the Sin, yet did the sinner save.

V. Thus

V.

Thus He of old their Faith did prove,
And unseen by them, through the darkness saw
How they observ'd His Word, and kept His Law :

Versus.

Exalt our God, who reigns above,
The Holy God, and in His Temple bow,
For then you raise Him most, when there you fall most low !

Psalm

Psalm C.

Jubilate Deo omnis terra !

I.

YOu, who throughout the World that Power adore,
Which first made it, and then made you,
Give to the Lord, what is His due,
And what Man ha's usurpt, His Praise restore !

II.

'Tis God alone, who by His Word made All,
And by His Word that All sustains ;
And Nothing by the Wonder gains,
Except to save and hear us when we call.

III.

We are His People, He Our Maker is,
Our Shepheard He, and we His sheep,
Whom He secure do's ever keep,
And praise is all that He expects for this.

IV.

Approach His Courts, and enter them with praise,
And of His Mighty Power rehearse !
Make that the subject of your Verse,
And up to Heav'n with it His Goodness raise !

V.

Who most shalt bless Him, let's together strive !
His Mercies have been ever sure,
His Truth for ever shall endure,
What can we less, when He so much do's give ?

Psalm CI.

*Misericordiam & Justitiam, &c.**A Psalm of
David.*

I.

I Will of Judgement, and of mercy sing,
 The greatest Praises of the greatest King, (bring.
 And since mine's nothing worth, His own unto Him

II.

'Twas He discover'd to me first the Way,
 I'll follow where He shew'd the passage lay;
 O, come, and lead me, Lord, that I may never stray!

III.

With my integrity I'll never part,
 But be my Seed's as Thou my Pattern art,
 And as Thy Way is perfect, so shall be my Heart.

IV.

No wicked thing will I with pleasure see,
 My Innocent eyes no more shall guilty be,
 Or look so low, since they have once been rais'd to Thee.

V.

I'll hate the work of him, who turns aside,
 His way from life, and happiness lyes wide,
 And as he shuns me, from him I my face will hide.

VI.

The Privy slanderer I will ore'throw,
 Reject the Proud, nor with the froward go, (low.
 Their great heights, when they fall, shall make them sink more

VII.

But he in mine shall be, as in Thy sight,
Whose heart, and wayes Thy Laws have made upright,
To Thee a Servant, but my Friend and chief delight.

VIII.

He in my house shall dwell, but never there
Shall the deceitful, or false Man appear;
Destruction cannot be far of, when they are near.

IX.

Early I will destroy them, and my hand
Shall cut them off, and guiltless make the Land,
And on their spoils, Gods City shall triumphing stand!

Psalm CII.

Domine exaudi orationem, &c.

I.

*The V Peni-
tential Psal.**A Prayer of
the Afflicted
when he is
overwhelmed
and pourses
out his com-
plaint before
the Lord.*

MY dearest God, let my Pray'r come to Thee,
Nor at my tighes, and cry offended be!
Dart through these pitchy clouds one ray Divine,
And make Thy glorious Face appear;
If Thou art pleas'd again to shine,
I will no longer fear,
But hope that He, who sees my Pain, will bend His ear.

II.

But hear me then, and answer speedily
'Ere 'tis too late, and I no more can cry!
For as dry wood do's in the furnace burn,
And vanishes in smoak away,
So all my strength to smoak do's turn,
And feels its own decay,
Whil'st on my bones, and heart a fire unseen do's prey.

III.

So fierce it rages, that I quite forget,
Through pain, and grief my very bread to eat;
The tears I shed do but the flame encrease,
My bones, and flesh become more dry;
And all the while I held my peace,
Less burnt, then now I cry;
And grass the Sun ha's toucht, is not so scorch't as I.

IV.

And as the solitary Pelican,
And widdow'd Turtle for their mates complain;

Just like the Owle, which do's in desarts dwell,
Hating, and hated of the light,
That to the Rocks her moans do's tell,
So shun I every sight
By day, and weary with my mournfull cryes the night.

V.

Both night, and day I'm made the common scorn,
And those, who hate me, are against me sworn ;
Ashes and Tears have been my meat, and drink,
Whil'st I continually did grieve,
Of Thy Just wrath, and hand to think,
What mortal wounds they give,
Lifting me up a greater fall but to receive.

VI.

And as the shadow with the Sun declines,
And disappears, when that no longer shines :
As with the Summer heat flowers pine away ;
So pass my years e're well begun :
But an Eternal Now do's stay
On Thyne, ne're to be done,
When thousand Ages shall their several Race have run.

VII.

The mis'ries of Thy Sion Thou hast seen,
How great Her Sorrows, what her Cares have been ;
To save Thy Sion, Lord, at length arise !
Her mighty Jubilee is come,
And now her very dust we prize,
Her rubbish and Her lome,
And humbly begg Thou would'st return her captives home !

VIII.

So shall the heathen fear Thy Holy Name,
And all their Kings Thy Kingdomes rule proclaim :
N n 3 When

When thus again Thou Sion shalt rebuild,
 And in Thy glory there appear,
 When all Her Courts with Vowes are fill'd,
 And Thou inclin'ſt Thine Ear,
 The Prayer of the Forſaken, and their groans to hear.

IX.

For the next age this ſtory we'll record,
 That they, as well as We, may praiſe the Lord,
 Who from the height of Heav'n, His Throne, look'd down,
 And did from thence the Earth behold,
 Thence heard the dying Priſ'ners grone,
 Saw Juſtice chain'd with gold,
 And fav'd both Her, and them, for bribes unjuſtly fold.

X.

He fav'd them, that they might His Power declare,
 And tell in Sion, what his Praiſes are ;
 When all the Nations there ſhall gath' red be,
 And to the Sacred Mount aſcend ;
 When the whole World His Power ſhall ſee ,
 And all its Kings contend,
 Who ſhall the loweſt ſtoop, or richeſt preſents ſend.

XI.

O might I live to ſee that happy day,
 And not be cut off in the middle way !
 " My God, what are my years to Thee, ſaid I ?
 " Or what my age compar'd with Thine,
 " If e're my Noon is reach't I dye ?
 " For Thee No Times confine,
 " Nor ages meaſure out Thy Days, as hours do mine.

XII.

Of old Thou haſt the Earth's Foundations laid,
 And on Thy Word the Heav'ns all times have ſtaid ;

Thy

Thy Word shall make them both fall down again;
Be like a Garment thrown aside,
A Vest with some great rent, or stain;
And all their Ancient pride
Or shall destroy, or under Formes more glorious hide.

XIII.

But Thou the same, which Thou hast alwayes been,
Shalt never end, as Thou did'st ne're begin;
When Time itself shall dye, and be no more:
And as Thou art, O God, like Thee,
(Excepting what Thou wert before)
Thy Servants Seed shall be,
And have for them, and theirs a Post-Eternity.

Psalm CIII.

Benedic anima mea Domino, &c.

*A Psalm of
David.
Versiculus.*

I.

A Rise my Soul, and to th' Almighty King,
Sprightly, and cheerful Hallelujahs sing !
Call all thy Forces up, thy Love, thy Fear,
And every part compleatly fill,
Be sure no Idle Passion, Soul, be there,
But to them joyn thy Judgement, Fancy, and thy Will !
With every sence, and every power rejoice,
And add to all a well tun'd voice ;
Versiculus. Thus rise, my Soul, and to th' Almighty King,
Sprightly, and cheerfull Hallelujahs sing !

II.

Let thy Song be of what thy self ha's known,
And to the Worlds experience bring Thine own !
Sing of His Name, who cast thy sins away,
And made them all forgotten be,
And though His hand awhile upon thee lay,
'Twas only that restor'd thou might'st His Bounty see ;
Who beyond Hope thy life from death did save,
When all had doom'd it to the grave ;
And for those thorny cares, which girt it round,
Thy head with love, and tender mercies, crown'd.

III.

He Thy Old Age do's with new favours bless,
And as thy years His kindnesse increase ;
Thy years have not the Symptomes of decay ;
For all the Eagle still grows young,
And moulting her old plumes again looks gay,
As youthfull as she ever was, and full as strong,

After

After her prey as lustily can fly,
 As e're shee did, and so far as high,
 He like the Eagles do's Thy youth renew,
 And gives Thee both its strength, and beauty too.

IV.

Those whom the Wicked with oppression grieve,
 The Lord do's or avenge, or else relieve.
 Thus unto *Moses* He His Way made known,
 And helpless *Israel* this did see,
 When from the cruel chains, which kept them down,
 But farr more cruel Masters, He first set them free :
 'Tis not a little thing His wrath will move,
 In flame His rage, or quench His love ;
 Nor for Our Sins will He for ever chide,
 But seeks them rather, than his Face to hide.

V.

Such are His Mercies, when we must confess
 Our Sins might justly make their number less,
 And him a sharper sentence to have past ;
 But when to be put farr from Thee,
 Behind Thy back we fear'd, Lord, to be cast,
 Our Sins were only set, where we deserv'd to be :
 And this alone for Thy dear Mercies sake,
 Without the least claim we could make,
 To which Our good no more proportion beares,
 Than the small point of Earth to Heaven's vast Sphears.

VI.

How could it else be that they durst appear,
 Whose guilt had added horror to their fear ?
 Love made Him break the knott, and set Our Sins
 As far from us, but from Him more,
 Than the bright East, where the young Sun begins
 To take his Journy, is from the West where he gives o're :
 The most indulgent Fathers tender Love
 Is hate, compar'd to His above ;

For none so well as He, who made, can spare,
Who both knows whence we came, and what we are.

VII.

From Earth Our mean Original we have,
A part of what must be e're long Our grave :
Frail Mortal Man, whose dayes are like the grass,
A Short-liv'd flower, which stands a while,
But like those blustering storms, that o're it pass,
Flies with them, and is gon e're it began to smile :
But to Eternity Gods Love extends,
And all the blessings which He sends,
To Childrens Children, and their Seed endure,
To them, who keep it, like His Cov'nant sure,

VIII.

Above the Heav'n God has prepar'd His Throne,
Heav'n's but the Cloth of State He treads upon ;
There do's He rule, and Sovereign Laws dispence,
And Kingdoms where He please, bestow,
Scepters, and Crowns are all receiv'd from thence,
And Kings to Him their Thrones, as well as Beings ow :
The Angels are his Ministers of State,
And to observe His Pleasure wayt ;
Bless Him ye Angels, who in strength excell,
And what His Will is, you who do it, tell !

IX.

You hear the Words, which from His Mouth do flow,
And having hear'd, strait to perform them go,
As swift, as you are ready at His call,
Praise Him, who made your place so high,
And let weak Mortals, who did lower fall,
To whom you oft are sent, on your wings upward fly !
Praise Him His Works, 'tis all that you can do,
For Him, who did so much for you !
Praise Him, my Soul, and to th' Almighty King,
Sprightly, and cheerfull Hallelujahs sing !

Versiculus.

Psalms.

Psalm CIV.

Benedic anima mea Domino, &c.

I.

A Rise, My Soul, and to th' Almighty King,
Sprightly, and cheerful Hallelujahs sing!
To God, who o're all gods renown'd,
With Majesty, and Glory crown'd,
Let's Thee His prayse resound;

Versiculus.

And though Thy flame can never equal rise
Unto His height, accepts Thy Sacrifice!

'Tis He, who with Eternal Light
Obscures Himself, as we are hid in night;

Who in the clearest beams do's cover

A more sublime, and piercing ray,

Making Our Heav'n, and Common day,

But like a Curtain to be shifted over;

Who, as He is, to Blessed Souls is seen,

In glories farr above the Sky,

Without the help of sight, or ey,

The only meanes we see Him by,

Who alwayes see Him with the Veil of Heav'n betwene.

II.

The Waters are to God as ground,

Who in their floods has His foundations lay'd,

Has all their Ebbs, and Flowings stay'd,

And in their depth a bottom found;

Waters are solid, when He layes the Beams

Of His Chambers in their swiftest streames;

He makes the Clouds His Chariots, Clouds which are

Envy'd by Angels wayting there, (bear.

That when they go before, the Clouds their God should

Th' ambitious Winds aside their blust'ring lay,

And strew their downy Feathers in His way;

The Heav'nly Host before Him run,
 Swift as the Air they tread upon;
 Flames of fire His way prepare,
 So bright, and yet so terrible His Servants are.

III.

Below the Center of the Mighty Deep,
 Where undisturb'd the Aged Waters keep,
 And in Eternal Calms ly fast asleep,
 There God the Piles for this huge World has lay'd,
 And on their firm supporters bid it stand
 Immoveable, unmov'd it rests at His command,
 And one Vast Island of th' whole Earth is made.
 The Sea about it hov'ring stood,
 As though it knew not what to do,
 Would have some shoare, yet would be wider too,
 At last became a Mantle to the World,
 And o'reits shoulders hurld,
 Let its head stand secure above the Flood:
 Secure it stands by the Almighty Word,
 By Him, who spake it, the Eternal Lord:
 The Deep is to its service held,
 Both to enrich, and to defend,
 And though some times to Hills the strugling Billows Sweld,
 Higher than steepest Hills, to Heav'n their rage extend,
 Let Him but speak, away they fly,
 Affrighted at his Thunders noyse,
 Roaring Seas hearken to a Louder voyce,
 And husht into a Calm with murmuring dy.

IV.

Thou gates, and barrs hast to the Ocean plac'd,
 Thus far to go, and at this bound,
 Since move it must, again go round,
 One foot beyond it cannot walt;

No, though it come, and the next wave
 Press'd forward by a greater force,
 That by an inexhausted source,
 Threatning to make the Earth one watry grave;
 Let thousands then on one another croud,
 And of their Empire proud,
 Exalt their Thrones above the Land,
 When here Thy Hand
 Moves a retreat, Hills into plains are tost,
 And mounts of Seas in humble Vallies lost:
 To their own place they go, their rage give o're,
 And silent as they were before,
 Only with trembling pay their Tribute to the shore.

V.

The other springs, those many veines
 Which thou hast scattred here, and there,
 Over the Earth fresh nutriment prepare,
 And in perpetual Circulation
 Into the Sea their mighty Cistern run,
 Whence they refunded are again,
 With new supply
 Always to flow, and ne're be dry;
 And in their streames have store of drink to give
 The Beasts, which in the desert Live.
 There the wild Asses their hot thirst allay,
 By them the Fowles of Heav'n delighted stay,
 Making by every Rivers side
 Sure habitations for their young,
 Where all the Quire intend their Song,
 And tune their notes to th' bubbling of the tyde:
 The craggy rocks, which have not equal need,
 Thou dost by other Conduits feed,
 Rayning down showers; and with his dew
 God do's the dry'd up moysture of the Hills renew.

VI.

He the whole Earth do's satisfie, and food
 For all that live do's from its bowels bring,
 Causing the herbs to grow, and grasse to spring,
 (Roots of all sorts, which have the Name of Good)
 And from this Common Parent gives us Life & Lively-hood.
 No short allowance, and what may suffice
 Barely to keep up Life, but great Varieties ;
 Wine that makes glad the heart, and gives
 New Spirits, and lost powers retrieves ;
 The grape with which a nobler dy
 Staines all our cares, and makes them undistinguish'dly ;
 And Oyl to make Our faces shine,
 And be without as gay, as we are smooth within ;
 Bread, Wine, and Oyl without all measure
 Th' Earth brings from her never failing Treasure.

VII.

Such is Our MotherEarth, on whose fair brow
 The tall, and long-liv'd Cedars grow,
 Trees which are full of Sap, whose heads defy
 The Heav'ns, and near-approaching sky :
 Cedars the glory of all Woods, and King of Trees ;
 In whose fair boughes the Eagle has her nest,
 And undisturb'd can rest,
 None but the Sun her Airy Sees,
 When in his purer flames she tryes
 How her young brood can dare the Light,
 And had they wings, in his beames directly rise,
 Able to blind anothers sight,
 And hazard more their plumes than eyes ;
 The Stork a Story Lower takes her place,
 And for an house the Firr-tree has,
 Till an appointed Time
 Recall her to some other Clime ;
 Whilst underneath the craggy clift
 A Refuge for the Goat is left ;

And

And weaker Conys by Gods Providence,
Have from strong rocks, more than their heels, a sure defence.

VIII.

I'th' Sky above the Power of God is seen,
Whether we view one single light,
The Empress of the silent night,
Or those innumerable flames between,
Which Heav'n in one continu'd flame unite ;
The Moon, whether a World, or Star,
Or only as we judge the other Luminaries are,
For times and seasons set, to tell the day,
Now it must spring, now it must pass away ;
The Sun no less the minute knows,
When to set, and when to rise,
When to withdraw, and when to cheer Our eyes,
Giving by his retreat the darkness way
To rule the Night, as he doth guide the day.
Then from their dens the Savage Beasts walk out,
Fierce Lions roar, and for their prey beat all about ;
Till at Cock-Crow,
Lions that men, and weapons scorn,
Alarm'd at the approach of Morn,
Through some undiscover'd Plain,
Steal to their Caves again ;
And or for Work, or Pleasure leave the day to Man.

IX.

Eternal Minde, should we each Act of Thine
Recount, and mention every thing,
At which of Thy Great works should we begin ?
Or what Almighty Numbers can confine
The Love, and Providence Divine ?
Thy Works are like Thy Self sublime, and high,
The Power and Wisdom of the Deity,

More

More numerous than the sand,
 Embracing in its Armes the Sea,
 Though every sand should reckoned be,
 And all in one long row like Cyphers stand,
 The Sea at head, for a great figure to command,
 I'th' Sea His mighty aids appear,
 In all the Armes and armies there,
 The Gyant and the Pigmee fry,
 Which in the Sounds, and Shallows ly,
 And at His will or tight, or fly,
 Where Great Leviathan Leads up the Vann,
 Leviathan whom He made to play
 In that great Waste, in that great Waste bear sway.
 Scorning the rage of silly Man,
 Leviathan, whom Seas, as He do's Thee obey.

X.

There go the Ships those floting Isles,
 Proud with the Lands, and Oceans spoiles,
 Advancing to Our Shore
 The Silver Mine, and Golden Oare,
 And in their passage through the deep their God adore.
 On Him all Creatures wayt,
 And at that Common Table, which His hands have spread
 With Providence, and plenty, all are fed;
 A Table to which none can ever come too late.
 Thou feed'st the Wicked, and the Good,
 To Thee they look, Thou giv'st them food;
 From Thine Own selfart full, and ne're drawn dry,
 Canst all alone, as thou dost all supply;
 Hide but Thy Face and then, this World
 Has Horrör and confusion o're it hurld;
 They dye, and hasten to their dust,
 They dye, and make one Common rust,
 In which when they have Ages buried lain,
 Thy Spirit bestows another birth,
 Breath's a new life, new flocks the Earth,
 And to the World, the World returns again.

XI.

So shall alternate life, and death
 Make way for them, who must hereafter live;
 Leave one and give another breath,
 And from its Fate the Aged World reprieve :
 Till God enough have liv'd shall see,
 Till for His Glory God command an end to be.
 'Tis Come— See how the Earth do's shake,
 The Rocks bow down, and Mountains quake,
 See how the Hills, all set on fire,
 Are beacons to each other made,
 One Hill is of another Hill afraid,
 And melted in the All-consuming Flame expire.
 Where are they ? Just so shall the Sinner dy,
 Just so consum'd ; ever consuming ly.

XII.

I the meanwhile will to my God sing praise,
 Unsearchable in all His Ways ;
 My Meditation of Him shall be sweet,
 And with my Praise I will His Wonders meet :
 His who can Phœnices from Our cold Ashes raise.
 'Tis God alone, whose Mighty Power
 Shall, when the Wicked be no more,
 Refine His Chosen by these flames,
 Give then new and better Names,
 And make them farr more glorious than they were before!

Arise, my Soul, and to th' Almighty King,
 Sprightly, and Cheerful Hallelujahs sing !

Versiculus.

Psalm CV.

Confitemini Domino, & invoke, &c.

- G**ive thanks unto Our God, and let your Verse
 Both of His wondrous Acts and praise rehearse!
 Let them give life, and Numbers to your Song,
 And count the Glorys, which to Him belong!
 5 All you who fear His Name in it rejoice,
 And shew your heart is cheerful by your voice!
 Seek ye the Lord, and seek His Mighty Power,
 And never, till you see His Face, give o're!
 Remember all the Wonders He has done,
 10 The Words He spake, the Signes His hand has shone!
 You, who of *Abraham*, the Almighty's Friend,
 And of His chosen *Jacob's* Seed descend!
 He is the Lord His Judgements are abroad,
 And all the World by them shall fear Our God;
 15 The Word He past is ever in His mind,
 To thousand Ages, which are yet behind:
 The Faithful Cov'nant He with *Abraham* made,
 And unto *Isaac* with an Oath conveigh'd,
 Confirm'd it then to *Jacob* for a Law,
 20 From when now *Israel* their best Title draw,
 Saying,
 "To thee I'll *Canaan* give, that Happy land,
 "And where Thou sojourn'st now, Thou shalt command.
 He said it when they were in number few,
 Hardly a Number, were but only two;
 25 Two, who were one, and strangers, forc'd to flee
 Those Kingdoms, which their own should after bee.

Yet

Yet then He suffered none to do them wrong,
 Reprov'd Kings for them as they pass'd along;
 "No hurt to my Annoynted, said He, do,
 "Nor vex my Prophets, least it fall on you. 30
 Then on the Land He for a dearth did call,
 To break that staff, whose prop before was small.
 The staff of bread that they again might hold,
 He that must sell them bread, was by them sold.
 Sold for a Slave, and that, in Prison cast, 35
 Where his bruise'd feet in fetters were kept fast.
 But that He bore; the smart t' his Soul did pass,
 When he remembred by whose means it was.
 Till the Word came, *Joseph*, good Word for Thee,
 Which prov'd Thee guiltless and which made Thee free. 40
 The King in haste to loose the Pris'ner sent,
 And though the Messengers too slowly went;
 Made Him high Steward of his house, with Power
 Greater than ever subject had before;
 His Realms submitted to his ruling hand, 45
 And that his will for Sovereign Law should stand.
 Whether his Princes he in Chains would lay,
 Or teach her wife Men how they should obey;
 Pull down, set up, controll things as he please,
 Be King in all except the Name, and Ease. 50
 'Twas then that *Israel* into Egypt came,
 And *Jacob* sojourn'd in the Land of Ham,
 Where He increas'd, and did a Nation grow,
 More numerous than the slaves, which kept them so.
 And by Gods blessing did so propagate, 55
 That whom their Enemies could not hurt, they hate,
 New taskes impose, and harder bonds contrive,
 And plott their death whom He had say'd should live.
 Hence as Embassadors, before He went,
Moses and *Aaron* He to Egypt sent, 60
 To make His wonders in their land be known,
 Who were, and had so many of their own.

- He to thick darkneſs turn'd their Noon day Light,
 And made them feel, as well as ſee their night,
 65 The Rivers did with Purple Streams abound,
 And the true dye in every Fiſh was found.
 The Land did princely Frogs unnumbred breed,
 Which lay with Nobles, and with Kings did feed.
 He ſpake the Word, and there came Hoſts of Flies,
 70 Lice reign'd below, and they uſurpt the ſkyes :
 He gave them hail for rain, and fire for dew,
 Both to o'rethrow, and to conſume them too:
 Smote all their vines, and with the Fatal Stroke,
 What hail and Lightning ſpar'd, the Thunder broke :
 75 Then came up armed Locuſts, and their train,
 In ſuch great bands ne're to be ſeen again,
 And what was left by all the plagues before,
 Swept clean away and the whole Land run o're.
 At laſt th' Almighty, when this would not do,
 80 Came down Himſelf and Egypts Firſt-born ſlew.
 And for the Time that *Iſrael* there did ſtay,
 They pa'd themſelves, before they went away,
 Took with them Egypts Silver, and its Gold,
 By great, as it was Lent them, and untold ;
 85 Away they went more Luſty and more Strong,
 Than when at firſt they came, Thouſands for One.
 And when they went, Egypt rejoyc'd to hear
 Their parting, whom She always ſaw with fear.

- Thus freed a Cloud did their great journey ſhow,
 90 And in the Cloud which lead their way, they go.
 A Cloud by day when all Heav'n elſe was bright,
 But that obſcur'd a dancing Flame by night :
 And as they paſſ'd, and marmur'd there for meat,
 He gave them Quayles, and Angels bread to eat :
 95 Open'd the Rock which kept the Waters in,
 And turn'd its flinty bowels to a ſpring ;
 A ſpring whoſe ſtreams in Rivers did run o're,
 And follow'd cloſe the Camp which marcht before.

Lib.4. upon the C V PSALM. 313

His servant *Abraham* to His Minde did come,
His Cov'nant, what it was, and made with whom; 100
So He their Hosts did out of Bondage bring,
Whilst by the Way they did His Praises sing;
Brought them to Labours which were not their own,
And Loaded Harvests, that they had not sown;
To Canaan, thence to be remov'd no more, 105
But hold of Him, who was their Lord before;
Keeping such Lawes, such services to do,
As by His Covenants He had bound them to.

Hallelujah.

Psalm

Psalm C V I.

Confitemini Domino quoniam, &c.

Hallelujah. Sing to the Lord, for He alone is Good,
 His mercies sure, for ever so have stood !
 But who their Verse can to His Glory raise,
 Or as His Acts deserve, shew forth His Praise ?
 5 Thrice happy they, who His Commandments Love,
 And by their Constancy their service prove !
 On me, unworthy wretch, O God, look down,
 And grant those favours, which Thou shewst Thine Own !
 That I may tast how good 'tis to be Thine,
 10 And in the Undersong to bless Thee join !

Lord, we have sinn'd, we, and Our Fathers too,
 And what they vilely did, as vilely do.
 In Egypt they could not Thy Wonders see,
 As if its night had drawn a veil o're Thee ;
 15 They minded not the signes Thou there didst show,
 And thence but to provoke Thee more did go ;
 Provoke Thee at the sea, the Red sea, where
 Thou brought'st them down, to make Thy hand appear.
 Yet then God sav'd them for His own Names sake,
 20 That like their sins His Power He known might make.
 He stroke the Sea, the Sea asunder broke,
 Its Christall could not bear th' Almighty stroke.
 And as it broken there in peices lay,
 Gods secret path was *Israels* Great High Way.
 25 Through which, as through the Wilderness they pass,
 Only these sands were wall'd about with glass.
 Thus from their Enemies He set them free,
 Whilst the admiring waves stood up to see.
 But when the sacred Army was gon o're,
 30 The seas no longer own'd their new made shore ;

But

Lib.4. upon the C VI Psalm.

315

But o're it leapt, as friends return'd to greet
And in their old embraces hast to meet;
Th' Egyptian Troops, which scattred lay between,
And thought to tell at home what they had seen,
Swift as that thought were buried in the waves,
And not one left to shew their empty Graves.

35

Then *Israel* fear'd His Word, and sang His Praise,
But soon forgot that, and His Wondrous ways.
Did in the Wilderness His Power distrust,
And for full Tables in the Desert lust.
He gave it them, but therewith leanness sent,
Into their very Souls the Poyson went.

40

Next against *Moses* they in tumults rise,
And *Aaron* the Almighty's choyce despise:
But God Himself from Heaven His Choice approv'd,
And from His sight the Murmurers remov'd.
The Sea before, the Earth do's now obey,
And frighted at His presence ran away:
Loosned its hold, and as apart it fell,
Let *Dathan* and *Abiran* quick to Hell.
And those, who to the Priesthood did aspire,
And off'red Incense, were consum'd by Fire.

45

50

At Horeb they had griev'd him long before,
When there they did their molten god adore.
At Horeb where they that great Voice did hear, }
Which fill'd the most rebellious breast with fear, }
And strook the Soul, as it surpriz'd the Eare. }
Thus to an Ox their glory they compare,
And these, cry they, "Thy Gods O *Israel* are.
Not because they the true one did not know,
But their old love to Egypt thus would show;
Forgetting what in Egypt He had done,
Both for their Nations honour and His own.
And all His Wonders in the Mighty Deep,
Making a Causey there, that they their way might keep.

55

60

65

Wherefore

Wherefore about destroying them He spake,
 And that He *Moses* a great Name would make ;
Moses, who in the breach before Him stood,
 And would have given His Own to save their blood.

- 70 That pass'd ; the Happy Canaan they contemn,
 But more the God, who promis'd it to them.
 To Egypt they again had rather go,
 Than serve new Masters whom they did not know.
 Therefore in wrath He rais'd His vengefull Hand,
 75 To Strike, and swear they should not see the Land ;
 And that all those, who fell not by His own,
 Should by their En'mies swords be overthrow'n.

- Sure they will try it, and to Peor turn'd,
 Before dumb Idols ate, and Incense burn'd ;
 80 Thus were they only constant in their sin,
 And knew no measure till the Plague brake in.
 Had some new folly to enflame His Ire,
 And set the Mine He lay'd so deep a fire ;
 Till Phineas stood up, and with dextrous skill,
 85 Three En'mies at one happy blow did kill,
Zimri, and *Cosbi* and the Plague did slay,
 Which weltring in their gore, and breathless lay.
 An Act, whose Memory God Himself would save,
 And for reward to His House the Priest-hood gave.

- 90 Another time at Meriba they strove,
 And their meek Guide did with their murmurings prove.
 Full ill it went with *Moses* for their sake,
 Who unadvis'dly in His Passion spake,
 And with them both in sin, and judgement did partake. }
 95 The Nations, of which God in charge did give
 Should be destroy'd, they were resolv'd should live ;
 And come to Canaan, to preserve their seed,
 Were mingled with them, and did by them breed.
 Learn'd all their works, their Idols did adore,
 100 Curs'd to Them now, though for their sakes before :

Idols, that Devils were, yet unto whom
 All smear'd they in their Childrens blood must come,
 No other Sacrifice but that will please ;
 Nor any blood, but the Innocent appease ;
 Their childrens blood, with which their Gods were stain'd, 105
 They and their Gods, and with their own the land.
 Thus justly plagu'd for their impiety,
 That Gods of their own making should so cruel bee !

This blew the Heav'nly wrath up to a Flame,
 Turn'd love to hatred, Mercy rage became ; 110
 Up to the Heathen He His People gave,
 And *Israel* in His own land was a slave ;
 Those, who most hated them, for Lords did reign,
 And those they conquer'd, conquer'd them again :
 When God delivered them, they yet sinn'd more, 115
 Tempting new plagues they never felt before ;
 Yet to their cry He gently bow'd His Ear,
 And though they would not Him, their groans did hear.
 According to His Cov'nant Mercy sent,
 And taught them by His oft, once to Repent ;
 Made their proud Lords resent their Miseries, 120
 And shew less cruel hands, and more indulgent eyes.

Save us O God, and bring Thy Captives home,
 That we with prayse may to Thy Temple come !
 To *Israels* King let thanks be ever pay'd,
 And let *Amen* by all the World be say'd !

Q 9

Hallelujah.

THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF
PSALMS.

Psalm CVII.

Confitemini Domino quoniam, &c.

Chorus Omnium.

ALL you, who on th' Almighty Love depend,
And by His liberal hand improve,
Let with your voice your thanks ascend,
And here begin, what you shall do above!
His Mercy like His Truth is ever sure,
And so your Praise should be, as constant, and as pure.

*Chorus Om-
nium.*

Versus I.

Let His Redeem'd say so, that *Israel*, whom
Their Enemys Captive led, but He brought home!
Then brought them home, when from the farthest East
They were dispers'd, and scattred to the West;
When North and South their weary steps did know,
But they, nor where they went, nor where to go;

Versus I.

Q q 2

Now

Now in the Defart an untrodden way,
 Where they could hardly pafs, yet durst not ftay ;
 Where they no City found, and none to tell
 Which fould to take, or in what Place to dwell ;
 Hungry and thirfty, doubtful in their mind, (find.
 Scarce knowing what they fought, or what they'd wifh to

*Chorus Minor.**Chorus Minor.*

Then to the Lord in their diftrefs they cry'd,
 They cry'd aloud, and He did hear ;
 And though His Face He feem'd to hide,
 By His great Hand declar'd that He was near ;
 For when in vain they had look'd round about, (out.
 And faw no help, tow'nds Him they look'd, & were brought

*Versus Respondens.**Versus Respondens.*

He led them forth Himfelf by the right way,
 Their paffage made, as their great journey lay :
 And City founded for them, and did tell
 Not only where, but made them in it dwell.

*Chorus Omnium.**Chorus O.*

Let all the Earth th' Eternal Bounty praife,
 And talk of all that He has done :
 How Truth and Mercy are His wayes
 To the whole World, as well as to His Own ;
 For to the longing Soul He grants His Will,
 And with that Goodnefs, which He is, do's th' hungry fill.

*Versus. II.**Versus II.*

Thofe who in darknefs, and in Horror fit,
 And fo near death, 'tis in the fhade of it,
 Bound in Affliction, and in heavy chaines,
 In prifon, where there noyfe, and filence reignes,
 Feeling their fins in all they fuffer there,
 Whole weight more rings than th' Irons, which they bear,
 Their hearts fink lower than their bodies ly,
 And there's as little hope, as in their eye.

Chorus M.

Chorus M.

Then to the Lord in their distress they cry'd,
They cry'd aloud, and he did hear;
And though His Face He seem'd to hide,
By His great hand declar'd that He was near;
For when in vain they had look'd all about, (out.
And saw no help, tow'rd Him they look'd, & were brought

Chorus M.

Versus Resp.

He broke their Chains asunder, sett them free,
And made their Irons a new Bearing be;
From darkness freed them, where they once did sit,
Not from Death only, but the shade of it.

Versus R.

Chorus Omnium.

Let all the Earth th' Eternal Bounty praise,
And talk of all that He has done;
How Truth and Mercy are His Wayes
To the whole World, as well as to His Own!
For gates of Bars against Him could not stand,
But open fell, Iron prov'd stubble to His Hand.

Chorus O.

Versus III.

Those Foolish sinners, who in sottish Love
Consume their Age, neglecting that above,
Are justly punish'd for their fond disdain,
And have for all their love, no love again:
How do they pine away, and loath their meat,
Feeding their passion more, the less they eat?
To sullen rocks lament, as if the grones
Which tear their breasts, would pierce the senseless stones?
But all in vain, those meanes but fruitless prove,
One Death alone can end their Lives, and Love.

Versus III.

Chorus M.

*Chorus M.**Chorus M.*

Then to the Lord, in their distress they cry'd
 They cry'd aloud, and he did hear;
 And though His Face He seem'd to hide.
 By His great hand declar'd that He was near:
 For when in vain they had look'd all about, (out.
 And saw no help, tow'rds Him they look'd, & were brought

*Versus Resp.**Versus R.*

He sent His Word which did refine their love,
 No more on Earth, but plac'd it all above;
 'Twas a disease no longer, knew no pain,
 But for the love it gave, had love again.

*Chorus Omnium.**Chorus O.*

Let all the Earth th' Almighty Bounty praise,
 And talk of all that He has done;
 How Truth, and Mercy are His Ways
 To the whole World, as well as to His Own!
 And let all those, who by His Goodness live,
 The hearts He thus has chang'd an Offering to Him give!

*Versus IV.**Versus IV.*

They who into the Sea in Ships go down,
 And seek by Ways they know not, lands unknown,
 Who make the untrac'd Ocean be their Road,
 Which with their keels they tear, and burdens load,
 They in the Deep His dreadfull Wonders see,
 (Of which themselves as great as any bee)
 How He commands the stormes, and do's unbinde
 The airy fetters of the struggling Winde;
 Out they all tumble and the rough Sea invade,
 Which now their scorn, as much as sport is made;
 To Heav'n lift up its floods, as if to call
 Help thence, but e're 'tis come, down let them fall,
 Low as their depth, whiles the scar'd passingers
 Look every wave should drown them, and their fears;

Stagger

Stagger like drunken Men, reel to, and fro,
Their feet less steady than their Vessels go;
And in their teeth the Winds their sighs do send,
Making them e're the storms, at their Witts end.

Chorus M.

Then to the Lord, in their distress they cry'd,
They cry'd aloud, and He did hear;
His Face the Tempest could not hide,
Nor raging Seas or dull, or stop His Eare:
For when in vain they had look'd round about, (out.
And saw no help, tow'rds Him they look'd & were brought

Chorus M.

Versus Resp.

He bid the Sea be calm, the Winds be still,
And only with brisk gales their canvass fill;
Then brought them smooth and calmy as the Sea,
To the wish'd Haven, where they long'd to be.

Versus R.

Chorus Omnium.

Let all the Earth th' Eternal Bounty praise,
And talk of all that He has done;
How Truth, and Mercy are His Ways
To the whole World, as well as to His Own!
And let all those, who on the Seas have been,
Sing in His Church His praise, and tell what they have seen.

Chorus O.

Versus.

When for their sin God do's chastize a land,
Their springs He turnes into a Parched sand;
A Wilderness, which drinks their Rivers up,
And not a Rose budd yields to crown the Cup;
But barren as the salt, which is sown there,
Nor herb for man, nor grass for beast do's bear.

Versus.

Resp.

The Wilderness He turns into a Pool,
And fills the parched sand, with springs brim full;

Resp.
There

Resp. There for the hungry Soul provides His meat,
 And for the Colonys He leads, a seat :
 With corn they sow their fields, new Vineyards plant,
 And neither Citizens, nor Cities want ;
 He blesses them, and makes them so increase,
 Their very Cattle feel the fruits of Peace.

Versus.

Versus. Again to punish them they are brought low,
 That hand destroys them, which first made them grow ;
 For He on mighty Kings contempt do's lay,
 And those, who His forsake, lose their own way.

Resp.

Resp. But He the Poor from trouble sets on high,
 Whence He may see His long Posterity.

Chorus Omnium.

Chorus O. Let all the Righteous in their God rejoice,
 But the Unjust, with envy break !
 Those shew their triumph by their voice,
 While these have neither Will, nor power to speak !
 Thrice happy Man, who treasuring in his minde
 These several Mercies, some one for his Use can finde.

Psalm CVIII.

Paratum est Cor meum, &c.

I.

IT is resolv'd, nor will I any more
Distrust my God, as I have done before ;
No ! I will praise Him, and my heart,
Which has so oft betray'd me into fear,
Its burden in the song shall bear,
And, when my Harp begins, shall sing the highest Part.

*A Psalm of
David.*

II.

Awake, my Harp, 'tis time for thee to awake,
Prevent the day, and Thy great Subject take !
Put all Thy strings on, shew Thy skill ;
God and my soul are ready, be not slow,
For if we should before Thee go, (Hill,
Thy strings would never half way reach up Heav'n's high

III.

We come, O God, and with us up will raise,
High as Thy Love, and Truth, to Heav'n Thy praise.
The World shall hear what Thou hast done,
How signally Thou hast appear'd for me,
By Thy great Power hast set me free, (known.
And for Thy works praise Him, whose Name they have not

IV.

Then with Thy Mercy to the Clouds we'll fly,
And take new wing to mount to the Most High :
Above the Clouds exalted be,
Lord set Thy glory far above the skies.
And if so high we cannot rise,
From Heav'n do Thou descend, when we look up to Thee,

V.

Descend, and by the way Thy Name make known,
 What Thou wilt do, by what Thy hand has done;
 Hear me — My God has hear'd my Cry,
 Has past His Word, and in it I rejoice,
 Has given me of all lands my Choice,
 And on my Gods Almighty promise I rely.

VI.

Sechem is Mine, I will divide its Plain,
 And o're the Vale of *Succoth* throw my Chain;
 The Tribes of *Israel* shall obey,
 Those which ly farthest off, or nearer stand,
 Shall yield themselves to my Command,
 Shall serve, whilst *Judah* gives them lawes, & holds the sway.

VII.

Moab's my Wash pot, and shall sue to be
 A Vassal to my basest drudgery;
Philistia shall my Chariot meet,
 Honourd enough, if she may bear the yoke
 Proud *Edom* has so often broke,
 And *Edom* shall submit her neck and take my Feet.

VIII.

But who to *Edom* will direct my course,
 And entrance for Me into *Bozra* force?
 God shall direct me to the Town;
 God, who of late has seem'd to disappear,
 And when He comes, viewing Him there,
 The Walls to make Him Way shall open, or fall down.

IX.

Help us O God, for we in vain implore,
 A forreign aid, which wants Our succour more!
 Thou art my help, through Thee my head
 With Laurel shall be crown'd, and in my Wayes
 Some Enemies necks the ground shall raise,
 So that my feet shall triumph too, and on them tread.

Psalm CIX.

Deus laudem meam ne tacearis, &c.

I.

Guard of my Life, and God of all my Praise,
 Who se'st the Outrage off'red me,
 Thy self, and Power for my just sentence raise,
 Nor let the wrongs I bear reflect on Thee!
 Thou hear'st what cruel Words the wicked speak,
 Let not them only, and not Thou Thy Silence break!

*A Psalm of
 David.*

II.

With words of hatred I am girt around,
 And from all parts they with me fight:
 So hard, that I am all but one great wound,
 And the whole cause I give them is my Right,
 With prayers for them their malice would reprove,
 But those with Scorn, with hatred they reward my Love.

III.

Let him some Tyrant serve, be made a Slave;
 And Satan place at his right hand;
 No other pitty find than what he gave,
 And at his Enemies tribunal stand!
 Let him be judg'd, condemn'd, and all his prayers
 Be made in vain to deaf, or else to stubborn eares!

IV.

Let suddain death his wretched life attend,
 His office to another give!
 Let on his wife and seed the curse descend,
 They Fatherless and she a Widdow live!
 Let them be vagabonds, and begg their bread,
 And have have no certain place to hide, or rest their head?

V.

Let the Extortioner catch all he has,
 And strangers to his labours come!
 Let him find none, who will resent his case,
 But with new miseries encrease the sum!
 None who will to him any Mercy show,
 Or on his Fatherless one friendly look bestow!

VI.

Let them be all cut off, and their curst Name
 In the next age be quite forgot!
 Or if they be remembered, let their shame
 On their Achievements be a constant blot!
 Let his fore-Fathers Sins be in Thine ey,
 And all his Mothers lusts afresh for vengeance cry!

VII.

Let silence or reproach upon him rest,
 And as it ne're was in his minde,
 Either to favour, or relieve th' oppress,
 Neither relieve, nor favour let him find!
 But as the Needy he with wrongs persud,
 On his own head, Let them be all again renew'd!

VIII.

As he Lov'd cursing, let him still be curst!
 And hated blessing seek in vain!
 With envy, which first swel'd him, let him burst,
 And then like water, on him turn' it again;
 Like Oyle let it to' his very marrow pierce,
 And like those flames, which boyle it be, but far more fierce!

IX.

Give him no other garment for his pride,
 Than this, with which he was array'd;
 Close with his girdle let his loines be ty'd,
 To all a terror, of himself afraid!

And

And executed by the hand Divine,
Let this his ruine be, who only plotted mine !

X.

But, Lord my God, for thine own great Names sake,
And for Thy Mercy rescue me !
Thou, who the poor mans cause do'st undertake,
As ready to assist the helpless be !
Look how I stooping go, and bow'd to th' ground,
But there no herb can find to ease, or heal my wound !

X I.

My dayes, and age are like a shadow gon,
That when the Sun withdraws is lost ;
And as the locust driven up and down,
From field, to field, from land to land I'm tost :
My knees and flesh of strength through fasting fayl,
And those, who wounded me with scornes, my life assail.

X. I I.

But, Lord my God, for Thine Own great Names sake,
And for Thy Mercy rescue me !
That all may know the care Thou' art pleas'd to take,
And in my sure deliverance honour Thee !
Bless Thou, and let them curse, confound their noise,
And make them all asham'd, whilst I in Thee rejoyce !

X I I I.

Shame, and confusion to my Enemies,
Let it their Vest and Portion be !
Whilst I to Heaven in tuneful Numbers rise,
And tell abroad what God has done for me !
How from Oppression he the Poor did save,
And what his judges had deny'd, just sentence gave !

Pſalm CX.

Dixit Dominus Domino meo, &c.

I.

*A Pſalm of
David.*

THE Lord ſaid to my Lord,
 The Mighty God to the Eternal Word,
 “ Sit Thou at my Right hand,
 “ Till I Thine Enemies command
 “ To bethe Foot-ftool to Thy Throne,
 “ And freely yield their necks for Thee to tread upon!

II.

Sion’s that glorious Throne.
 Whence with diſdain Thy foes Thou look’ſt upon,
 Thence Thou around ſhalt reign,
 And by Thy Power new ſubjects gain;
 Thy Enemies ſhall They obey,
 And once return’d, none ſhall more Loyall be than they.

III.

And as the Summer Sun,
 When Winters paſt, and all its rage is done,
 Do’s every Morning view
 His way all ſtrew’d with pearly dew,
 Whoſe Numbers cannot reck’ned be,
 ’Tis a faint Emblem of Thy long Poſterity.

IV.

His Oath God will not break,
 But King and Prieſt Thou’art like *Melchizedec* :
 The Lord at Thy Right hand
 Shall let no Proud Uſurper ſtand,
 But Kings ſhall bow, and in Thy Train,
 Be captive led, whiſt there’s made Trophies of the ſlain.

V.

He the Great Head shall wound,
When it shall Queen of all the World be crown'd :
Drink of the brook i'th' way,
And follow, till He gives the day;
But when His Crofs shall death strike Dead,
Th' Eternal God Himself shall raise, and crown His head.

Psalm

Pſalm CXI.

*Confitebor tibi Domine, &c.**Hallelujah.*

I.

With my whole heart I'll praise the Lord, (Word,
 And where He chose to honour it, exalt His
 In the Assemblies of the just,
 There will I all His noble Works disclose,
 His Famous Acts, fought out of those,
 Who them their pleasure make, and Him their Trust.

II.

His glorious Works are great, and high,
 No more to be conceiv'd than seen by mortal eye,
 And shall for ever so remain.
 Eternity it self is scarce enough
 To praise His Mercy, and His Love,
 And what we now unknown admire, make plain.

III.

He for His People did provide,
 And never broke His Word, or Covenant deni'd;
 They saw His Signes beheld His hand,
 How for their sake He made His power appear,
 Prepar'd them conquests by the fear,
 Which He sent first into their Enemies land,

IV.

Justice, and Truth are all His Wayes,
 And on Eternal Faithfulness His Promise staies:
 Beyond all ages they shall last,
 And when Old Time it self away shall flee,
 Remain as firm as now they bee,
 And on their own great Basis fixt, stand fast.

V.

Deliverance He for *Israel* wrought,
And to save them His greatest plagues on Egypt brought:
'Twas then they saw He was the same,
Which to their Fathers He was wont to be ;
When He so strangely set them free,
The Holy God, and Reverend is His Name.

VI.

To worship Him true Wisdom is,
And to observe His Laws the only way to bliss :
No guide to knowledge like His fear,
For all beside, what e're they may pretend,
Through a bad way reach a worse end,
But His Praise ever lasts, and every where.

S s

Psalm

Psalm CXII.

Beatus Vir qui timet, &c.

I.

Hallelujah.

THat Man is truly blest, who feares the Lord,
 And with delight His Præcepts hears,
 Who therefore loves, because He fears,
 Loves, and yet trembles at the Sacred Word :
 His seed upon the Earth renown'd shall be,
 And he himself blest in his seed shall see :
 Riches and Wealth, a full encrease,
 No fear of ever being Poor,
 Desires contented, and a lasting Peace,
 Always unto his house are sure,
 And ever constant, as his Righteousness endure.

II.

Clear day at night do's on the Just arise,
 Some gleames His Spirit to sustain,
 Some cheerful hopes amidst his pain,
 And what he gave, he finds in others eyes :
 That mercy which inclin'd His heart to lend,
 In all his wants supplies do's ever send,
 His works with Prudence manag'd are,
 Nothing his foot shall ever move ;
 Both of his wayes and him God takes the Care,
 And though he may his Servant prove,
 He will reward his Righteousness, and Crown his love.

III.

How do the wicked tremble, when the Just
 Secure in all his Fears is made ?
 I'th' midst of fears is not afraid,
 But has his heart as fix'd as his Trust ?

Fix'd

Fix'd on his God, nothing shall make him fear,
Though all around he should see ruine near :
For, lo, even then his just desire
Shall be fulfill'd on' his Enemies,
When in their own wild flames they all expire,
And he behold the sacrifice
To Heav'n in fire, and clouds of pitchy smoak arise.

I V.

His armes shall be, what he has given away,
Or lent at any time the poor,
Whose Memory ever shall endure,
And with no fretting rust of age decay :
How he with Honour gain'd the Victory,
On Heav'ns Arch shall with' his Name be grav'd on high.
Whereas it stand in sight of all,
The Wicked at it shall repine,
Shall see it fix'd, when they must lower fall :
And those, who did before combine
Against him, from their depth shall see it brighter shine.

Psalm CXIII.

Laudate pueri Dominum, &c.

I.

Hallelujah.

Praise Him, ye Servants of the Heav'nly King,
 And to His Name your gratefull Praises sing :
 That Name, which is so full of Power,
 And from Eternity was so,
 Let the whole World before it bow,
 And to Eternity that Name adore !
 Praise Him, for since at first the World He made,
 'Tis fit this Chief-Rent to Him, should by All be paid !

II.

Above the Heav'ns He God o're all do's reign,
 Nor can the Heav'n of Heav'ns His power contain :
 His glory, farr above the sky,
 Exceeds the Compass of frail sight,
 Invifible by Mortal light,
 (Those too weak means we view his greatness by)
 Our eys to Him we ne're can hope to raise, (praise
 For they'll come short, but we may reach Him with our.

III.

Above He dwels, yet sometimes do's He bend,
 And stoop to hear the praise we upward send.
 Humbling Himself sometimes to see
 Those beauties, which in the Heav'ns are,
 And at this distance look so fair,
 Which of his Word the great Creation be ;
 Nay lower, to the Earth He oft draws near, (there
 And with His Presence makes it Heav'n, when He comes

IV. In

IV.

In Heav'n and Earth all things obey His Will,
And though to them it be unknown, fulfill:
At pleasure He bestows the Crown,
Honour and Wealth are in His hand,
And to the poor He gives Command,
Exalting him, but throws the Mighty down:
Makes barren wombes with joy their fruit to bear,
And that which as the grave was deaf, His voice to hear.

Psalm

Psalm CXIV.

In exitu Israel de Egypto, &c.

I.

When *Israel* had thrown off th' Egyptian yoke,
 And all the Chains of servitude,
 A speech like them, who us'd it, rude,
 And had their tongues unloos'd, and fetters broke;
 Th' Almighty Power, who did that Wonder show,
 Conducting by His mighty hand
 His People to the Promis'd land,
 Did greater Wonders do,
 Not only told them whether, but which way to go.

II.

The Sea farr off the Marching Camp beheld,
 Saw how the Sacred Fire made way,
 Yet knew not where their journey lay,
 And to look round in higher billows swel'd:
 But when to' its shore it saw the Host draw nigh,
 The mighty Sea began to fear,
 And backward bid its floods to bear,
 And those, which could not fly,
 Stand up in ranks, and let the *Israelites* pass by.

III.

Jordan fell back, and to his Spring did hast;
 Alarm'd at His scare'd Floods retreat,
 The Aged Spring lost all his heat,
 And boil'd no more, but fainting swoon'd at last:
 The mountaines saw the flood, and they ran too;
 The little Hills, for Company,
 Follow'd to see the Mountains flee,
 Like frighted Lambs, which go (show.
 (Though unperfu'd) those wayes their trembling Mothers
 I V. What

IV.

What ail'd the Sea, that it should backward start?
Or what made frighted *Jordans* Spring
Swoone and keep all his waters in,
Like spirits scarce able to secure the Heart?
Why ran the Hills? Why did the mountains fly?
Tremble, O Earth, Thy God is near,
God, who can make deaf Rocks to hear,
And when Thy Springs are dry,
From out their flinty Bowels fetch a new supply!

Psalm

Pſalm CXV.

Non nobis Domine, Non nobis, &c.

I.

NOT unto us, Lord, not to us,
 But to Thy Name give all the praise!
 Thou Worthy art to be exalted thus,
 For Truth and Mercy are Thy Wayes :
 Why should the World deride Our trust,
 And ask, “ Where is the God whereof you boast ?
 Our God in Heav’n do’s reign, and what’s His Will,
 Both Heav’n, and Earth obey, and Seas fulfill.

II.

The Heathen Idols rule not so,
 Nor by their own power can they stand ;
 Themselves do not their mean Original know,
 Not how made Gods, nor by what hand ;
 And though their Voraries them adore,
 They are the same vile clay they were before ;
 Or if of Gold, debas’d, and more can do
 I’t’h Ingot, e’re it’s a God, then once made so.

III.

’T has mouth indeed, and eyes, and eares,
 And the fain’d organs of quick sense,
 But the dull thing nor speakes, nor sees, nor hears :
 And what good can be look’d for thence ?
 ’T has feet, ’tis true, and golden hands,
 That ne’re gave bribe, but to receive them stands :
 And nose, that though the flames to it aspire,
 Cannot the Incense smell, nor scent the Fire.

IV. Then

I V.

They and their Framers are alike,
And neither sense, nor reason have;
But if they 'are gods, let's see them any strike,
Or from the curse their makers save!
Blind Deities, but blinder they,
Who knowing it, to their own work will pray!
Or think the stock, which do's its titles ow
To them, can any thing they want bestow.

V.

But on Thy God, O *Israel* trust!
He only is Thy help, and shield;
O house of *Aaron* flee to Him that's Just!
For He is Thine, and help will yield.
All you, who fear th' Almighty Lord,
Upon Him trust, and flee unto His Word!
For He's your help, and He will be your shield,
And though you flee, it is to gain the field!

V I.

The Lord has mindful of us been,
And He will all Our joyes restore;
The house of *Israel* have His blessing seen,
And He will blefs them more and more:
The house of *Aaron* He will blefs,
And all who fear Him shall by' His love encrease:
'Twixt rich, and poor He do's no difference know,
But by His blessing both in numbers grow.

V II.

Bless'd of that God, who all things made,
Both Earth, and Sea and glorious Heaven:
High Heav'n's His seat, and of Him is afraid,
But He to Man the Earth has given:
'Tis there that we admire His Wayes,
Before the grave shut us up, and His Praise;
There will we blefs the God, in whom we live,
And as He life to us, Him praises give.

T t

Hallelujah.
Psalm

Pſalm CXVI.

Delexi quoniam exaudivit, &c.

I.

I Love Thee, Lord, with my whole heart,
 For Thou doſt my petitions hear;
 Becauſe Thou to me haſt inclin'd Thine ear.
 And thus propitious to Thy ſervant art,
 With new requests I'll ever prove Thee,
 And ſhew by that I love Thee

II.

The pains of death enclos'd me round,
 Grief held my heart, and teares my eyes;
 My grave ſtood open, and death thence did riſe,
 Trouble and Horror, on all ſides I found;
 Death it ſelf waited underneath,
 Above the pains of Death.

III.

Yet to the Lord I cry'd, and ſaid,
 " My God Thy help I now implore,
 " Deliver me, as Thou haſt done before,
 " When in my trouble I unto Thee pray'd!
 Though I deſerv'd to be deni'd,
 Yet to the Lord I cry'd.

IV.

To wrath He's ſlow, abounds in love,
 Our ſins moſt ready to forgive;
 The Innocent upon His bounty live,
 In Him they live, who reigns their God above:
 He help'd me, when I was brought low,
 For He to wrath is ſlow.

V.

Then to Thy rest, my Soul, return !
 For God has kindly dealt with Thee ;
 Thy feet from sliding, life from death set free,
 Nor shall Thy failing eyes in sorrow mourn.
 Thy dayes to praise Him are increas'd,
 Return, Soul, to Thy rest !

VI.

Lord, I believe, and therefore speak,
 I knew I should Thy Mercy praise ;
 Though when afflicted, and in rugged wayes,
 One sorrow did my heart and silence break :
 Then I all flesh the ly did give,
 And yet, Lord, I believe.

VII.

What shall I bring and yield the Lord,
 For all His Favours shown to me ?
 A thankful heart my sacrifice shall be.
 I'll praise Him, and rely upon His Word.
 New songs of thanks, I'll to Him sing,
 And this at least will bring.

Versus.

VIII.

My Vowes, which in distress I made,
 Before His People will I pay :
 His People shall rejoice that solemn day,
 Whilst those, who are His En'mies be afraid :
 When He His plagues upon them throws,
 And do's accept My Vowes.

IX.

Dear in His sight His servants are,
 He will Himself repay their wrong ;
 Though in forbearing He may seem too long,
 It is more deep to strike, and not to spare :

Nor is the death of the upright,
 Less pretious, in His sight.

X.

Lord, I am Thine, and thine will be,
 Thy Handmaids Son, whom Thou did'st save;
 My God Himself a ranfome for me gave,
 And to a nobler service set me free:
 Thou brake'st my bonds. and made'st me mine,
 And now, Lord, I am Thine.

XI.

Versus.

This will I bring, and yield the Lord,
 For all His Favours shown to me,
 A thankful heart my sacrifice shall be,
 I'll praise Him, and rely upon His Word:
 New songs of thanks I'll to Him sing,
 And this at least will bring.

XII.

My Vowes, which in distrefs I made,
 Before His People will I pay:
 His People shall rejoice that solemn day,
 And where I made them, there shall see them paid:
 Within the Courts of the Lord's House,
 There will I pay my Vowes.

Hallelujah

Psalm

Psalm CXVII.

Laudate Dominum Omnes, &c.

I.

ALL you, who to the Lord, your Beings ow,
All Nations, with His blessings crown'd,
All people through the World renown'd,
Sing praises to that God, who made you so!

II.

To God, whose Mercy do's to all extend,
Is great to us, and good to you,
And with His Truth do's still renew,
But like Himself, knowes neither bound nor end!

Hallelujah,

Psalm

Psalm CXVIII.

Confitemini Domino quoniam, &c.

I.

The People.

TO God's Almighty Name sing praise,
And you, who know how good He is,
Resign to Him, what's truly His,

Versus.

And Arches of His own great Mercies raise !
For like His Word they have been sure,
And to Eternity endure !

II.

Israel, the great Jehova's choice,
Who all His fearful Works have seen,
Who His great Care have always been,
Let *Israel* now confess with thankful voice,
His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure !

Versiculus.

III.

Let those, who by their place attend,
And at His Altar daily wait,
Their own experiences relate,
Sing as they see the sacred flame ascend,
His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure.

Versiculus.

IV.

And to advance the Blessed King,
Let all the Righteous with them join,
And in a service thus Divine,
Bear their part too, and in the *Chorus* sing,
His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure !

Versiculus.

V.

To God on high for help I cri'd,
Who from His Temple answer'd me,
Both heard my prayers and set me free,
The Lord of Host Himself was on my side ;
I will not fear, what man can do,
Since I've a God to flee unto.

The King.

VI.

With those, who help'd me, He was seen,
His Presence brought my greatest aid,
Nothing shall make me now afraid,
He'll be my sword, who has my Buckler been :
And when my Foes shall be o'rethrowne,
I'll boast of what His hand has done.

VII.

Those, who their Care on God do cast,
And know no other will but His,
Of sure recruits shall never miss,
But as a Rock, i'th' midst of stormes, stand fast ;
On God 'tis more secure to trust,
Than man, who must return to dust.

Versiculus.

VIII.

He never yet did any fail,
Most sure, when most reli'd upon ;
And though His Power subscribes to none,
He lets weak prayers o'reHeav'n, and Him prevail ;
On God 'tis more secure to trust,
Than Princes, who must turn to dust.

Versiculus.

IX.

Let Barbarous Nations girt me round,
And for my ruine all engage,
My trust is plac'd above their rage,
And stands unshaken on the higher ground ;

For

For on the Lord of Hosts I'll call,
And in His Name destroy them all.

Verficulus

X.

Round let them compass me, and round,
And for my ruine all engage,
My Trust is plac'd above their rage,
And stands unshaken, on the higher ground ;
For on the Lord of Hosts I'll call,
And in His Name destroy them all.

Verf.

XI.

Let them like Bees about me swarm,
And all to be my death engage,
Like fire in Thornes or stubble rage,
My head shall be defended by this Charm,
For on the Lord of Hosts I'll call,
And in His Name destroy them all.

Verf.

XII.

The bloody Man thrust at me hard,
And hop'd at length to see me fall,
But when I on the Lord did call,
That sword brought death to him, which me had spar'd :
God, who's my strength shall be my song,
And whom I call'd, I'll stay upon.

XIII.

The voice of Triumph, and of praise,
The just mans mouth do's ever fill,
His voice is like his trumpet shrill,
When up to Heav'n Thy Vict'ries he do's raise :
'Twas thou the Conquest did obtain,
And Thy Right hand the day did gain.

Verficulus.

XIV.

The Lords right hand did mighty things,
No power before His power could stand;
For when He made bare His Right hand,
Armies before Him fled, and Potent Kings;
'Twas That the Conquest did obtain,
And His Right hand the day did gain,

Versiculus.

XV.

Empty Thy Quiver, Death, else where,
Be gon, and pierce some softer heart,
For I defie Thy sharpest dart,
Am both above Thy malice, and Thy fear!
I know I shall not dy, but live,
And praise Him, who my Life did give.

XVI.

Low as the dust I was brought down,
To the dark Suburbs of the grave,
But He was pleas'd my life to save,
And what He up had rais'd, my Head did crown:
Open the Gates of Righteousness,
For, lo, I am return'd in Peace!

XVII.

Blest gates of the Divine aboad,
Which to the Holy Place let in,
Where all the just their Offerings bring,
And haste into the Presence of their God:
There, Lord, I'll praises sing to Thee,
For Thou hast bow'd Thine eare to mee.

XVIII.

The stone the Builders did refuse,
Had often tri'd, oft thrown away,
Is now the Mighty Fabricks stay,
God chose it for the Noblest place, and use;

Priests.

This is His doing, and when thus
God builds, His Work is marvellous.

X I X.

This is the day, which He has made,
Hosannas now besit our voice;
Come, let us in Our God rejoice,
And in the day which He has made, be glad!
That He Prosperity may send,
And to Our troubles put an end.

X X.

Sacred Embassador of God,
Who hither in His Name do's come,
We in His Temple make Thee room,
And bless Our King from His Divine abode!
He is Our Saviour, Come away!
The Victims at the Altar stay.

X X I.

Bind them with cords, and tye them fast,
To th' Altars horns, and make them bleed,
Then let the Flame upon them feed,
And in thick clouds to Heav'n ascend at last!
My God I will sing praise to Thee,
Who art my God, and song shalt be.

King.

X X I I.

To God's Almighty Name sing praise,
And you, who know how Good He is,
Resign to Him, what's truly His,
And Arches of His Own great Mercies raise!
For like His Word they have been sure,
And to Eternity endure!

Versus.

Psalm CXIX.

Beati immaculati in via, &c.

Aleph. I.

I. Part.

THrice happy Men, who pure, and undefil'd,
By the great Rule direct their Way;
Walk where that points, and never go astray,
But to Gods Law sincere obedience yield;
Who search for that with their whole heart,
And keep His Testimonies as their better part!

II.

To no iniquity they turn aside,
So plain His Wayes before them ly;
And if through ignorance they step awry,
His spirit, which guides, will hold them when they slide:
That I Thy Præcepts, Lord, fulfill,
Is Thy desire, and Mine, but first to know Thy Will.

III.

Teach me Thy Will, the Way where I should go,
How I Thy Statutes may observe;
Order my paths, that I may never swerve,
And what's Thy Righteous Pleasure to me show!
That shame may blush to follow me,
Who Thy Commands pursue, and follow none but Thee!

IV.

And when Thy Judgements I shall thus be taught,
With upright heart, I'll sing Thy Praise;
The dull thing I as yet can hardly raise,
So low with former griefs it has been brought:
Then all Thy Statutes I'll obey,
And Thou with me for ever shalt delight to stay.

II. Part.

Beth.

In quo corriget, &c.

I.

BUT how shall Youth this Wisdom, Lord, attain,
 Unbridled Youth to choose His Way?
 Youth that pursues new follies every day,
 Will in Thy Word find both a bit, and rein:
 With all my heart I have sought Thee,
 That I ne're stray, make Thy Commandments known to me.

II.

Within my Heart Thy sacred Word I lay'd,
 I lay'd it up, and hid it there,
 And to its counsel gave my willing ear,
 And thence took heart of Sin to be afraid;
 Lord Thou art worthy of all praise,
 Teach me Thy Statutes that I may Thy glory raise!

III.

This my desire has been, and still shall be;
 Of all Thy Judgements to recount;
 The sum to which Thy Testimonies mount,
 Is infinite, and only like to Thee:
 Riches, of which the World do's dream,
 Are piercing cares, and emptiness compar'd with Them.

IV.

Of all Thy Præcepts will I meditate,
 And have respect to all Thy Ways;
 Thy Statutes my delight, and love shall raise,
 And at Thy Oracle I'll ever waite:
 Within my heart Thy love shall gain,
 Such conquests, that the Trophies shall like Heav'n remain.

Gimel.

III. Part.

Retribue Servo tuo, &c.

I.

O, May Thy Servant of Thy love partake ;
And what Thou' hast sworn of old, fulfill !
That He may keep Thy Word, and do Thy Will,
And pay the vowes He heretofore did make !
Yet nearer , Lord, unto Him draw,
And clear his fight to view the wonders of Thy Law !

II.

I am a stranger, and the rule I have
O're Nations , only comes from Thee ;
I give them Lawes, but Thou must give them me,
From Thy Commandments I assistance crave ;
My Soul is wasted with desire,
And with the Love Thy Judgements kindled, all a fire.

III.

The proud, who from Thy just Commandments err,
Arc curs'd because from Thee they go;
Curse great enough, if it were only so,
But all their wayes are girt around with fear :
Reproach, which they for me have lay'd,
Send them, for I Thy Testaments my guard have made !

IV.

Kings too, as they in judgement on me sat,
Derided me for that great Love
I bore Thee, Lord, invisible above,
But on Thy Statutes I did meditate ;
Thy Testimonies in my need
Were my best Counsellors, and taught me how to plead.

Daleth.

I V. Part

Daleth.

Adhæsit pavimento, &c.

I.

DOwn to the Earth my humbled soul is cast,
 Raise me according to Thy Word !
 No power but Thine can any help afford,
 For where 'tis thrown, it to the Earth cleaves fast ;
 My ways I have declar'd to Thee,
 Teach me Thy Statutes, and shew Thine to me !

II.

Make me Thy Wayes and Præcepts understand,
 So shall I all Thy Works relate,
 How Thou in me a new heart didst create,
 And help'dst me do, what Thou didst first command ;
 My Soul for grief do's melt away,
 Strengthen me with Thy Word, and bid the stream to stay !

III.

Lying, and every false desire remove,
 And freely to me grant Thy law !
 Thus my Affections Thou wilt to Thee draw,
 And keep them in that Way of Truth I love ;
 Thy Judgements I before me lay'd,
 And what's Thy Pleasure, the just rule of mine have made.

IV.

Close to Thy Testimonies have I cleav'd,
 And there to rest resolv'd I am ;
 O let me never, Lord, be put to shame,
 Or when to Thee I fly, not be receiv'd !
 Thus when Thy Will is on me done,
 The Wayes of Thy Commandments I'll delight to run.

He.

V. Part.

Legem pone mihi, &c.

I.

TEach me, my God, and shew me how I may
Up to Thy Sacred height ascend !
How all Thy Statutes I may keep to th' end,
Direct me with Thy Spirit, and point the Way ;
Let me Thy Lawes but understand,
My heart as firmly shall obey them, as my hand !

II.

I'th' paths of Thy Commandments make me go !
For there is plac'd my chief delight,
Since't will conduct me to Thy glorious sight,
Where constant joyes, and lasting pleasures flow :
And to Thy Testaments incline
My heart, which covets nothing more, than to be Thine.

III.

From Vanity, and Folly turn my eyes !
Let them be only fix'd on Thee !
And in Thy wayes such beauteous objects see,
That I my race may quicken by the prize !
Perform Thy Word, which Thou hast past,
And let it like Thine Own Love, and my fear stand fast !

IV.

My fear of Thee, for which I'll ever pray,
Though I by it reproach should gain ;
Thy Righteous Judgements shall its rage restrain,
Or turn the Fatall pile some other way :
Look how Thy Præcepts I desire,
O, let the Righteousness, which made it, stirr the Fire !

VI. Part.

Vau.

Ut veniat super me, &c.

I.

Lord, Let Thy Mercies on my Soul shower down!
 And as Thy Word my hope has fed,
 May Thy Salvation rest upon my head,
 And be the fairest Jewell in my crown!
 So when I shall derided be,
 That Word I trust, shall with an Answer furnish me!

II.

Then take not, Lord, the Word of Truth away,
 But let Thy Promise rest secure,
 Firm, and unshaken, like the World endure,
 For I have made Thy Judgements all my stay!
 And when the graving is thus deep,
 Thy Lawes, which are so plain, I shall for ever keep.

III.

Then will I feareless walk at liberty,
 And for Thy Præcepts Wayes enquire,
 Follow them hard, and i'th' pursuit expire,
 When by their Conduct I am brought to Thee:
 Thy Testaments I will proclaime,
 Send them, for I Thy Testaments my guard have made!

IV.

Then in Thy great Commandments I'll delight,
 For they have been my dearest Love:
 By keeping them my fear of Thee I'll prove,
 And thus before Thee walk, and be upright:
 Will of Thy Statutes meditate,
 And Them the more I love, the deadlier Sin will hate.

Zain.

Zain.

VII. Part.

Memor esto Verbi tui, &c.

I.

Remember, Lord, Thy Word of old to me,
Which hitherto has been my Trust,
Wherein I hope, though humbled to the dust,
And in my griefs let it my comfort be!
On that alone my Soul relies,
And fetches thence in all its troubles fresh supplies,

II.

A By-word to the Proud, and scorn I'm made,
Yet I'll nor break, nor leave Thy Law :
But from Thy Judgements will new arg'ments draw,
To make me more of Thy great hand afraid :
Nor shall this interrupt my joyes,
But make them greater, since that fear has been my Choice;

III.

For them I'll tremble, who Thy Lawes despise,
And leave the pleasant roads of Peace;
Their surer condemnation to encrease,
Nor thither will be guided by their eyes :
But Lord, Thy Statutes are my song,
And make that journey short, which else would seem too long.

IV.

And when the night do's the whole Earth enfold,
And all but I enjoy their rest,
At thought of Thee, new day springs in my breast,
And up I rise of Thy Law to take hold,
Which may direct my Way to Thee ;
For whilst I keep Thy Precepts, 'tis still day with me.

Part.VIII.

Cheth.

Portio mea Domine, &c.

I.

“**L**ET who’s will take the World for me, I say’d,
 “Thou only art my Portion, Lord!
 Above all riches let me keep Thy Word,
 Who that before all wealth my love have made!
 ’Tis for Thy Favour that I sue,
 And hastning of that Promise, which Thy Word makes due.

II.

On my past wandrings I with horror thought,
 And for their stains in secret mourn’d;
 But into joy my tears were quickly turn’d,
 And by Thy Testaments I home was brought
 Then did I grieve my former waste
 Of Time, and Thy Commandments to observe made hast.

III.

Thy Wayes scarce entred, bands of theives I met,
 And to their rage became a prey;
 Yet spoil’d of all I still would keep my way,
 Thy Lawes made me account the loss not great:
 Thy Judgments it to mind did bring,
 And of Thy Mercies I at midnight rose to sing!

IV.

Those, who love Thee, my God, are my delight,
 And more my boasting than my Crown;
 For to Thy Præcepts we subjection own,
 And seek a greater Kingdom in Thy sight:
 Thou, who the Earth with good dost fill:
 Teach me Thy Statutes, that I may perform Thy Will!

Teth.

Part. IX.

Bonitatem fecisti cum, &c.

I.

THou for Thy Servant wondrous things hast done
And all the effects of love I' have felt ;
To my sins just deser t Thou hast not dealt,
But after Thine own Word to me made known :
Sound Judgement to these blessings give,
Those just Commands to keep, which now, Lord I believe !

II.

In my Prosperity I went astray,
And to By-paths was turn'd aside ;
But when Affliction came to be my guide,
I kept Thy Word, and found again Thy Way :
With goodness Thou dost ever flow,
That I may do so too, Thy Statutes to me show !

III.

The proud against my fame have forg'd base lyes,
But I Thy Præcepts will obey ;
A plenteous state has made them lose their way,
As it did me, and all Thy Lawes despise :
'Gainst them, and Heav'n they boldly fight,
Whilst I reclaim'd, have treasur'd there my best delight.

IV.

I am the Man, who have afflictions seen,
And happy me, who thus was taught !
Thy Statutes, and from all my wandrings brought !
Mercy to me, not judgements have they been ;
Thy Lawes they taught me to esteem,
And, think, that gold no luster has, compar'd with Them.

X. Part.

Jod.

Manus tue fecerunt, &c.

I.

THY hands, O God, first made, and fashion'd me,
 And by Thy Power it is I live ;
 Good Understanding to Thy Servant give,
 That by Him Thy Commands observ'd may be !
 That those, who fear Thee may rejoice,
 To see Thy Word perform'd, and add to mine their voice.

II.

I know, my God, Thy Judgements all are right,
 And that my self I must condemn,
 E're I Unfaithfulness can charge on them,
 My sorrows, with my sins compar'd, are light ;
 But as Thou thus hast wounded me,
 According to Thy Word, let me Thy Comforts see !

III.

Upon me let Thy Grace, and love descend,
 That I may yet before Thee live !
 And to Thy Lawes, my lifes Remainder give !
 Whilst constant shame, and scorn the proud attend.
 Me without any cause they hate,
 But to Thy Præcepts that shall ne're my love abate.

IV.

Let those, who have Thy Testimonies known,
 And all, who truly worship Thee,
 Hither turn in, and joyn themselves with me ;
 To tell abroad, what thou for us hast done !
 Nor let me ever be asham'd
 To keep Thy Statutes, or for love to Thee bee blam'd !

Caph.

Caph.

XI. Part.

Defecit in salutare tuum anima, &c.

I.

MY Soul, O God, for Thy Salvation faints;
 Yet in Thy Word my hope I place;
 For that I languish, shew at length Thy Face,
 Nor let me weary Thee with my Complaints!
 Or say "When shall these troubles end,
 "And God, or give deliverance, or some comfort send!

II.

My flesh is shrivel'd. and my bones are dry,
 Smoak'd by that fire, with which I burn;
 Yet from Thy Statutes will I never turn,
 But its worst rage courageously defy:
 Say, Lord, how long, how many dayes,
 Are yet behind, e're Thou Thy self to Judgement raise?

III.

The proud for me deep pitts and snares have lay'd,
 But not according to thy Law;
 From Thy Commands, they strange Conclusions draw
 As if to reach me only they were made:
 But they all Faithfull are, and right,
 Preserve Thou him, whose Justice is oppos'd by Might!

IV.

My life through care is almost brought to th' grave,
 And all as dying on me look;
 Yet I Thy Præcepts never yet forsook,
 From Thee, and Them a new life let me have!
 So in Thy sight I still shall live,
 And full Obedience to Thy Testimonies give.

Lamed.

Part. XII.

Lamed.

In æternum Domine, &c.

I.

FOR ever, Lord, Thy Word in Heav'n remains,
 In that almighty Frame set fast;
 'Tis Faithfulness has reacht all ages past,
 And, what at first it made, the Earth sustains:
 And as it has been ever sure,
 Like the great speaker, it for ever shall endure.

II.

All things the Order Thou first gav'st obey,
 And on Thy mighty Will depend;
 All are Thy Servants, and on Thee attend,
 And shall continue firm, as to this day:
 These Works of Thine my Soul affright,
 But with Thy Law confid'red, fill me with delight.

III.

That, and Thy Præcepts, will I ne're forget,
 For by Them Thou hast quickned me;
 Save me, my God, for I belong to Thee,
 And for Thy sake, on Them my love have set!
 To Them that I am Thine I owe,
 May They be alwayes Mine, that I be alwayes so.

IV.

The wicked plot how I may be betray'd,
 But I Thy Testimonies love;
 My Care, and Hope are surely fix'd above,
 And where nor they, nor Time can hurt them, lay'd:
 Ther's no True Happiness below, (show
 But where the Way to' it lyes Thy Just Commandments

Mem.

Mem.

Part. XIII.

Quomodo dilexi Legem tuam, &c.

I.

LOrd, how I love Thy Law! 'tis my delight,
My Meditation all day long,
By which I'm wiser made, and much more strong
Than all those Enemies, with whom I fight;
All Thy Commands, with me abide,
And in my Heart, to keep them safe, Thy Lawes I hide.

II.

With me compar'd my Teachers all are dull,
Thy Testimonies my best love
Have giv'n me of that Wisdom from above,
Which with Its floods has fill'd my Soul brim full;
Age less experience has then I,
Who alwayes have Thy Præcepts, in my heart, or eye.

III.

By these to guide my feet I have been brought,
That I Thy Word might alwayes keep;
And from Thy Righteous Judgements never slip,
But firm abide in what I first was taught:
From them I never did depart,
But like Thy self they freely did Command my heart.

IV.

So sweet Thy Words are, and so full of grace,
And all so pleasant to my Taste,
That hony which from flowing Hives makes haste,
Inspid to them is, and yields its place;
I through Thy Præcepts knowledge get,
And hate all wayes, that may decline, or stray from it.

Nun.

xy. Part.

Nun.

Lucerna pedibus, &c.

I.

IN all my Wayes Thy Word directs my feet,
 And as a lamp do's give them light;
 What I have sworn, since what I swore is right,
 The just performance, with my Vowes shall meet :
 To keep Thy Judgements I have sworn,
 That I may keep Them, mayst Thou never from me turn!

II.

With sharp Afflictions, down to th' Earth I'm cast,
 But let Thy Word my life restore!
 That in Thy Church I may Thy Power adore,
 And of the Rivers of Thy Pleasure taste;
 Lord by Thy Judgements make me wise,
 And what Thou me hast given, accept for sacrifice!

III.

Those dangers, which have compass'd me around,
 Where I saw only Care, and Fear,
 Ready expos'd, my life have made me bear,
 Yet through Thy Law I kept it, and my ground :
 Snares, and a trap the Wicked lay'd,
 But I shun'd both, for I my guide Thy Præcepts made.

IV.

Thy Testimonies are my Heritage,
 And shall my double Portion be;
 My joy, for They alone conduct to Thee,
 And to observe Them I'll my heart engage :
 My heart I'll to Thy Statutes joyn,
 And make Thy glory, which is Their Chief end, be mine.

Samuel

Samech.

XV. Part.

Iniquos odio habui, &c.

I.

Vain thoughts, and all their follies I abhor,
But for Thy Law preserve my Love;
Thou art my hiding place, and from above
My help shall come, since I Thy Power implore:
Thou art my shield, defend me, Lord,
For I all times, have only trusted in Thy Word!

II.

Avoid Profane, farr hence Profane depart,
For I my God's Commands will keep!
Uphold me, Lord, that I may never slip,
And to Thy Word both give my life, and heart!
So farr from shame to call Thee Mine,
That I will all my glory count it, To be thine.

III.

If Thou upholdst me, then shall I stand fast,
And to Thy Statutes homage yield;
Whose false despisers Thou with shame hast fill'd,
And of the cup they others gave, made taste;
Deceit and guile are in their wayes, (praise.
And only him they would throw down, they load with

IV.

But Thou all such shalt from the Earth destroy,
Whilst as Refiners purg their dross,
And by pure metal recompence the loss,
Thine shall be such without the least alloy:
My self that Inquisition fear,
Yet in my Soul it truly by Thy Judgements bear.

Part. XVI.

Ain.

Feci judicium, &c.

I.

Justice, my God, has been my chiefest care,
 To those who hate me, leave me not !
 Let not my ancient service be forgot,
 Nor those, who justly suffred be my fear !
 Let not Oppressors trouble me,
 But save Thou Him, who oft has the Oppress'd set free !

II.

My eyes expecting Thy Salvation fail,
 And for Thy Righteous Word I waite ;
 At last Thy Mercy grant, tis ne're too late,
 And let my importunity prevaile !
 Thy Promises to me fullfill,
 And to Thy Statutes both my eare incline, and Will !

III.

I am Thy Servant and Thy Handmaids Son,
 That I Thy Testaments may know,
 True Wisdom, and good Understanding show,
 And now appear, as thou of old hast done !
 'Tis Time for Thee, Lord, now to rise,
 For those who should obey Thy Law, its rule despise.

IV.

But I disvalue gold, with it compar'd,
 And Thy Commandments more than gold,
 And all its chains me in Obedience hold,
 For much above 'it Thou know'st I Them prefer'd ;
 Thy Præcepts above All I love,
 And this blest'd Passion by my flight from sin will prove.

Pe.

Pe.

Part. XVII.

Mirabilia Testimonia, &c.

I.

THY Testimonies Lord are wonderfull,
Therefore I make Them all my Care;
The very entrance of Thy Word is fair,
And with its beams enlightens my dark Soul:
If such the Porch, and Entrance be,
What Wonders may we in Thy Sanctuary see!

II.

I long'd for Thy Commandments, and the air
Breath'd thence, into my Soul I drew;
Me thoughts it did my Spirit again renew,
And clear'd the stoppages, which press'd me there:
Look down, and to me be the same
As Thou art us'd to be to them who love Thy Name!

III.

According to Thy Word my Steps direct,
Nor let me be by Sin o'rethrown,
Who just Allegiance to Thy Præcepts own,
And from sure ruine the Oppres'd protect!
Let me no more a Captive be
To lust, since Thou hast broke my Chains, and set me free!

IV.

Lord, on Thy Servant make Thy Face to shine,
And me Thy Righteous Statutes teach,
That I to others may Thy Goodness preach,
And how like me, they too may be made Thine!
For floods of teares run down my eyes,
And for Thy Broken Lawes Seas from those Fountains rise.

XVIII.
Part.

Tfaddi.

Iustus es Domine, &c.

I.

AS Thou art, such, my God, Thy Judgments are,
Thou Righteous, and They all upright;
Thy Testimonies govern less by Might, (fair :
Than Justice, wherewith Thou hast made Them
And those, who to Thy Scepter bow,
Which is so right, and faithfull, are themselves made so.

II.

My Zeal has burnt me up, and all on fire
I faint to see Thy Word forgot;
Thy Word that's try'd, and from the Furnace hot
In sacred flames of love makes me expire;
And wonder, who through cold can dy,
Who has so hot and pure a fire to warm him by.

III.

Thou know'st I'm poor, despis'd, and wondrous low,
Yet will I not Thy Præcepts leave,
But even thence hope new vigor to receive,
How poor and low so e're I may be now;
Thy Laws and Truth so certain be, (free.
That what Thou once has promis'd, from all change stands

IV.

This only was my Comfort in my grief,
When anguish fast hold of me took,
That I Thy just Commandments ne're forsook,
And they, which were my love brought me relief;
That I may ever with Thee live,
Sound knowledge of Thy Testimonies to me give!

Coph.

XIX. Part.

Clamavi in toto corde, &c.

I.

With my whole heart, in my distress I cry'd,
Aloud I cry'd, but more for fear
To break Thy Statutes, than my Pains to bear,
“O let me never, say'd I, be deny'd!
“But rise my God to rescue me,
“And I'll Thy Testimonies keep, and honour Thee!

II.

The Morning, with my Prayer I did prevent,
For in Thy Word my hope I plac'd;
The Morning, with my cry I bid make haste,
But ere it came my Vowes I up had sent:
’Twas then a pleasure not to sleep,
For all the while Thy word with me the watch did keep.

III.

Lord for Thy Mercy sake, to me give care,
And in Thy Justice visit me!
May, they agreed, my Mighty Saviours be,
And as I Thine, make Thee my Voice to hear!
O be not farr off from my cry,
When those, who hate Thy Law, and Me, are come so nigh!

IV.

But chear up, Soul, see where Thy God do's stand,
Thy God, whose just Commands are True,
Who with a Word can all Thy Foes subdue,
And publish His great Victories in all lands!
Whose Testimonies Thou hast found,
Eternity alone in its vast Space can bound.

Resh.

Part. XX.

Resh.

Vide humilitatem, &c.

I.

Consider my affliction and my Pain,
 And save Me, for I keep Thy law!
 Defend my cause, and from my Weakness draw
 Such arguments, as may Thy Power maintain!
 For Thy Words sake deliver me,
 The safety, like redemption from the grave shall be!

II.

Salvation from the proud is farr away,
 So much they on themselves depend,
 But never to Thy Statutes Voice attend,
 Which only are my Prop, and mighty stay;
 Thy Mercies great and wondrous be,
 Yet, Lord, according to Thy Judgements quicken me!

III.

Many my Foes, against me thousands rise,
 Yet I Thy Testaments obey;
 And others would perswade to take Thy Way,
 Who only are for that my Enemies:
 For them I'm sure I truly grieve,
 Because they Thy Almighty Word will not believe.

IV.

For my own part like Thee I nothing love,
 Thy Precepts are my chief delight,
 That I may alwayes think them so, let light,
 And an Eternal day break from above!
 Thy Word for ever True has been,
 Nor have Thy Righteous Judgements any variance seen.

Schin.

Schin.

Part. XXI.

Principes persecuti, &c.

I.

Princes without cause are my Enemies,
But of Thy Word I stand in awe;
Lying I hate, but have observ'd Thy Law,
And so their threats, and malice can despise :
And if for them I have a fear,
Into my heart I look, and see a greater there.

II.

Thy Word, which is at once my fear, and trust,
Makes me in mighty shouts rejoice,
As one that finds great spoil, or has His Choice,
For it will make me, Lord, as Thou art, Just ;
For that seven times a day I'll praise, (raise.
And with Thy righteous Judgements, my small Numbers

III.

Great peace to them, who love Thy Laws, belongs,
And nothing shall their rest offend,
But all their lives they shall in pleasure spend,
And thence take lofty Subjects for their songs ;
In Thee, my God, I, trust alone,
And those Commands Thou gav'st me to observe, have done.

IV.

My Soul has all Thy Testimonies kept,
And they have been my purest love,
I by their conduct did my journey move,
Nor from the Way, which they first shew'd me, slept :
They and Thy Precepts were my guide,
Nor did I strive my paths from thy bright face to hide.

Tau.

X XII, Part.

Tau.

Appropinquet deprecatio, &c.

I.

Lord, let my cry at length approach Thine ear,
 And Understanding to me give,
 To know Thy Word, and by its rule to live, (hear!
 And all the prayers, which here I 'have made Thee
 Lord, for Thy Word to save me rise,
 And then I may be confident Thou hear'st my cries!

II.

Then shall my song of all Thy Power rehearse,
 And of the Change Thy Statutes wrought;
 How by Thy Word I home to Thee was brought,
 And by those steps to Heav'n I'll raise my Verse!
 For Thy Commandments righteous are, (Care!
 And those, who make them theirs, shall be themselves Thy

III.

May I be so, for they have been my Choice,
 And in Thy Præcepts I delight;
 Thy Law's my Meditation day and night,
 And all times do's my heart employ, or voice,
 For Thy Salvation, Lord, I wait,
 Make hast and come away, before it be too late!

IV.

Like a lost sheep from Thee I went astray,
 Nor to the fold again should come,
 But seek me, Lord, and bring Thy Servant home,
 For He do's yet Thy great Commands obey!
 Around me let Thy Judgements shine,
 And thus from danger sav'd, the Praise shall all be Thine!

Psalm CX X.

Ad Dominum cum tribularer, &c.

I.

*A song of
Degrees.*

IN my distress unto the Lord I cry'd,
And though my troubles made me fear,
That God His Face would from me hide,
Even then my God was pleas'd to hear,
And then inclin'd His Willing ear,
And answer'd me, when I most lookt to be deny'd.

II.

Thou heardst me, and Thy self didst set me free,
My Enemies saw their swords were vain,
And with their tongues did strike at me,
With lyes my Innocence sought to stain;
Lord, on them turn their lyes again,
And let their tongues, weak as their swords, to hurt me be !

III.

But what reward, false tongue, dost Thou desire,
Or who to give't Thee dares come nigh ?
Thou woundest, when Thou dost retire,
As Parthians fight most when they fly,
Thy Words then kill, when thou runn'st by,
Like Juniper Coles are sweet, but burn worse than their fire.

IV.

Unhappy Man, who thus am forc'd to stay,
Exil'd from Him I love most dear !
From Thee, my God, O Come away !
Let me not be without Thee here !
But where Thou art let me appear !
Any where Lord, so Thou wilt but Thy self display.

V.

Than *Mefech* can a place more savage be,
Where all to Peace sworn Enemies are,
And for Her ſake are ſo to me ?
Kedar with *Mefech* may compare,
I cry up Peace, They call for Warr ;
Yet that were nothing, Lord, could I but there have Thee.

Pſalm

Psalm CXXI.

Levavi oculos meos in Montes, &c.

I.

U Nto the Hills I rais'd my drooping eyes,
And look'd if any help were there,
Loaded with tears I made them rise,
To watch, and give the sign, when help drew near;
I rais'd them up but all in vain,
I could not keep them so,
Their own weight press'd them to the Earth again,
On high they would not be, when I was sunk so low !

*A song of
Degrees.
I I.*

II.

Up to your tops, O Hills, I'll look no more,
An unexpected help is nigh;
I overlook'd this help before,
Look'd, when I thought not high enough, too high;
For, lo, my God my part do's take,
On my side do's appear;
God whose great word, both Heav'n and Earth did make,
And what need other help, when the Almighty 's near !

III.

" Thy Foot, He said it, all times fixt shall stand,
And He shall watch about Thee keep;
The Lord shall lead Thee by the hand,
And never, though thou slumbrest, fall asleep:
For *Israel* He is still awake,
His eyes still open be;
And He, who of an *Israel* care can take,
Fear not, but He can well enough provide for Thee !

IV.

Twixt Him, and Thee no cloud shall interpose,
 But He shall be Himself Thy shade;
 To break the Malice of Thy Foes,
 The Eternall God, shall be Thy refuge made:
 The Lord shall be Thy sure defence,
 Thy guard both night, and day,
 Shall sweeten every Planets influence,
 And to serve Thee, make both the Sun, and Moon obey.

V.

God shall defend Thee, and Thy life shall be
 Secur'd from danger by His love;
 And all things, which belong to Thee,
 The Care, which He has of Thy Soul shall prove:
 Without, He shall direct Thy Way,
 Within, shall bleſs Thy ſtore;
 And all the while from Him Thou'rt forc'd to ſtay,
 Shall what Thou haſt make ſerve Thy turn, or give Thee
 (more!

Psalm

Psalm CXXII.

Letatus sum in his qua, &c.

I.

T Was the best news I wish to hear,
 My very Soul stood raviſht at my ear,
 " Let's go, they ſay'd; Come! Let's away!
 " Already we have tarried long enough,
 " Now let our ſpeed declare Our love;
 " Why ſhould we thus from Sion ſtay,
 " And only be unhappy by our Own delay?

*A ſong of
 Degrees of
 David.*

III.

II.

" Let's go; ſee at the City gates
 " How God Himſelf to greet Our coming waits!
 " We Come, O God, nor will we reſt,
 " Till we the place have in *Jeruſalem* found,
 " Till we have trod that Holy ground,
 " Which Thou of all the World lov'ſt beſt,
 " Which Thou of all the World haſt with Thy Preſence beſt.

III.

Jeruſalem is ſtrong, and fair,
 Glorious above what other Cities are;
 The Seat of the Eternal King,
 Whoſe lofty Palaces approach the ſkies,
 And to be near their God to 'Heav'n riſe;
 Thither the Tribes their Offerings bring,
 And from their ſcattered Cities come His Praise to ſing.

IV.

There are the Thrones of Judgement ſet,
 Her Power is large, and Her Dominion great;

The Thrones of David there stand fast,
 The Lord Himself in Sion founded them,
 Has fixt them in *Jerusalem*,
 Subject to neither change, or Wast,
 But such, as shall by Him upheld, for ever last.

V.

Triumphant City; Mayst Thou be
 Happy like Him, who first establisht Thee !
 May He from Warrs Thy gates secure,
 And like Thee Thy well-wishers ever bless,
 Give Thee a long, and certain peace,
 Make all His blessings to Thee sure,
 And may Thy Peace, as constant as His Power endure !

V I.

For *Israels* sake Thou hast my love,
 Second to none but His who rules above;
 For *Sions* sake I'll happiness
 On all Thy Palaces, and Borders pray;
 Thy Palaces shall ne're decay,
 Within Thy Borders Warr shall cease,
 For He, who is Thy Guardian, is the God of Peace.

Psalm

Psalm CXXIII.

Ad te Levavi oculos meos, &c.

I.

TO Thee, O Lord, I lift my careful eyes,
To Heav'n, where Thou sitt'st cloath'd with light,
And though I hopeless am to reach Thy sight,
I cannot choose but let them thither rise;
Tow'rds Heav'n they look, and seek Thee every where,
And though they see Thee not, know Thou art there.

*A song of
Degrass.
I V.*

II.

As Servants on their Masters sign depend,
Know what to do, what to forbear,
From thence, though they no other language hear,
And with quick eyes unto their hands attend :
Wayting on Thee, we more dependance show,
And though Thou art invifible, do fo.

III.

We wait, and waiting never will give o're,
Till Thou to us Thy Mercy show;
O, on us Now Thy Mercy, Lord beftow,
And what we long have loft, again reftore !
Thy Mercy, Lord ; and fince Thou 'rt Juft, and ftrong,
Repeal Our miferies, and revenge Our wrong !

IV.

Revenge the wrong, which we endure from thofe,
Who at us scoff, becaufe We 're Thine,
Againft us only for Thy fake combine,
And are Our envious and malicious foes !
Their floth, and eafe make them Our pains deride,
And all Our grief's the Triumph of their pride.

Pſalm CXXIV.

*Niſi quia Dominus, &c.**A ſong of
Degrees of
David.*

V.

I.

“HAD not the Lord our Cauſe maintain’d
 “The Lord Himſelf, may *Iſrael* ſay,
 “Had not the Lord the Victory for us gain’d,
 “Inſtead of getting, We had loſt the day,
 “And Captives been to them, who now are made Our prey.

II.

On us they came, and like a flood,
 Which would within no banks be held,
 They fiercer grew, the more they were withſtood,
 Increas’d in rage, when we their force repell’d,
 And by Our oppoſition higher only ſwell’d.

III.

God on the banks in view did ſtand,
 And when the floods did Lowdeſt rore,
 Mov’d o’re the floods His All-commanding hand,
 They ſtood awhile and gaz’d, then backwards bore,
 And chid their fellow waves, which came too ſlow before.

IV.

The Lord Himſelf has made Our Way,
 And from their ſnares has ſet us free;
 The ſnares are broke, which they for us did lay,
 And when they look’d that we ſhould taken be,
 God who firſt loos’d the net, did give us wings to flee.

V.

God is Our refuge, and in vain
 Frail Man againſt Him thinks to ſtand;
 His Word made all things, all things do’s ſuſtain,
 And He deliverance for us will command,
 Has paſt His Word to do it, and will uſe his Hand!

Pſalm

Psalm CXXV.

Qui confidunt in Domino, &c.

I.

ALL those, who on th' Almighty God rely,
On God, who do's o're all command,
Unmov'd shall like Mount *Sion* stand,
Shall stand as firm, and bear their heads as high;
And what Mount *Sion's* to *Jerusalem*,
The Rock of Ages shall Himself be made to Them.

*A song of
Degrees.
VI.*

II.

Thrice happy City, girt with Mountains round,
On whom, acknowledging Thy state,
The lesser Hills rise up, and wait,
By God Himself Queen of all Cities crown'd,
Impregnable, and steep rocks defend Thy Coasts, (Hosts!
But would prove vain, were not their guard The Lord of

III.

He only is Thy Strength, and not those Hills,
Yet as those Hills girt Thee about,
The Lord surrounds, and finds His out,
Is alwayes near, since every Place He fills;
God shall fight for them make their Enemies fly,
Lest seeing them still prosper, They should Him deny.

IV.

Arise, O God, and shew Thy Mighty hand,
Let not the Righteous be oppres'd!
Do good to Them, but for the rest,
Let them Thy Wrath by bearing understand!
On *Israel* Peace, and Thy Chief Blessings shower,
But on their Enemies floods of Fire, and Brimstone poure

Psalm CXXVI.

In convertendo Dominus.

I.

*A song of
Degrees.
X.*

WHEN God a Miracle for *Sion* wrought,
And home Her exil'd Captives brought,
(Exiles, whose long Captivity
Made them forget they e're were free,
And almost wish, but as they were to be)
Th' Almighty did the Work so fast,
We thought it but a pleasant dream,
Yet wisht that dream might ever last,
It did so pleasant to us seem;
A Dream, which though we did not homewards go,
Made us believe we did, and hope 'twas so.

II.

But when Fruition had Our hopes o'recome,
And we indeed awak'd at home,
A Dream Our sufferings then seem'd more,
Than Our deliverance did before,
A Dream we thought what we in bondage bore;
And cheer'd at Our arrivall there,
Like men rous'd by some suddain fright,
Who in suspense 'twixt joy, and fear,
Wake and speak of it, when 'tis light,
We whom Our feares struck dumb His praises spoke,
Who first Our chains, and then Our silence broke.

III.

The very heathen, as We past along,
Joyn'd with us in Our cheerful song,
"The Lord has done great things, they sai'd,
"Great things for us, we answer made
The Lord has done great things, whereof we're glad!

Like

Like us may He the Remnant bring,
Bring back the whole Captivity,
And since there's Water in the Spring,
O, may not long the streames be dry !
But, Lord, like Rivers in the parched South,
Make these o'reflow, as Thou suppli'st their droughth !

IV.

He, who his future hopes in grief do's sow,
And makes them with his tears to grow,
With joy shall see a fruitfull spring,
With joy His harvest home shall bring,
And all his sheaves with showting carry in :
As when the Carefull Husbandman,
His seed into the ground has thrown,
Rejoyces at a soaking rain,
To water that, which he has sown,
Plenty distills from Heav'n with every drop,
And a moyst Seed-Time makes the fairest crop.

Psalm CXXVII.

Nisi Dominus edificaverit, &c.

I.

*A Song of
Degrees of
Solomon.*
VIII.

Down to the very Centre of the Earth,
Let the foundations sink as low,
As its proud Towers in height do go,
To Heav'n above, and touch Hell underneath,
If God the Mighty Pile do's not sustain,
The weaker buttresses are all in vain:
Either an Earth-quake to the ground
Shall overthrow, and levell all;
Or God Himself the *Babel* shall confound,
And then the difference is but small,
Whether it stand a *Babel*, or a Palace fall,

II.

Bring all the Forces of the Citie out,
Guard every port, and every street,
A double guard upon them set,
And girt the Walls as they girt you about!
Yet after all to Heav'n you open ly,
(Heav'n the best friend, but the worst Enemy)
No guarding against that can save,
But without help from thence is lost,
And those, who would from Heav'n protection have,
Must keep their hearts, more than their Coasts, (Hosts.
Must keep there, what must them preserve, the Lord of

III.

"The Sun's already up, and I must rise,
"How soon the day has chas'd the night!
But when that has expell'd the light,
"How soon 'tis Night! the painfull labourer cries!
With

Lib.5. upon the CXXVII PSALM. 385

With care he rises, and with care lyes down,
Anothers makes the profit, Care his Own:
This though unbid, is his sure guest,
Unseen into his bed do's slide,
And alwayes hinders, or else breaks his rest;
Poor Man, who thinks by this false guide,
To find that Ease, which God from all but His do's hide!

IV.

God ease, and Children to His Own do's give,
Crowns all their Cares with this encrease,
Makes their great care their greatest ease,
Children, in whose Posterity they live;
Forby these shafts beyond the grave they fly,
And triumph o're their greatest Enemy.
The Man, whose quiver loaded is
With such as these, need fear no shame,
Some may reach home, though some fall short, or miss;
Happy Man, who has to guard His Fame,
More than great Kings a life-guard of his blood, and Name!

Psalm

Pſalm CXXXVIII.

*Beati omnes qui timent, &c.**A ſong of
Degrees*

IX.

I.

Bleſt is the Man, whoſe fear do's prove
 Only his guide in the Right Way,
 Whoſe fear makes him the Lord obey,
 And is the beſt incentive to his love:
 He of the Labour of his hands ſhall eat,
 The Lord ſhall alwayes bleſs his ſtore,
 His bleſſings alwayes ſhall flow o're,
 And God, who makes him good, will make them great.

II.

His Wife, like to a fruitful Vine,
 Shall into breadth and cluſters run,
 To him ſhall look, as to her Sun,
 And ſtill have fruit on which that Sun may ſhine:
 Like Olive plants his children round his board,
 With ſpreading branches garniſhed,
 Shall with their bloſſoms crown his head;
 And thus ſhall he be bleſt, who fears the Lord.

III.

The Lord ſhall bleſs Thee, ſhew Thee good,
 And all Thy dayes ſhall let Thee ſee
Jeruſalems Proſperity,
 And wonder how ſo long unmov'd it ſtood:
 Thou into Childrens Children ſhalt increaſe,
 Shalt ſee them into Children grow;
 And, what will make it Heaven below,
 Shalt *Iſrael* all the while behold in Peace!

Psalm CXXIX.

Sape expugnaverunt, &c.

I.

UP from my Youth may *Israel* say,
From my Youth up I have great troubles seen, *A song of*
Trouble, and life did at a time begin, *Degrees*
Bear date from the same place, and day, *VII.*
Together came, together stay,
Scarce any joy appears between, (been.
Yet through that God, who helps me, I have Conqueror

II.

My Enemies came, and with their plough
My tender back did cruelly run o're,
My tender back with cruel furrows tore,
They plow'd, but nothing hop'd would grow,
But then God did the furrows sow,
From my fresh wounds new armes I bore, (before.
And o're them brought the wheel, who plow'd o're me

III.

The Righteous God has strook in two,
And broke those snares, which for Our feet they made;
Has all their plots, and mischiefs open lai'd,
And though they thought He did not know,
Discover'd what they thought to do,
Made them of their own snares afraid,
May *Sions* foes with their own wrongs thus be repai'd!

IV.

May God upon their glory blow,
And like the grass, which on some aged Wall,
Looks fresh, and gay, and almost out of call,
With scorn beholds the fields below,

So may they flourish, wither so,
So may they stand, so may they fall,
Till in one ruine perish grafs, and mound, and all.

V.

The Reaper cannot fill his hand,
In vain the husband man do's give it rest,
In vain expects with sheaves to fill his breast,
It thrives not like his other land,
That growes, but this is at a stand,
That by each passenger is blest,
But none for this do's ever put up one request.

V.I.

There stirrs not as you pass a prayer,
But all struck silent, as they there go by,
First look up, if their prayers will reach so high,
And think them better us'd else where;
Nor like these shall you wishes hear,
“Th' Almighty grant prosperity,
“And what Our blessings want, may His to Thee supply !

Pfalm

Psalm CXXX.

De profundis clamavi, &c.

I.

OUT of the depths unto the Lord I cry'd,
 Deep Seas of Miserie Where I lay,
 But o're my soul the waves did ride,
 And louder roar'd, when I began to pray,
 Ah! still their noise, and be-not, Lord, as deaf as they!

VI. Peni-
 tential Psalm
 of Degrees.
 XI.

II.

I know I have deserv'd these miseries,
 And greater plagues might justly fear;
 And if Thou should'st to judgement rise,
 Indeed despair of ever coming near,
 For those great sins, which harden mine, may stop Thy ear.

III.

But, Lord, there is forgiveness still with Thee,
 Thou wait'st Thy Favours to bestow,
 I wait when Thou wilt gracious be,
 My hope alone do's from Thy Mercie flow,
 And since Thou wait'st, Lord, to be gracious, Ah, be so!

IV.

For as the Watchman, who has stood all night,
 Upon the guard do's long for day,
 Looks when the Sun will make it light,
 Just so attending on the Lord We stay,
 Till the bright Sun of Righteousness His beames display.

V.

Hope in Thy God; O *Israel*, and Thy trust
 All times upon His Mercie place;
 He who has promis'd Thee is just,
 And if with confidence Thou seek His Face,
 Thy sins He'l take away, and freely give His Grace.

Another Version of the same, by *M. M. B.*

I.

Plung'd in the depths of sin and misery,
Where I could nothing see but Death
Ready to stifle my complaining breath,
With which to Thee my God I sent my Cry,
Hoping at length to reach Thine ear,
And by my often calls get Thee to hear,
Hear me, I said, let not my Cries be vain,
Lest I no strength should have to Cry again.

I I.

Eternall God, should Thy all-seeing eye
Severely marke Our often strays ;
Our wandrings i'th' forbidden dangerous wayes,
Of basest sin, and fond Iniquity,
Who then could in Thy presence stand,
Or bear the weight of Thy enraged hand ?
But Thou art mighty in Thy Pardoning love,
O let us fear that we may grateful prove.

I I I.

Wherefore I'll wait for Thee, my gracious Lord,
Till Thou Thy Favours shalt dispence,
And make me feel their powerful influence,
My Soul for this shall hope in Thy sure word :
For Thee I'll wait with more desire
Than they, who for the Morning light enquire,
That from their weary watch they may be freed ;
Yea more than they, wherefore my God make speed !

I V.

Let *Israel* on the Lord repose His trust,
With whom both Mercie is and love,
The constant streames that flow from Him above :
Like whom there's none so good, yet none so just :
For though He did a ransom find,
'Twas such as through't His Justice brighter shin'd :
From Him Redemption shall to *Israel* come,
Which to their land and Him shall bring them home.

Psalm CXXXI.

Domine not est exaltatum, &c.

I.

N^O, Lord, Thou knowst I am not so,
And yet Thou all my soul dost know;
Alike before Thee open ly
My Innocent heart, and humble eye,
Which have no pride, but from the malice of my Foe.

*A song of
Degrees of
David.*

XII.

II.

I do not to the Crown aspire,
Nor what's my Sovereigns, Lord, desire;
Such thoughts beyond m' ambition go,
Too high for me, who am so low,
And yet my humble Soul, beneath the Crown, looks higher.

III.

To Thee I look, on Thee attend,
Hoping Thou wilt my Right defend,
The Crown is but an empty thing,
And what it has not cannot bring,
Not after that but Thee O God my prayers I send!

IV.

For I restrain my self in this,
Just like a child that new wean'd is,
From 'his Mothers breast, who though he cry,
And grieves at first those streames are dry,
Forgets it, and streight loaths what he was wont to kiss.

V.

As I have done may *Israel* do,
And wean'd from all things here below,
Unto their God alone attend,
And only on His help depend,
On God, who greater things than Kingdoms can bestow!

Pſalm CXXXII.

Memento Domine David.

L O R D.

I.

*A ſong of
Degrees.*

XIII.

Remember *David*, and His vow,
 And all the troubles He did undergo,
 Whilſt for Thy Ark He ſought a Reſting place :
 Abroad He ſuffered, and at home,
 But when He thought the worſt was overcome,
 This ſtill remain'd, and His great trouble was.

II.

Remember, Lord, the Oath He made,
 And how ſolicitous to ſee it paid !
 “ Within my houſe, ſaid He, I’ll come no more,
 “ Nor on ſoft couches wait for ſleep,
 “ My very Bed ſhall watch againſt it keep,
 “ Girt round with Pious Cares, and arm’d all o’re.

III.

“ I’ll ſearch till I the place ſhall find,
 “ Which God Himſelf has for His Reſt deſign’d :
 We know it, Lord, and to it each remove,
 How firſt at *Shilo* Thou didſt reign,
 Then in a grove, and unfrequented plain,
 Places ſtill innocent, becauſe once Thy love.

IV.

Look how Thy Courts we reach with praiſe,
 And as We bow Our knees, Our voices raiſe !
 Ariſe, O God, and Thy great journey take,
 Thou, and Thy Ark together riſe,
 Before Thee ſcatter all Thine Enemies,
 And *Sion*, Thy delight, Thy Reſidence make !

V. Let

V.

Let all Thy Priests Their praises sing,
And with loud shouts Thy Saints their Offerings bring!
Let Thy Anointed in the Roll be one,
And for Thy Servant *Davids* sake,
To whom Thou freely didst Thy Promise make,
This Happiness confirm unto His Son !

VI.

In Truth Thou didst to *David* swear,
(Witness Thy self) “ Thou shalt not want an heir,
“ But of Thy seed I on Thy Throne will set ;
“ And if Thy Children Faithfull be,
“ And keep the Laws transmitted here to Thee,
“ Their Throne like Thine shall stand, and be as Great.

VII.

“ For I have *Sion* made my Rest,
“ The place, which I of all the World love best,
“ My house for ever, where I choose to dwell,
“ All Her Provisions I will bless,
“ And thence Her poor shall look for their increase,
“ And when they see it, wonder how it fell.

VIII.

“ There shall her Priests my Praises sing,
“ And with Loud Shouts My Saints their Offerings bring;
“ The Horn of *David* there I'll make to bud,
“ An Horn of Plenty, full, and green,
“ Where some New blossoms ever shall be seen,
“ Whose fruit's as generous, as the root is good.

IX.

“ There for my King I'll set a light,
“ My eye shall make it burn, and keep it bright ;
“ Obscurity shall on His Foes be cast,
“ Cover'd with shame they shall ly down,
“ But on His head I'll put a glorious Crown,
“ And I, who put it on, will hold it fast.

Psalm CXXXIII.

*Ecce quam bonum, & quam, &c.**A song of
Degrees of
David.*

XIV.

I.

Blest day ! wherein I live to see
The Tribes, like Brethren, all agree,
Like Brethren striving, who shall my best Subjects be.

II.

God has by them restor'd my Crown,
And they secur'd what was their Own,
For what on me they pour'd, upon themselves fell down.

III.

Th' Anointing Oyl, they on me spent,
On them in Acts of Favour went,
As if for them, as much as me, the Oyl was meant.

IV.

Like that, which on the High-Priest shed,
At first it only wet His head,
But then o're beard, and cloaths, and all was quickly spread.

V.

Or like those mists, which from the Main
The sun draws up, to send again,
In dews, first on the Hills, and then the humble Plain.

VI.

With such th' Almighty loves to dwell,
And Souls agreed His Praise can tell,
How on them blessings, when on others vengeance fell.

Psalm

Psalm CXXXIV.

Ecce nunc benedicite, &c.

I.

Praise Him, Ye Servants of th' Eternal King,
Who alwayes in His Temple stay,
Till your loud songs the cheerful Morning bring, !
And having chas'd the Night away,
Call to attend your Sacrifice the rising day !

*A song of
Degrees.
XV.*

II.

And as you praise Him, let your thankfull hands
Their part in all the Service bear,
They have their language, which He understands,
Though none beside their voice do's hear,
For them reserves His eye, and for your lips His Ear !

III.

The Lord from *Sion* on Thy Borders reign
Showers, like that Heav'n which sends them, free !
Return Thy Blessings on Thee back again ;
Let them Thine own, and greater be,
That Gods, who Heav'n and Earth did make, & all for Thee !

Psalm CXXXV.

Laudate nomen Domini, &c.

I.

Hallelujah.

YE Servants of th' Immortal King,
 His Masters of request below,
 To whom, when We our just Petitions bring,
 Immediately to Heav'n they go;
 And by your means, who there attend,
 I'th' flames which burn the Sacrifice, ascend,
 To His Great Name, which He delights to raise,
 Though far above your reach, direct your Praise!

II.

There's none like Him, so full of love,
 On whom you can your praise bestow;
 And if great Goodness can affection move,
 Then praise His Name for that is so!
 For *Jacobs* seed He gave His voice,
 And plac'd His Treasure, where He made His choice;
 So great that none can contradict His will,
 But when they most resist it, most fulfill.

III.

His Pleasure Heav'n, and Earth obey,
 And Laws which He first gave them keep;
 He chains the Sea, and bounding sands do's lay,
 For mighty fetters on the Deep;
 Causes thick vapours to ascend,
 And in one cloud moist Hail, and fire do's blend;
 Out of His Treasures brings th' unruly wind,
 And Captive Tempests with strong Cords do's bind,

IV. In

IV.

In *Egypt*, when He did begin,
 Thus He their Frist Born would not spare;
 The Beasts were punisht for their Masters sin,
 Under the Curse because they were;
 His Wonders God before Him sent,
 And thither afterwards in Person went;
Egypt, Thou saw'st His hand i'th mid't of Thee,
 When *Pharaoh*, who did bear it, Would not see.

V.

He mighty Kingdoms overthrew,
 Scattered their Forces, slew their Kings,
 And Victory, which abroad at Pleasure flew,
 Made serve at home without her wings;
Sehon and *Ogg* before Him fell,
 In whose Possessions Faithfull *Israel* dwell;
 That Promised Land, which He their Fathers gave,
 Who from that gift their surest Title have.

VI.

Eternal God, like Thee Thy Name
 Endures to all Eternity,
 And as Its Power is constantly the same,
 So shall Its just Memorial be;
 For Thou wilt for Thy People rise,
 Subdue, and Scatter all their Enemies,
 That under yokes they shall no more remain,
 But to Thy House, and City be restor'd again.

VII.

Dumb Idols shall not Thee withstand,
 Nor thousand Godsfond men adore;
 For all, though fashion'd by the Workmans hand,
 Remain the Clay they were before;
 Dull Clay, which neither sees, nor hears,
 Though Art has given them eyes, and made them ears,
 Ccc Most

Most Easy Gods to whom when any cry,
They therefore grant because they can't deny.

VIII.

Without or Speech, or breath, or sense,
Though they of All the Organs have;
In vain is help to be expected thence,
Where's not enough themselves to save:
Blind Deities, but blinder they,
Who knowing it, to their own Work will pray;
Ne're thinking that it cannot to them turn,
And that one fire will god, and Incense burn.

IX.

But Thou, O *Israel*, blest Thy Lord!
O House of *Aaron*, blest His Name!
And you, who serve at th' Altar by His Word,
With coales from thence encrease your Flame!
Let joy in every Face appear,
And blest the Lord, whom you have made your Fear!
From *Sion* blest Him, who reigns King above,
But at *Jerusalem* is The God of Love!

Psalm

Lib. 5. upon the CXXXVI PSALM. 399

Psalm CXXXVI.

Confitemini Domino Quoniam, &c.

I.

O Praise The Lord, for He is Good,
And let the World His love adore,
For though His Power may awe them more,
His Love guards those, who are by that withstood,
His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure.

II.

Praise Him, who o're all gods do's reign,
The God of Gods, of Kings the King,
To whom all Thrones this Homage bring,
What He first gave them, to resign again !
His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure.

III.

All that We see His hand has done,
Who makes His Mighty Power appear,
With wonder strikes us, and with fear,
For His own sake He did it, and alone :
His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure.

IV.

He made the Heav'ns, that glorious space,
Which has no bound, and knows no end,
Whose greatness man can comprehend
As little, as that God, who made the Place ;
His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure.

V.

The Flood at first hid all the Land,
 Till He rais'd it above the Flood,
 Where it unmov'd e're since has stood,
 He stretcht it out, by reaching out His hand,
 His Mercies have been ever sure,
 And to Eternity endure.

VI.

The Lamps of Heav'n ow all their light
 To Him, who caus'd them first to shine,
 He on them look'd, they like a Mine,
 From thence took fire, and ever since are bright:
 His Mercies have been ever sure,
 And to Eternity endure.

VII.

He charg'd the Sun to rule the day,
 Gave him His beams and influence,
 Laws how he should his Flames dispende,
 And when he rules, then do's he most obey;
 His Mercies have been ever sure,
 And to Eternity endure.

VIII.

The Moon and stars at night attend,
 And on the guard in turns all wait;
 Some go of sooner, some more late,
 And to relieve them God do's others send;
 His Mercies have been ever sure,
 And to Eternity endure.

IX.

Praise Him, who for their Fathers sin,
 Smote *Cham's* first born, did none pass o're,
 Sent death to look on every dore,
 Who frighted at no blood without, went in.

Lib. 5. upon the CXXXVI PSALM. 401

His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure.

X.

Who with strong hand, and out-stretch'd Arm
Deliver'd *Israel* from the Yoke;
Who all the *Egyptian* fetters broke,
And made His *Israels* March, be their Al-arm.
His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure.

XI.

Who all times did His Promise keep,
The Red-Sea for them did divide;
And what the Waves before did hide,
Made them His Wayes see truly in the Deep.
His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure.

XII.

The liquid Deep in Walls did stand,
Of purest Chrystal, through whose glass
The Floods behind saw *Israel* pass,
And there, as in themselves, admir'd His hand.
His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure.

XIII.

But when the army was gon o're,
God took His rein from of the Wave,
And *Jacobs* way was *Egypt's* grave,
Was Sea again, and wash'd its ancient shore.
His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure.

XIV.

God did Himself direct their Way,
 A fiery Pillar was their Moon;
 Night follow'd close, when they were gon,
 And from their Foes hid where their journies lay.
 His Mercies have been ever sure,
 And to Eternity endure.

XV.

He potent Kings did overthrow,
 Their Forces scattred, scorn'd their rage,
 Himself did for His Flock engage,
 And made them conquer, when He bid them go.
 His Mercies have been ever sure,
 And to Eternity endure,

XVI.

Sehon, who did their Way deny,
 Found all His Troops to be but vain;
 When God their Battles did maintain,
 Instead of stopping them, himself did fly.
 His Mercies have been ever sure,
 And to Eternity endure.

XVII.

Ogg heard his fall, but would come out,
 Thinking a double Victory,
 Would raise his glory to the sky;
 But God, who *Sehon* slew, against him fought.
 His Mercies have been ever sure,
 And to Eternity endure.

XVIII.

God to the Conquest wav'd His hand,
 Descending in the Sacred Flame,
 Weak *Israel* by His Power, o'recame,
 And they, who ask'd but passage, shar'd the Land.

His

Lib. 5. upon the CXXXVI Psalm. 403

His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure.

X I X.

Praise Him, who in Our low estate
Did many Victories for us gain,
Unseen Our weakness did sustain,
Redeem'd us, when we thought it was too late !
His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure.

X X.

Who for all Creatures do's provide,
Of His Own fulness gives them food,
Feeds both the Wicked, and the Good,
Who from His Treasures always are supply'd !
His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure.

X X I.

Who to frail Man the Earth has given,
And made Him King, and God below,
Where all things to His Scepter bow,
But is Himself Mans King, and God of Heav'n !
His Mercies have been ever sure,
And to Eternity endure.

Psalm CXXXVII.

Super flumina Babylonis, &c.

I.

AS on the banks of *Chebar* we state down,
 Lamenting *Sions* Miseries,
 At *Sions* Miseries we forgot our own,
 And wisht for her such Rivers in our eyes:
 We envy'd there the rolling tide,
 That at Our feet did gently slide, (glide.
 That at our feet more streames, than from our eyes did

II.

The Willows to our plaints bow'd down their ear,
 And did in hollow murmurs grone;
 The Willows bow'd as though they long'd to hear
 Again those griefs, which they before had known:
 They bow'd, and on their heads we hung
 Our Harps untun'd, Our Harps unstrung,
 Sorrow their strings unloos'd, but faster ty'd Our tongue.

III.

'Twas then we suffer'd double misery,
 When to us Our rude spoilers came,
 And to deride our sad Captivity,
 Imbitter'd it with Captive *Sions* Name:
 Our selves we only griev'd before,
 But when Their scorns just *Sion* bore,
 At Her great sufferings, of our own we thought no more.

IV.

"One of your songs let's hear, they proudly cry'd,
 "And one of *Sions* Anthems play,
 "Your griefs and pensive cares now throw aside,
 "*Sion* is here, since we brought you away!

As if we, at their base Commands,
 Could sing, forgetfull of our bands, (hands.
 Could play, when they who stop'd our mouths, had ty'd our

V.

No! No! in forreign Lands if we do thus,
 For *Sion* thus forget to grieve,
 Let Her God too forget to pity us,
 And these fond tongues close to their palats cleave!
 Her Praises first our mouths did fill,
 From Her Our hands first learn't their skill,
 No wonder then, if *Sion* mourns, that they lie still!

VI.

Remember *Edom*, Lord, who in the day
Jerus'lem was a Captive made,
 Joyn'd with Her Enemies, and shar'd the prey,
 And made us more than *Babylon* afraid!
 "Rase it, they cri'd, down with the Wall,
 "To the foundations Levell all,
 "She that to *Babylon* will not stoop, 'tis fit She fall!

VII.

Hold *Babylon* — where will thy rage extend?
 God has enough to *Sion* done,
 Hold, and prepare Thee *Babylon* for Thy end,
 What mayst Thou fear, if thus He serves His Own?
 Mayst Thou in Thine Our miseries see,
 And all the wrongs we bore from Thee,
 And know, that less than what Thou hast deserv'd, they be!

VIII.

May Thy own Mercies on Thy head return,
 Those Mercies which are Cruelties,
 Mayst Thou in flames of Thy own kindling burn,
 And send in vain to Heav'n Thy fruitless cries!
 And Happy He, who on the stones,
 On Flints shall dash Thy little ones,
 And have than flints less bowels for their dying grones!

Psalm CXXXVIII.

Confitebor tibi Domine in toto corde, &c.

I.

*A Psalm of
David.*

LOrd, I will bless Thee, and my cheerful voice
 Before the gods shall tell my joies :
 Those glorious Powers, to whom Thou dost impart
 Thy Name, and Office here below,
 Shall see me pay the praise I ow,
 And as I had Thy ear, return my Heart.

II.

Then to Thy Sacred Hill my eyes I'll raise,
 And fetch new subjects for my Praise :
 My Song shall count of what Thou didst for me,
 Of Mercy, and of Truth I'll sing;
 And when I have wearied out that string,
 Thy Faithfulness another ground shall be.

III.

Thou hast exalted it, and why not I?
 For when to Thee I Loud did cry,
 To Thee, my God, and mourn'd in my distress,
 My dolefull groanes Thy heart did move,
 Thou didst refresh me from above,
 And answer gav'st of Thine Own Faithfulness.

IV.

The heathen Kings, when they Thy Wonders hear,
 Shall both rejoice and serve with fear;
 By My example in Thy Wayes shall sing,
 Ascribe to Thee what is Thine Own,
 Cast at Thy Feet their Scepters down,
 And do their homage to Thee, as their King.

V.

God over all, whose Throne is set on high,
Above the Circle of the sky,
The humble, and their proud Oppressors knowes ;
The difference only lies in this,
Though well known to Him either is,
When He delivers those, He these o'rethrows.

VI.

No ! I'll ne're fear, though trouble me surround,
Most fixt when I shall feel no ground :
Thou wilt revive me, and with Thy Right hand,
Thy poor afflicted Creature save,
My Enemies wrath an end shall have,
And on his ruin I shall firmer stand.

VII.

The Lord will perfect what He has begun,
And finish what is yet undone ;
Thou, whose Compassions all Thy Works transcend,
Care of the Issue also take,
Nor me Thy handy-Work forsake,
But with eternal Triumphs crown the end!

Psalm CXXXIX.

*Domine probasti me, &c.**A Psalm of
David.*

I.

IN vain, O God, my folly, and my pride
 Make me in vain perfume to be,
 By all my shifts, conceal'd from Thee,
 When from my self, my self I cannot hide;
 Thy day still breaks into my night,
 Still gives me of my self the light,
 For Thee to see me by, shall it not be more bright?

II.

Thou 'hast search'd me, Lord, and all my life hast known,
 Know'st every Action of my life,
 When with my self or Thee at strife,
 Thou know'st my rising up, and lying down:
 My thoughts, and heart, to Thee are clear,
 Thou art their Judge, and alwayes near,
 Do'st see, and sentence both, before I know what's there.

III.

Where e're I go, in what place e're I stay,
 Whether I wake, whether I sleep,
 Thy Spirit by me watch do's keep,
 Is my Companion in the closest way;
 If I but whisper, that stands by,
 And though unseen by Mortall eye,
 Takes from my Lips the word, and to Thine ear do's fly.

IV.

There's no avoiding Thee, behind, before,
 On all sides Thou hast girt me round;
 My God, Thy Wisdom's too profound,
 Too deep to fathom, higher than I can soar;

Thy

Lib.5. upon the CXXXIX PSALM. 409

Thy hand first made, and fashion'd me,
Thy Will commands me now to be,
Being or life I cannot have, unless in Thee.

V.

Then whither shall I from Thy Presence fly ?
If up to Heav'n my Way I take,
Thou Heav'n Thy Residence dost make,
And to get further off I come more nigh ;
If down to Hell, the Devils there,
Tell me Thou 'rt present by their fear,
They tell me what I merit, by the pains they bear.

VI.

Quick as my thought, could I remove me hence,
And in the furthest East remain,
Below the Sea some covert gain,
Thy Sun would shew me as he rises thence :
If I say darkness, and the night,
Which shut out all, shall barr Thy sight,
That Darkness, which is so to me, to Thee is light.

VII.

Thou art within me too, close as my heart,
Within my heart, unknown to me,
For when that first was made by Thee,
Thy breath, Lord, was my best, and chiefest part :
Thou threw'st Thy self in, and in vain,
To fly from Thee, my self I pain,
For ever since Thou dost within my heart remain.

VIII.

I know I am Thy Master-piece, and all
I in the greater World admire,
Find in my self, and something higher,
Am Heav'n in Perspective, and Earth in small :
By Thee was wonderfully made,
Nor is Thine Image so decay'd,
But when I view my self, I am of Thee afraid.
D d d 3 I X. Nothing

I X.

Nothing of me, not my least part's unknown,
 Then, when I first was wrought below,
 Thy eyes, and hands dispos'd me so,
 My Members in Thy book were entred down ;
 Entred before all time they were,
 When none of them did yet appear,
 And what Thou then design'dst them, now in time they are.

X.

This as I think of, and what Thou hast done.
 The wondrous pledges of Thy love,
 By whom I live, in whom I move,
 My heart is struck as silent, as my tongue ;
 They pass the Sands upon the Shore,
 And had I told their Number o're, (before.
 Those would more numerous seem, than they appear'd

X I.

But as Thou'rt gracious, Thou art also just,
 And wilt the Wicked Man o'rethrow,
 Teaching him by Thy Power to know,
 How great that God is, which he would not trust :
 Down with them, Lord, destroy them all,
 Let their own Curses on them fall,
 Who on Thy Name, but in their Oaths, did never call !

X I I.

Do not I hate them, Lord, those who hate Thee,
 And are not they my Enemies,
 Who in their rage against Thee rise ?
 Thou know'st I hate them, and they're so to me :
 Search me, and try me, sound my heart,
 Its most retir'd, and deepest part,
 And lead me to that life, whose Way and Guide Thou art !

Psalm CXL.

Eripe me Domine ab, &c.

I.

LOrd, from the evil man my life defend,
Nor let his Treasons, or his violence,
His open force, or close pretence,
Work ill to him, who do's on Thee depend!
His thoughts Thou know'st are ever set on Warr,
And now to give me battle ralli'd are.

*A Psalm of
David.*

II.

Instead of sword he sharpens a false tongue,
More venomous than that, which serpents bear;
The poyson from an Adders spear,
Wounds not so mortally, nor kills so long:
O, by Thy Power may I his plots withstand,
For if his tongue's thus cruel, what's his hand?

III.

The ginns are lai'd, and all the toiles are set,
They are resolv'd my Footsteps to o'rethrow;
And where they guess I needs must go,
In the mid-way the proud have spread their net;
"Most Holy Lord, Thou art my God, I said,
"And now's Thy time to help, since I have pray'd!

IV.

When thousand dangers had begirt me round,
And all my Foes were ready in the field,
Thou wer't my helmet, and my shield,
And sav'dst that head, which Thou before hadst crown'd:
May the desires of all the Wicked fail,
Lest when I slip, they think their hand prevail!

V.

Let them not by my ruin higher rise,
And judge by the success their cause is good !

But stain their swords with their own blood,
And be aveng'd on Thy false Enemies !
Let burning coals fall on them in Thine Ire,
And let their own lips help to blow the Fire !

V I.

Then throw them down into the Flame, nor more,
Unless it be to Judgement, may they rise !

And after bear fresh miseries,
Sharper than all, which they endur'd before !
Let vengeance hunt the violent man to' his grave,
And so much earth may he for 'his portion have !

V I I.

I know the Lord will to the poor do right,
And plead Himself, as well as judge their cause,
Trying them by such equal laws,
That their clear'd Innocence shall look more bright !
So that the Righteous on their God shall stay,
And in His sight enjoy Eternal Day.

Psalm CXLI.

Domine clamavi ad te, &c.

I.

MY God, when in distress I cry,
And on my long-wing'd sighes unto Thee fly, *A Psalm of David.*
Make haste to meet me, Come away,
Ah, do no longer from me stay,
But by Thy Presence shew, Thou hearst me, when I pray!

II.

Let my requests like incense rise,
Not to o're-cloud, but to perfume the skies!
And when the day resigns to night,
Let it again receive new light,
And by my sacrifices Flames become more bright!

III.

Before my mouth, Lord, set a guard,
And let its double gates be alwayes barr'd!
Keep my heart too, and be its guide,
That to no ill it turn aside,
And lest I for them long, sins flatt'ring pleasures hide!

IV.

The just mans check I can endure,
His stroke wounds not, but do's advance the cure;
Let him smite me, 't shall be instead
Of Ointment, to refresh my head,
Ointment which cheares the living, and preserves the Dead!

V.

For him I'll pray, as he for me,
His blowes were balm, and so my Words shall be;
E e e W

When his curs'd judges overthrown
From their great heights shall be cast down, (done.
And in the plagues they bear see all the wrongs they 'have

VI.

Our scattred bones no buriall have,
Nor know the kind Corruption of the Grave;
Like th'armes of some great tree they ly,
Which while its head was rais'd on high,
Stood the woods glory, now the scorn of all pass by.

VII.

But still my eyes are up to Thee,
Thou art my Trust, and shal't my refuge be;
Let not my Soul of succour fail,
And though the Wicked me assail,
Let not his open force, or hidden plots prevail!

VIII.

Break all the snares, which he has made,
Or let them only for himself be lai'd!
Down in his own pits Let him fall,
In vain for help, or succour call,
Whilst I, for whom he made them, have no hurt at all!

Psalm CXLII.

Voce mea ad Dominum, &c.

I.

MY heart just broke, and only strength enough
Left to discharge my debt of grief, and love,
Aloud I to th' Almighty cri'd;
My Lips perform'd the chiefest part,
For I before had sent my heart,
And where this first was gon, thither I those did guide.

*A Prayer of
David
When He
was in the
Cave.*

II.

Before my God I empti'd out my prayer,
And dropt for every word I spake a tear;
My griefs I did before Him lay,
And when I knew not what to do,
Which way I went, or where to go,
He knew my Actions then, and did direct my Way.

III.

Better than I, He knew what plots were lai'd,
And all the snares, which for my feet they made;
On my right hand I look'd, but there
No man my just desires would own,
On me they look'd as one unknown,
So far from lending me an hand, they stop'd their ear.

IV.

Then to the Lord, to Thee again I prai'd,
And in the dolour of my spirit said;
"Thou my Salvation art below,
"Even here Thou dost my cause defend,
"Even here Thy aids my prayers transcend, (know.
"And, Lord, though none else will, Thou dost my trouble

V.

"Hear me, my God, and from my Enemies hand,
"Deliv'rance, which Thou only giv'st, command!
"Thou see'st they are too strong for me,
"How daily they encrease in power,
"But I Thy wonted helps implore,
"For yet, my God, they cannot be too strong for Thee.

V I.

"From prison bring me, that I may declare,
"How ready for Thine Own Thy Mercies are!
God will deliver me, and I,
Who now unjustly suffer wrong,
Shall make His praises be my song,
And all the Just shall triumph in my Victory.

Psalm

Psalm CXLIII.

Domine exaudi orationem meam, &c.

I.

Great Saviour, to my mournfull Prayer give ear,
And of Thy Mercy pittie me!
O Thou, who see'st my troubles hear,
And as they need, so let Thy answer be!
I know Thou canst do this, and more,
For Thou hast done it heretofore!

VII
Penitential
Psalm of
David.

II.

Behold my troubles, Lord, but not my Sins!
For if Thou once shouldst be severe,
What heart quakes not, when God begins,
To judge, and sets up His Tribunal there?
What Flesh can in His sight be just,
Or to His breath expose its dust?

III.

See how the Enemy my Soul pursues,
And how no safety can be found,
Whilst he his daily wrongs renews,
Unless I, with the dead, dwell under ground,
Unless a wretched life to save,
I enter quick into the grave.

IV.

This grieves my heart, nor would it longer hold,
But that on Thee I meditate,
Remembring what Thou didst of old,
How Nothing was too hard, no time too late:
I think of what Thy hand has done,
And take Thy Arm to lean upon.

V.

The thirsty earth, with drought consum'd, and heat,
 Do's not more gape, and long for rain,
 Than I whose thirst is full as great,
 Am restless grown till I see Thee again;
 Hear me my God, hear speedily!
 The Earth Thou hear'st and why not me?

VI.

No longer turn Thy glorious Face away!
 Or if I must in darkness sit,
 Let it be such, as brings the day,
 And not eternall, like that in the pit!
 At night, my God, give me Thine ear,
 And in the morning let me hear!

VII.

Let me Thy Mercies hear, for, Lord, on Thee
 Alone for Mercie I rely;
 Thy way be pleas'd to shew to me,
 And give me wings that I to Heav'n may fly!
 There I secure shall be at rest,
 Nor of my Trust be dispossess.

VIII.

Teach me to do Thy Will, for Thou art Mine;
 And lead me to Thy Sacred land!
 Ah, quicken me, for I am Thine,
 And by Thy strength alone must firmly stand:
 And would Thy Spirit but guide my Way,
 I should not care, Lord, where it lay.

IX.

Now for Thy Mercies sake, my troubles end,
 For only Thou know'st what I bear!
 Let on my Foes Thy wrath descend,
 And Thine eye be like theirs, too fierce to spare!
 Let them Thy Indignation know,
 But to Thy Servant favour show!

Psalm CXLIV.

Benedictus Dominus Deus, &c.

I.

Supream Commander of the Sacred bands,
Strength of my heart, Instructor of my hands,
Who first didst for me all the Rules of War lay down,
And made'st that Victory mine, which truly was Thine own,
My shield, my Tower, and ever Good,
The Rock, where I secure from danger stood,
Who up on high my head didst raise,
And at my feet didst for me Mighty Kings subdue,
Made'st my Own people serve anew,
Thou, who hast all these Wonders done, take all the praise !

A Psalm of David.

II.

Lord, what is Man, that Thou should'st mindfull be
Of one, who do's so seldom think of Thee ?
Or what am I Thou on me set'st so great a price,
But little in my Own, and less in others eyes ?
Frail Man, whose daies away do fly,
And like Himself are spent in Vanity ;
Man, whom one scarce can give a Name,
So light the Subt'lest vapour, which the Sun exhales,
A Dream, or Shaddow turns the scales,
Man, who yet impudently to the World layes claime !

III.

Lord, bow Thy Heav'n, & in bright Flames come down,
The smoaking Hills with dreadful thunder crown !
There take Thy standing, and on my Proud Enemies throw
Destroying lightnings, and make seen Thy bloody bow !
Extend Thy Arm, my Saviour be,
And from the Mighty floods deliver me !

From Strangers, who that love pretend,
Which I dare never trust, their mouths so proudly speak ;
Whose right hands faith they plighted break ;
And swords, which they have drawn, into their bowels send !

Versiculus.

IV. Then

IV.

Then will I to Thy glorious Name sing praise,
 And in my Song recount of all Thy Wayes:
 More tunefull Measures will invent; new strings put on,
 And raise my Harp with the great Subject to Thy Throne:
 For God Salvation gives to Kings,
 And *David* out of all His troubles brings;
 From strangers, who that love pretend,
 Which He dares never trust, their mouths so proudly speak,
 Whose right hands faith they plighted break; (send.
 And swords which they have drawn, into their hearts shall

Versiculus.

V.

He makes Our sons like Fruitful plants to grow,
 And their increase to Him alone we owe;
 Our daughters to be Corner stones, polish'd, and fair,
 Which different Houses joyn, and their supporters are:
 From Him alone comes all Our store,
 And that Our presses with new Wine run o're;
 That Our full Barns no want have known,
 Our stacks no emptiness, but with those sheaves are crown'd,
 With which He first did load the ground,
 And now them so, that with the mighty weight they groan.

VI.

He to ten thousands multiplies Our sheep,
 More than our folds can pin, or pastures keep;
 Our Oxen fat, and strong, not it as labour know,
 But freely yield their necks to th' Service of the Plow;
 Down at Our Gates no Enemie sits,
 There's no Al'arm, or mourning in our streets;
 Thrice happy lands which thus can say,
 And undisturb'd can thus enjoy the fruits of Peace,
 (If there be any lands like these)
 Yet those, whose God's the Lord are happier far than They.

Psalm CXLV.

Exaltabo te Deus meus Rex, &c.

MY God, My King, I will sing praise to Thee,
Till like Thy Name, my songs Eternal be!
Every day, Lord will I sing praise to Thee,
Till like Thy Name, my songs Eternal be!

Great is the Lord, and worthy of all Praise, 5
And as Himself, Unsearchable His Wayes!
One age to count His Works will ne're suffice,
Their number to so great a sum do's rise;
The next shall take it, and the next from them, 10
And in their songs improve the lofty Theam.
Sing of the Honour of His Majesty,
How farr He is exalted, and How high;
Speak of His Reverend Acts, His greatness show,
Above how full of Love, of dread below;
Of all His Goodness, and what He has done, 15
Both for His Peoples Glory and His Own.

The Lord is gracious, do's with Love o'reflow,
Plenteous in Mercy, and to anger flow;
Kind as a Father, o're whose Works there shine
Glories of Mercy, mixt with rayes Divine. 20

All Thy Workes praise Thee, and Thy power proclame.
Thy Kingdoms beauties, and Thy Holy Name.
Thy Saints shall bleſs Thee, and Thy Acts make known,
And to Posterity continue down,
How to Eternity Thy Rule extends, (ends. 25
And that Thy Empire, Lord, knowes neither bounds nor

- The Lord upholds all those, who fall, do's raise
The Poor on high, that they may see His Wayes.
On Him the eyes of all His Creatures wait,
30 To Him they look, and He provides them meat;
Opens His Hand, do's their desires fulfill,
And as He answers theirs, performs His Will.
So Just is He, so Righteous in His wayes,
That were We silent, stones would speak His Praise;
35 And to 'His afflicted Peoples Prayers so near
That their requests e're finisht, granted are;
And when to Him for help they send their cries,
His Truth prevents them oftner than denies.
40 For the desires of such, who Him do fear,
Shall be fulfil'd and He their groans will hear;
Will crown their Love, and with His Own right hand
Destroy their Foes, and on their ruins make them stand!

Let the whole World, O God, sing praise to Thee,
And like Mine, may their songs Eternall be !

Psalm

Psalm CXLVI.

Lauda anima mea Dominum, &c.

I.

Hallelujah.

A Rise my Soul, and Thy great Subject take,
The Worlds Creators praises sing!
That Ground Thy Numbers will more flowing make,
And fill with spirit the heaviest string;
He is my song, and He my Verse shall raise,
And only with my life, shall end my Praise.

II.

Trust not in Princes, for their strength is vain,
In Kings place not your confidence!
The greatest King cannot himself maintain,
But lives himself at Gods expence;
Is Earth, and when He but His breath recalls,
Into that Earth, whence he was taken, falls.

III.

Death layes him level with his vilest Slave,
No more his Acts remembred are;
Though his Atchievements follow to the Grave,
And deck his Herse, they leave him there:
With his last breath to air his Counsels go,
And his high thoughts ly with his Carcass low.

IV.

But happy he, who has his trust in store,
And do's on *Jacobs* God depend!
He need no forreign succour to implore,
But up to Heav'n his wishes send,

And of his certain aids he ne're shall miss,
For the true God his mighty keeper is.

V.

He Heav'n and all the glories of it made,
Those beauteous fires we see above;
Where greatness makes His Enemies afraid,
But in His Saints, enflames their love;
Who on the floods commands the Earth to stand,
And holds them in the hollow of His hand.

VI.

To Him for Justice the Oppres'd do cry,
Who all their groans and plaints do's hear;
And to His great Tribunall when they fly,
He on their Judges turns their feares:
With His good things the hungry Soul do's fill,
And makes deaf chaines hear, and obey His Will.

VII.

He made the eye, and gave it all its light,
Lifts from the dust the poor mans head;
Renews each morning, both their life, and sight,
Whom sleep had numbred with the dead:
His Common Providence is over all,
But His Choice blessings on the Righteous fall!

VIII.

The unreguarded stranger is his care,
And He for th' Orphan do's provide;
Himself comes down, and heares the Widows prayer,
When her deaf Friends are turn'd aside:
Th' inexorable Wicked man o'rethrowes,
And makes him feel the weight of his own blowes.

IX. Such

IX.

Such is Thy King, O Sion, whose Command

Being, and life gives every thing ;

Exempt from his Dominion is no land,

Thy God, O Sion, is Thy King ;

His Powerfull influence do's around extend,

And as His Rule, Thy Praise should know no end !

Hallelujah.

Fff ;

Psalm

Pſalm CXLVII.

Laudate Dominum quoniam, &c.

I.

Hallelujah.

YOU, who th' Almighty God adore,
 To His great Name ſing praiſe !
 His Power you cannot honour more,
 Nor more advance your laics !
 This is the Service, which to Him you owe,
 And this of all he beſt accepts below.

II.

Jeruſalem, the Great, the Fair,
 'Tis God who made Her ſo ;
 Her People, though they ſcattered are,
 He like Her ſtones do's know :
 And both will gather, both in 'His hand will take,
 His City One, th' Other His Temple make.

III.

The troubled heart, with care depreſt,
 He up on high do's raiſe ;
 Refreshes weary Souls with reſt,
 And ſinners ſhews His Wayes :
 And like a Friend, who all their miſeries feels,
 Binds up the broken, and the wounded heals.

IV.

Thoſe rich Enamels of the ſky,
 The Stars, which ſhine above,
 Have ſeveral Names He knowes them by,
 And at His Will they move :

Lib. 5. upon the CXLVII PSALM. 427

To Him they look, and looking, only thence
Have all their luster, Formes, and Influence.

V.

Great is our God, of great renown,
Whose Wisdome's infinite;
To th' Earth He casts the Wicked down,
And raises the upright :
Sing Praises to His Name, with thanks rejoice,
And make the Comfort perfect with your Voice !

VI.

The Heav'ns with clouds He covers o're,
And all their beauty hides ;
Yet thence the Earth has its best store,
Rain which He there provides :
Whence Plenty comes, but less from what is sown,
Than from the Faithful seasons He pours down.

VII.

Mountains, those Pillars of the Air,
On which Heav'ns Fabrique lies,
Whose verdant Chapters are fair,
And in mixt Orders rise,
With Frutages He covers, and with showers
Allaies their heat, and crowns them all with flowers,

VIII.

To Him all Creatures look, and live,
All at His Table eat ;
He to bruit-beasts their food do's give,
And to young Ravens meat :
An horse to Him, and all his strength, is vain,
And in his sight as poor as this is Man.

IX.

In neither can He Pleasure take,
 But do's in th' Just delight;
 And they who Him their refuge make,
 Shall flourish in His sight;
 Then to Thy God, *Jerusalem*, sing praise,
Sion, exalt Him, who Thee first did raise!

X.

'Tis He who do's Thy Walls defend,
 And all Thy Gates make strong;
 Who do's Thy Colonies extend,
 And keeps Thee alwaies young:
 Who with a numerous offspring do's Thee bless,
 And gives Thy Land the Happy fruits of Peace.

XI.

And this, because it is His Will,
 Whose Pleasure all obey;
 Both Heav'n and Earth His Word fulfill,
 And at it haste away:
 On the cold Rocks He His Frost-Mantle throwes,
 And cloaths the naked Hills with woolly snows.

XII.

When on the streams He layes His Chain,
 And Captive Floods do's bind,
 What Power can set them free again,
 Till He send out His Wind?
 But when on them He causes it to blow,
 The melted glass in streams begins to flow,

XIII These

CXLVII

These Works of His by all are seen,
But *Jacob* has His Word;
No Land beside so blest has been,
Or favour'd by the Lord:
For He to *Israel* has His Judgements shown,
When His displeasure all Lands else have known.

Hallelujah.

Ggg Psalm

Psalm CXLVIII.

*Laudate Dominum de Cælis.**Hallelujah.*

I.

YOU blessed Souls, who stand before
 Th' Eternal King, and so long see
 His glory that you changed bee
 Into that glory you adore,
 Praise your great Founder, and above
 Admire His Power, and bleſs His Love !

II.

You, who when *Lucifer* did fall,
 Kept your first standing, and remain
 Commanders of that mighty Train,
 Of which the Lord is Generall:
 Angels, extoll th' Almighty King,
 And Songs of Triumph to Him sing.

III.

Praise Him from whom Thy light do's flow,
 Thou, whom as God the World adore,
 Renounce that honour, and no more
 Usurp a service Thou doſt ow !
 Praise Him, O Sun, when Thou 'rt most bright,
 Whose beams to darkness turn Thy light.

IV.

Thou too, who with a borrow'd ray,
 When all the Lamps of Heav'n hang out,
 In the Nights silence walk'ſt about,
 And with Thy torch reſtor'ſt the day:
 Fair Moon and Starrs exalt Gods Name,
 And in your dance His Power proclaim.

Lib.5. upon the CXLVIII PSALM. 431

V.

Ye Heavens, whom none can comprehend,
Infinite Waters, where the sky
As if beyond it self 'twould fly
Exceeds all thought, yet findes no end,
Praise Him, who farther do's out-go
Your height, than you what ere's below.

VI.

He spake the Word, and you were made,
His first Decree has bound you fast,
Appointed you how long to last,
Th' Almighty Word your wandrings stay'd;
Praise Him whose Word so much can do,
And as it made, destroy you too!

VII.

Let from the Earth His Praises rise,
All Creatures, whom He plac't below,
Let them their gratefull praises show,
And in that service reach the skies!
Dragons and Whales i'th' consort move
A tunefull Bass to th' Quire above!

VIII.

Sea praise Him, when Thy billows roar!
And mustering up the force of th' Main,
The once drown'd World assault again,
And seek i'th' Heav'ns alone a shoar:
Praise Him, who when He moves His hand,
Both stills, and chains Thy waves with sand.

IX.

All Meteors praise the Name of God,
Vapors, and Winds that nothing spare,
But of His Wrath the Armies are,
Lightning's His Scepter and His Rod;

Ice praise Him, who makes Thee a rein
To curb swift streams, and back the Main.

X.

Mountains at His great Name rise up,
Who so ordain'd by His command,
All in your ranks and orders stand,
Like Piles Heav'n's Arch to underprop:
Praise Him who your rais'd heads did crown,
And low as Hell, not throw you down!

X I.

Cedars, who one loft higher go,
And Natures Vanes to Mountains are,
Knowing no other motion there,
Than what the amorous *Zephyrs* blow:
Plants and Fruit-trees, the pride o'th' Field,
In generous stores your praises yield.

X II.

Beast and all Cattell, creeping things,
Insects unminded, the great care
Of Him by whom you formed were,
And Birds who with your downy wings,
Cut the soft air, your Presents bring,
And in wild notes His Praises sing!

X III.

Kings, to whom God His Name do's give,
And as Vice-gods has set on high,
True Portraits of the Deity,
Praise Him in whom your selves do live,
And who, though Homage is your due,
First made the Right, then gave it you.

X IV.

Praise Him all People, every state
And Sex, and Age, Virgins, and Youth
With all the beauteous trains of both,
Or long since born, or born of late;

Praise Him old Men, and since agen
Age speaks you Children, shew y^e are Men.

XV.

Let the whole World His Praise restore,
And lift above the Firmament,
That Name He counts so excellent,
And what none fully know, adore:
For from the Deep it all things fills,
Up to the Everlasting Hills.

XVI.

Israel praise Him, *Israel* for whom
He made all these, and greater things,
The Land subdu'd, and Potent Kings,
Bringing them thousand Vict'ries home,
Such wonders wrought, and more than this,
Whom He redeem'd, and so made His.

Hallelujah.

G g g 3

Psalm

Pſalm CXLIX.

Cantate Domino Canticum, &c.

I.

Hallelujah.

NEW Songs of Praise to Great *Jehovah* sing,
 And in His Temple let His Name resound;
 This small return his Saints may bring,
 For all those favours wherewith they are crown'd;
 Let *Israël* in His Makers Love rejoyce,
 And *Sion* crown again Her Sovereign with Her Voyce.

II.

In the High Dance His great Name let them praise,
 And that it may approach His Throne above,
 The service with shrill Trumpets raise,
 And send up Theirs, as He showers down His Love:
 They are His Pleasure, and His chiefeſt Prize,
 And though in others mean, yet beauteous in His eyes.

III.

Let the Saints praise Him, who their Glory is;
 And on their beds, when they no Comfort see,
 Then let them sing, for they are His,
 And of salvation confident may bee!
 Hee'll raise them up, and by His Powerfull Word,
 Put in their mouths His Praise, and in their hands a Sword.

IV.

Thus shall they fight, and conquer, throw down all,
 Who dare oppose, and to resist them stand;
 The Heathen shall before them fall,
 And in that ruin feel His vengefull Hand:
 Their Captive Kings they shall in fetters bind,
 And make their stoutest Princes walk in Chains behind.

V.

That Wrath which was denounc'd, to execute,
And all the long since written Doom fulfill,
When their fierce Enemies all struck mute,
Shall yield their Lives to th' Pleasure of their Will;
Such Glorious Freedom follows Their Restraints,
And this great Honour, after suffering, have the Saints.

Hallelujah.

Pſalm

Psalm C L.

Laudate Dominum, &c.

I.

Hallelujah.

THe Holy God in His Sanctuary praise!
 There where He loves Himself to show;
 And having sung His Praise below,
 From thence to Heaven, that, and your voyce together raise.

II.

In Heav'n He makes His Mighty Power be seen,
 Praise Him, who makes it there appear!
 For if that Greatness awe us here,
 What would it do, came not so vast a space between?

III.

Together strive, who shall exalt Him most,
 What Instruments the fittest are,
 Whether of Love, whether of Warr,
 Shrill Trumpets, or soft Harps to praise the Lord of Host!

IV.

Trumpets, and Harps shall in one Consort move,
 The Cornet, and the Amorous Lute,
 The Cymbal, and the Warlike Flute,
 For He who is the Lord of Host, is God of Love.

V.

Let the whole Earth their praises to Him bring;
 What're has being, life, or breath;
 Angels above, and Men beneath,
 And all, whom He has Voyces given, His Praises sing!

*S. Woodford. At
 Albrook Hants,
 7 Martij, 1665.*

Hallelujah.



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 9 *Confitebor tibi Domine*
 111 *Confitebor tibi Domine*
 138 *Confitebor tibi Domine*
 105 *Confitemini Domino &*
 106 *Confitemini Domino quoniam*
 107 *Confitemini Domino*
 118 *Confitemini Domino*
 136 *Confitemini Domino*
 16 *Conserva me Domine*
 4 *Cum invocarem exaudivit*

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- 130 *De profundis clamavi*
 44 *Deus auribus nostris*
 50 *Deus Deorum Dominus*
 63 *Deus Deus meus ad te*
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 70 *Deus in adjutorium*
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Ye servants of the Eternal

Praise Him ye servants

Unto the Hills I rais'd

Great is our God and

Remember David and

O Thou on whom my Soul

Mercy my God on me

Thou who art full of

I will of judgement and

In flowing Numbers I

Down to the very Centre

Had not the Lord Our

Fret not Thy self to see

On God alone my Soul

Not unto us Lord not to

The true the only God

Rejoyce O world and you

It is resolved nor will I

It is enough nor will I

Triumphant General of

What makes this stir

Look, as the Hart by

All those who on the

In humane Beast

He who dos with the Alm.

Great Shepherd of

Up from my youth may

Save me O God for

Arise O God and save

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